



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 877,217



AP
+
M17



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.



28259

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.

NOVEMBER 1885, TO APRIL 1886.

London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.,

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

New York.

1886.

W. J. LINTON. S.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS,
BREAD STREET HILL, LONDON.
Bungay, Suffolk.

333

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
American Notes, Some	43
Arolliad, The ; an Epic of the Alps	311
Austria's Policy in the East	17
Books, A Century of	377
Borrow, George. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY	170
Bradshaw, Henry. By ARTHUR BENSON	475
Burmah, Matters in. By MAJOR-GENERAL McMAHON	314
Champion of her Sex, A. By W. MINTO	264
Church Authority ; its meaning and value. By REV. J. M. WILSON	116
Classic Ground, On	23
Cossack Poet, A. By W. R. MORFILL	458
Culture and Science. By E. A. SONNENSCHN	5
Democracy, The Socialistic Tendencies of Modern. By HON. G. C. BRODRICK	390
Dymond, Mrs. By MRS. RITCHIE (MISS THACKERAY) :—	
Chapters XXXII.—XXXV.	63
„ XXXVI.—XXXIX.	141
Egypt, The Situation in. By R. H. LANG	246
“English,” The Depression of. By W. BAPTISTE SCOONES	37
Eton College, Ode on a Near Prospect of	213
“Eumenides” at Cambridge, The. By MOWBRAY MORRIS	205
Faroës, A Walk in the	121
February Filldyke. A SONNET	263
Florence and Modern Tuscany, Old. By MRS. ROSS	153
Footprints	276
Fyvie Castle, and its Lairds. By MRS. ROSS	465
Garrison, William Lloyd. By GOLDWIN SMITH	321
General Readers ; By One of Them	450
Gladstone Myth, The Great	241
Graham, Victor	364
Grant, General. By L. J. JENNINGS	161
Holiday, A. Sonnet	347
Indian Village, An	75

	PAGE
Irish Shootings	92
King's Daughter in Danger, The	193
Legend of Another World, A. By the Author of "A Strange Temptation"	401
Literature, The Office of	361
Long Odds. By H. RIDER HAGGARD	289
Love's Labours Lost, On. By WALTER PATER	89
Mendelssohn, Moses	298
Morris and the French Revolution, Gouverneur	55
Peacock, Thomas Love. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY	414
Poetic Imagination, The. By ARTHUR TILLEY	184
Poetry and Politics. By ANDREW LANG	81
Poetry and Politics. By ERNEST MYERS	257
Poetry, The Musical and the Picturesque Elements in. By THOMAS WHITTAKER . .	428
Poetry, The Province and Study of. By FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE	332
Present-Day Idealism	445
Reflections, Some Random	278
Robsart, The Death of Amy	131
Sand's Country, In George. By MISS BETHAM EDWARDS	382
School-Book, An Old. By J. H. RAVEN	437
Shakespeare, A Translator of	104
Strange Temptation, A	215
Van Storck, Sebastian. By WALTER PATER	348
Vastness. By LORD TENNYSON	1
Victor Graham	364
Whist, American Leads at. By CAVENDISH	235

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO LIII., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—318.

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE 7s. 6d. EACH.

Reading Cases for Monthly Numbers, One Shilling.

Cases for Binding Volumes, One Shilling.

Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

VASTNESS.

I.

MANY a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a
vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of
a vanish'd race.

II.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale
history runs,—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a
million million of suns?

III.

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence
mourn'd by the Wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent
of lies upon lies;

IV.

Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army
and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause,
trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

V.

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting
the martyr aflame;
Thralldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks
not to ruin a realm in her name.

VI.

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of doubts
that darken the schools;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by
her vassal legion of fools;

VII.

Pain, that has crawl'd from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm
which writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him
back to the curse of the light;

VIII.

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; Flattery
gilding the rift of a throne;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; honest Poverty, bare to
the bone;

IX.

Love for the maiden crown'd with marriage, no regrets for
aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence,
golden mean;

X.

National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spite of
the village spire;
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that
are snapt in a moment of fire;

XI.

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in
the doing it, flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out
in the love of his kind;

XII.

Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, and all
these old revolutions of earth;
All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide—
what is all of it worth?

XIII.

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices
of prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy
with all that is fair?

XIV.

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own
corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps
of a meaningless Past?

XV.

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's
anger of bees in their hive?—

* * * * *

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever:
the dead are not dead but alive.

TENNYSON.

CULTURE AND SCIENCE¹

It is with some diffidence that I have elected to address you to-day on the subject of culture and science. I am aware that I shall have to speak about matters on which I am imperfectly instructed in the presence of masters of the craft; and even to tread ground on which the eminent man who opened this college five years ago—Professor Huxley—has unfurled the flag of occupation. But after all, science and culture are subjects of perennial interest, upon which a good deal may be said. And there is perhaps a certain fitness in reverting, at the close of our first college *lustrum*, and on a day when the memory of our generous founder and of our late venerable president, Dr. Heslop, is fresh, to the topics in which they were so deeply interested.

But I must, at the outset, guard myself against misapprehension. In comparing culture and science, I have no intention of contrasting the faculties of arts and science in this or any other college. I must claim the original right of a speaker to define the terms he uses in his own way. By science I do not mean merely the science of nature; by culture I do not mean merely literary culture. Nor is it the object of this address to define the position and relations of classics and physical science in the school curriculum. I am about to speak to students of a "miniature University" about university studies. And my object is to indicate the relations of science—in the widest sense—and letters to culture. Let us first ask, "What is science?"

By science I understand organised knowledge, working by method, based on evidence, and issuing in the discovery of law. By culture I mean the complete spiritual development of the individual. The object of science is exact knowledge; the object of culture is a complete human being.

Nor can I admit that this view is arbitrary. Underlying much confusion of thought and polemical perversity, I find some such distinction as I have indicated present to the consciousness of educated men and women.

In contending, then, that the distinction between science and culture is not coincident with the distinction between the study of the external universe on the one hand and the study of letters on the other, let me first try to show that science does not exclude letters—that letters admit of a scientific treatment just as much as the phenomena of light or the circulation of the blood.

Having given an extended sense to the word science, I will indicate the part that it plays in culture; and finally I will maintain that, though an essential factor in culture, it is not the only factor. I will try to show that science embraces one aspect of letters, but is itself only one element in a wider conception of culture.

I do not wish to base my argument on authority; but it is the fashion nowadays to appeal on important questions to Germany, and I will remind you that the word *Wissenschaft* is by no means so restricted in its use as our corresponding English word "science" sometimes is. *Wissenschaft*—scientific knowledge—embraces philology, philosophy, theology, laws, no less than mathematics and the branches included under the name

¹ An Address delivered at the Distribution of Prizes in the Mason College, Birmingham (October 1st, 1885), by E. A. Sonnenschein, M.A., Professor of Classics, and Chairman of the Academic Board.

Naturwissenschaft, chemistry, physics, biology, and so on. This is not a mere question of terminology; under distinctions of words there generally lie distinctions of things, and by this use of their word *Wissenschaft* the Germans—the most active body of explorers in the world—declare that they regard all these subjects as admitting of scientific treatment; and they make it the chief business of their Universities to treat them in this way. The word *arts* I cannot but regard as unfortunate. It carries very little meaning in it. There are fine arts, and arts which are not fine. There are even black arts. But why philology, for instance, should be called an art, and medicine a science, does not appear, except to the historic consciousness.

My illustrations shall be derived chiefly from the subject in which I am personally most interested—the study of classical philology. Classics is a wide field, and includes two main divisions—interpretation, and textual criticism. It embraces in its scope several departments, such as ancient history, archæology, mythology, epigraphy, palæography. The latter is the study of manuscripts, and aims at determining the method of deciphering them, and the law of error in them. The object of the whole of classical philology is to restore a picture of human life in the Greek and Roman world. The object of textual criticism is the restoration of texts, the discovery of what the classical writers really said. This it effects by exposing the traces of detrition in them, the havoc which time and error have wrought, and by finding the true way of repairing their devastations. George Eliot speaks with light banter of inventing a few Greek emendations, as if emendation were mere guesswork, to be thrown off in a careless hour for the amusement of the world of scholars and the advertisement of one's own ingenuity. But to emend scientifically is no light task. The scholar must employ

method and proof if his work is to claim serious attention. To discover that a passage is corrupt, he must have found that this word, or this construction, or this rhythm, is a barbarism, or at any rate is never so used by his author; that this sentiment or allusion is an anachronism; he must, in fact, discover or rectify the law of the word, the law of the sentence, the law of the metre. Here there is plenty of room for independent observation. These laws are not to be found ready-made in grammars; an emendation really new must be based on nothing less than a new examination of the facts. The proof of corruption of the text lies in the application of the resulting laws to a particular passage. To emend is to form an hypothesis as to the original constitution of the passage—an hypothesis which must pass through the ordeal of verification by all the known laws—palæographical, linguistic, historic, and other.

Let us not be dominated by the phrase "inductive science." Each science has its own peculiar methods, in which induction and deduction, observation and experiment, play parts more or less prominent. The methods of physics are not identically the methods of the so-called natural sciences. Mathematics is not usually reckoned as an inductive science at all. But the methods and results of one and all may be equally scientific—may be alike calculated to carry an authoritative power of conviction.

No doubt the processes of textual criticism have been often conducted in such a way as to lead to results which were tentative, or even purely fanciful. But other sciences too have passed through an empirical stage. As practised nowadays, especially in the philological seminaries of Germany, textual criticism may claim to rank as a science; its methods are well-established, its results definite—*κτῆματα ἐς ἀεί*, wrung from the wilderness of mediæval barbarism by the devoted efforts of armies of scholars. If a scholar of the [sixteenth

century could come to life, he would be astonished at the magnitude of the results which have been achieved. He would find many a familiar interpolation excised, many a sorry gap filled up by probable or certain conjectures, many a line—nay, even a whole author—restored to metrical form. It is scarcely too much to say that the face of classical literature has undergone, and is undergoing, a process of renovation.

I might extend my illustrations almost infinitely. There is comparative philology, one of the most brilliant examples of what can be effected by scientific research in the field of language. It has opened up to us glimpses into a past far more remote than the beginnings of history; it has given us a far from colourless picture of early Aryan civilisation, and a still fuller account of the periods when the western Aryans separated from their eastern kinsfolk. I might quote the marvellous discoveries in the history of Assyria and Egypt, the deciphering of the cuneiform character and the hieroglyphics. There is comparative mythology, which has brought to light the various deposits of nature worship, hero worship, and primitive custom embedded in the soil of language, like the remains of extinct animals in the crust of the earth. All these sciences are sisters german of anthropology and archæology. To sketch the early condition of man many different kinds of evidence must be pressed into the service; and the study of language is not the least of them.

By a similar argument I might establish the claims of history, of sociology, of political economy to the name of sciences. All the great products of human thought and human life may form the subject-matter of science, if examined on scientific principles.

Let us, then, cease to oppose one subject to another as scientific and non-scientific. The distinction is not in subjects, but in methods of treating them. Let us hold fast to the position

that science is a particular method of treating subjects, leading to results of a particular kind.

I am not going to discuss the question of the school curriculum. But even at the risk of seeming to adopt the platform that there is "nothing like leather," I will say one word upon the educational value of these studies. If scientific in themselves, they may be so taught as to furnish a scientific discipline. The highest ideal of teaching is that which follows the path of discovery, leading the pupil along lines which an original discoverer pursued, or might have pursued. And I do not know that there is any better field for educating the logical powers than the scientific treatment of language and the products of literature. Am I confronted with the statement that these studies depend on authority? Not, I reply, if they are taught and studied rationally. Whose authority? Not the authority of the classics themselves. The days are past when men set the classics of Greece and Rome on an icy pinnacle of excellence by themselves, unapproachable by the literary masters of other countries. All serious students of the classics know, or ought to know, that not all the writers of Greece and Rome are equally worthy of admiration and imitation. Nor would any classical teacher, I imagine, claim special consideration for any opinions expressed by these writers. Is it the authority of the grammar that is referred to? I reply that a grammar is not the arbitrary creation of schoolmasters, but the record of law discovered by the patient observation of ages, and liable to revision by any independent inquirer into the phenomena of language. No, the doctrine of the infallibility of the Eton grammar, like the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of manuscripts, has had its day. I believe that so far from fostering a blind adherence to authority, there is no discipline more helpful in liberating the mind from the thralldom of words. Hear one, who cannot himself be

charged with any prejudice in favour of authority—the late John Stuart Mill:—"To question all things, never to turn away from any difficulty, to accept no doctrine either from ourselves or from other people without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism; letting no fallacy or incoherence or confusion of thought step by unperceived; above all, to insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assenting to it—these are the lessons we learn from ancient dialecticians." And again, "In cultivating the ancient languages. . . we are all the while laying an admirable foundation for ethical and philosophical culture."

And this is not the expression of an isolated opinion. The unanimous and maturely-considered verdict of the University of Berlin, contained in the memorial addressed in the year 1880 to the Prussian Minister of Education on the question of the admission of *Realschüler*—pupils of modern schools—to the University, constitutes, perhaps, the most important modern testimony to the value of a classical education. This memorial was signed by all the members of the philosophical faculty, including such names as Hoffmann, the chemist; Helmholtz, the physicist; Peters, the naturalist; Zeller, the philosopher; as well as Mommsen, the classical philologist; Zupitza, the English philologist; Curtius, the historian. I am aware that the whole of Germany is not unanimous upon the educational questions raised in the Berlin memorial; but they are nevertheless worthy of our most earnest attention. The interesting point of the memorial is the emphasis with which it insists on the value of classical philology in cultivating what it calls "the ideality of the scientific sense, the interest in science not dependent upon, nor limited by, practical aims, but ministering to the liberal education of the mind as such, the many-sided and broad exercise of the thinking faculty." By science is

of course here meant not merely the science of nature. But the science of nature is included. Germany has built temples and palaces for the study of nature, as Professor Hoffmann says. But she cultivates philology side by side with nature more assiduously than ever; and here we have some of her leading physicists and naturalists joining hands with the philologists, and coming forward to tell the world that they consider classics not in the light of a foe, but rather as a discipline of peculiar value as a preparation for other scientific pursuits. And the German Universities are schools of universal learning. Here are a few statistics. In the year 1880 the German Universities numbered in all eighteen hundred and nine teachers, including extraordinary professors and *Privat-Dozenten*. Of these, nine hundred and thirty belonged to the philosophical faculty, which includes what we should call the faculties of science and arts. Now, how are these nine hundred and thirty teachers distributed? About one-third of them represent mathematics and the sciences of nature; the other two-thirds are engaged upon classical philology, oriental philology, modern philology (the latter two branches are increasing in numbers from year to year), archæology, history, political science, and philosophy. The numbers at Leipsic were:

Total of ordinary professors (not including extraordinary professors and <i>Privat-Dozenten</i>).....		34
23	Professors of Classical Philology.....	5
	„ Oriental and Modern Philology.....	9
	„ Archæology.....	2
	„ History.....	2
	„ Philosophy.....	2
	„ Political Economy.....	3
	„ Mathematics and Astronomy.....	4
11	„ Physical and Natural Science.....	7

If we consider the numbers of students, the proportions are similar. In 1881-82, the German Universities numbered about twenty-four thousand

students; of these, nine thousand five hundred were members of the philosophical faculty—rather more than five students for each professor. And the percentages of their distribution were:—

Students of Philology, Philology, History, &c.	63 per cent.
Students of Mathematics and the Sciences of Nature....	37 „

But I must in fairness also mention the fact that during forty years the students of mathematics and the sciences of nature have increased ten-fold, while those of philology and history have not yet been tripled; and also that of the three-fold increase in students of philology, a large part is due to the students of modern philology. On the other hand, the ten-fold increase is largely due to the mathematicians. And it is a curious fact that the study of medicine is not making such strides in popular favour as the philological and historical sciences.¹

I cannot give you accurate statistics about France or America; but the recent announcement of the prospectus of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, of no less than thirteen advanced courses of lectures in oriental philology alone, shows that one university of the United States, at any rate, does not regard physical science and philology as inconsistent ends.

The nineteenth century—the “so-called nineteenth century,” as an indignant and sarcastic lecturer is said to have called it—is marked by a powerful re-action against the tradition of an exclusive classical education. France led the way, at the end of last century, by abolishing her classical schools and setting up polytechnics in their place; and although she soon repented and returned to the paths of Greek and Latin, recent changes, and especially those made under the ministry of M. Jules Ferry in 1880, seem to point to another oscillation in the

direction of the ideas of the Revolution. Germany is agitated by the question of modern as against classical education. In England, one parliamentary commission after another has reported upon the deficient provision for science teaching in our public and endowed schools, apparently without much effect upon the majority of schools in question. Physical science and modern languages are in revolt, demanding—and demanding justly—a fair recognition in our school curriculum. The claims of their most accredited champions are strictly moderate, and the enlightened educationist must, I think, pronounce their revolt to be completely justified, and sympathise with an agitation the object of which is to remove the educational ban laid by our traditional system upon the study of nature and modern languages.

But sometimes physical science, arrogating the broader name of science, takes up an aggressive attitude, and exhibits a special animus against what it calls “dead languages.” “Sweep away the lumber of the middle ages,” it cries; “cease mumbling of the dry bones of your classics, and open the book of nature.” It would appear that physical science, like Ireland, cannot get her grievances redressed without threatening the sister realm. But this attitude of aggression is essentially of the nature of temporary reaction; its representatives might do well to bear in mind that a reaction, pushed too far, may provoke a counter reaction.

But this is by way of digression. Permit me to remind you of the general drift of my argument. So far I have been claiming language and literature as departments of science. But this was not my main object. My main object is to define the relations of science and letters to culture.

Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to dwell much upon the importance of science as an element of culture. But I desire to lay some emphasis upon what I may call the formative function of science, because in the first place I

¹ See Conrad's *German Universities for the last Fifty Years*, translated by J. Hutchison.

have extended the use of the word, and in the second place there is one point of view in which the man of science, and especially the student of nature, appears to be often misunderstood. "A mere specialist" has become a term of reproach. Now I will not deny that specialism has its dangers. We all know the scarabæist of Wendell Holmes, who sunk his life in beetles, and regarded the man professing to be an entomologist as necessarily a humbug. There is the classical scholar who, as Byron says:—

"Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name."

There is the German student of American politics who follows the minutest ramifications of parties across the Atlantic, but has neither thought nor interest for the political problems of his own country. Science is long, life short. And we are sometimes tempted to fear that science may become so split up—like the practical arts—that every man will be working at a branch of the subject which no one cares for or can understand except himself.

"Im engen Kreis verengert sich der Sinn,"¹ says Goethe. "Culture means compensation of bias," says Emerson; and in a similar spirit Dr. Martineau, the venerable ex-principal of Manchester New College, has recently told us that he compelled himself when a young man to devote his best energies to the subjects for which he had no aptitude, leaving those for which he had a gift to take care of themselves. So considerable are the dangers of specialism.

But there is another side to the picture. I submit that specialism may be claimed as an essential element in the life of the mind, and that from the point of view of culture. This may sound paradoxical; but a man's bias is at least part of himself; and there is something in the consecration

¹ "In a narrow sphere the mind becomes narrowed."

of all the faculties to a limited field, which braces the mind and gives it intellectual grip. Specialism means depth of insight, the probing a subject to the core; it means discovery, it means originality. I believe it means development of character and growth of the capacity for knowledge. Let me compare the mind to a house with many windows. For a vital comprehension of truth, I would prefer to look through one window thoroughly cleaned, than through all of them only half purified from the obscuring medium of error and prejudice. To the young student especially I would say: "Clean one of your windows; be not content until there is one branch of your subject—if it be only one branch of a branch—which you understand as thoroughly as you are capable of understanding it, until your sense of truth is satisfied, and you have intellectual conviction." Be assured that in learning this one thing you will have added an eye to your mind, an instrument to your thought, and potentially have learned many things. In the life of the mature investigator specialism plays a similar part; to remain healthy, he must continually drink deep at the fountain head; he must go further than others have gone before him; and to this end he must devote what may seem to outsiders an abnormal amount of time and energy to his special department. It is too common an experience that the man of mere general culture loses interest in what he studies; his mind ranges over wide tracts, through which he is guided by no central idea or dominant conviction; he acquires a habit of thinking, like the typical Oxford man, that "there is nothing new, nothing true, and it does not much matter." The cure for this intellectual ailment is concentration. Let the sufferer make some little plot of ground his own; let him penetrate through and beyond the region of literary orthodoxy, and he will find that the universe is not exhausted by even the highest thoughts of the greatest minds; that

truth has ever new lights for the inquirer, and that the humble efforts of pigmies like himself may by combination lead to the scaling of heights which even giants could not take by storm.

Do not, then, neglect the scientific attitude in your studies. Whatever it be that you are engaged upon—whether chemistry or physics, or biology or geology, whether mathematics or classics, or some modern language or literature—make it your effort, if possible, to be a discoverer, on however small a scale, or at any rate to exercise independent thought.

I have accentuated the importance of the scientific attitude in the development of mind. But a further and important question remains. Is the scientific attitude the only and all-sufficient attitude? Let us consider more closely what the method of science involves. The object of science is essentially to arrange phenomena in the most simple way—to introduce order into our conceptions of things. To effect this, each science adopts a single point of view, and is compelled to deal with single aspects of things—employs, in fact, division of labour. For to treat all aspects at once would be to introduce cross divisions into science, and so make it unscientific. Thus mathematics, for instance, deals with things from the point of view of number and space; physics treats them as exhibiting energy; chemistry as compounded or uncompounded; biology as living; psychology as thinking and feeling; sociology as living in societies or states. Comte sketched out a pyramid of the sciences, in which they were arranged in a sort of hierarchy of complexity; at the base the most general and simple, at the apex the most special and complex. But, whether more or less complex, each science deals with its one aspect of things, and that only. No single science can exhaust even the smallest concrete thing. A piece of chalk represents for the physicist a certain group of forces; for the chemist certain

elements combined in certain proportions; for the geologist a certain stage in the history of the earth's crust. To the political economist man is wealth-producing, for political economy deals mainly with human nature as concerned in wealth. Each science, then, consciously limits its view, in order that it may give a more complete account of one phase of things—directs its energies into one channel in order to give force to the stream. In other words, science is abstract.

But man is not content always to confine his view to aspects of things; he needs also to regard them as wholes. It is true that the several sciences to a certain extent supplement one another. The man who is acquainted with physics, chemistry, geology, and other sciences, has an insight into several aspects of the same lump of chalk. But still the unity, the wholeness, may be missed. For, though the whole is made up of its parts, it cannot be conceived by addition of isolated conceptions of parts. This has been expressed with fine sarcasm by Goethe's Mephistopheles:—

“Wer will was Lebendig's erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben,
Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band.”¹

How, then, are we to grasp the “spirit that binds things together?” The answer is, by another than the scientific method—by the method of poetry. Science analyses and arranges according to special aspects; poetry bodies forth conceptions of wholes, rejecting all definition by limitation, sacrificing detail for breadth. The poet's aim is to build up again in his own soul the unity of things, which science is always breaking down; to find in the universe an object which can satisfy the claims of his emotional as well as his intellectual nature.

¹ “The man who seeks to know and describe a living thing first drives the spirit out of it; he then holds the parts in his hand; but alas! the spirit that bound them together has departed.”

Thus, if in one sense it is true that poetry always lags a little behind science, turning the laborious results of one generation into the fairy tales of the next, in another sense poetry anticipates science; the vision of the poet dimly traces out the lines along which the science of the future will march. Shall I seem to be trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, if I say that some of the highest generalisations of science appear to me to be in large degree of the nature of poetry—anticipations of nature, conceived and believed long before anything like adequate evidence was forthcoming? I would name the doctrines of the conservation of energy and the evolution of life. The latter may be read, in a somewhat archaic form, in the philosophic poem of Lucretius, written nearly two thousand years ago; and I can well believe that it was present to Darwin as a poetic idea before he conceived of the exact method of its demonstration.

No doubt poetry must renounce the severity and caution of which science is so justly proud. For the objects at which the poet "throws out" his conception are too great to be compassed by definition, and his ideas will often be pronounced faulty by the future researcher. But he is content in his own sphere of work—that of a maker or creator—knowing that his results, too, are unapproachable by the scientific man. No amount of psychology would create a Hamlet.

And, if the results of poetry are different from those of science, so is the form into which the poet throws his ideas. He does not aim at an iron rigidity of logical proof, but rather at a lightness of touch which hints rather than demonstrates, veils while it unveils. The ideal of science is exhaustive demonstration; that of poetry imaginative creation. The poet does not attempt to give new knowledge; rather he takes the reader into partnership, and tries, by the power of sympathy, to awaken his slumber-

ing conceptions. And the products of literature can be apprehended only imaginatively. If we seek for demonstration, we find emptiness. I know of a young man, trained in mathematics and Latin grammar, who patiently—almost pathetically—read and re-read his *Sartor Resartus* in the hope of finding a syllogism or some semblance of a proposition of Euclid in it, and who did not understand it. Like the mathematical reader of *Paradise Lost*, he could not make out that it proved anything. Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that, in the interests of science itself, we ought to cultivate the capacity for a non-scientific attitude. For the first attitude in approaching an object, whether natural or literary, should be a receptive one. The widening of one's experience, letting things tell their own tale, even the attitude of mere passive enjoyment, will often carry the beginner further in understanding than a relentless search for law.

Nature, then, is not exhausted by the most complete inquiry into her laws taken separately. It still remains to conceive her as a whole—to apprehend her by the imagination; and some of her secrets reveal themselves less to the microscope than to the poetic eye. "This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire"—how many a digger and delver in the cause of science has presented to them a mind petrified by absorption in a fixed idea, and insensible to their magic? "We live by admiration" is one of the favourite texts of Wordsworth. The scientist seeks not to live, but to reduce things to his categories of thought. Like Mr. Browning's *Paracelsus*:

"He still must hoard and keep and class all
truths
With one ulterior purpose: he must know."

To him nature is indeed never a mere
"pestilential congregation of vapours."

For there is the beauty of her law ever unfolding itself before his eyes; "the heavens" it has been said, "declare to him the glory of Kepler and Newton." But this is not all their glory. He must have something of the poetic mind if he would feel the awe and rapture with which Kant gazed upon the starry heavens, and Linnæus upon the gorse in blossom; if he would see nature as she paints herself upon the canvas of Turner; if he would love her as Wordsworth loved her. Otherwise the soul of nature escapes his ken; we may say of Nature what Schiller says of truth generally:

"Dich zu fangen, ziehen sie aus mit Netzen
und Stangen,
Aber mit Geistesstritt schreitest du mitten
hindurch."¹

Let me further illustrate this difference of attitude in dealing with the products of literature. The scientific observer brings them into the field of the grammatical microscope or the historic telescope. But their aroma is apt to vanish in the process. One may have ransacked the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to discover the development of a mood or a particle, while remaining wall-eyed to the beauty of these poems; one may be an authority on the Homeric question without having known Homer. I would not call such a man a pedant; but I would say that he has confined himself to one aspect of the poet and missed his poetry. A fair country lies around him, waiting for illumination from the dawn of poetic imagination. He gropes in it, guided only by the uncertain beams of his grammatical candle. For to enter into the conceptions of the poet, one must be something of a poet oneself; one needs, at any rate, some literary experience. A sense of humour is one thing; an inquiry into the humorous—the rationale of humour—is quite another.

¹ "To catch thee they take the field with
nets and poles; but thou, like a spirit, passest
through the midst of them."

I think a protest is needed at the present day against an exclusive devotion to the scientific side of literature, and especially of classical literature. The laws and history of the classical languages are the main objects of work in our classical schools and universities; grammar tends to replace literature, prosody is substituted for poetry, and little room is left for the play of contemplative imagination. This perhaps cannot be otherwise so long as we live under the whips and scorpions of an exigent examination system; for the scientific side of literature presents obvious advantages, in the examination room, both to examiners and examined. Literary culture, like astronomy, does not pay. So our students learn to translate and compose, but not to read or appreciate; and the literary artists are approached through the medium of what the scientific scholars have said about them. It is commonly believed abroad that the English man of business, or country squire, refreshes his soul during the long winter evenings by reading his Virgil or Horace. This is, I am told, an exaggeration, and likely to be less true since it has ceased to be the fashion for members of Parliament to quote Horace in the House—or at any rate to quote him correctly. However, in the treatment of the classics as *literature*, we might perhaps do well to remember the best traditions of English scholarship, and emulate the wider and more liberal reading of the age of Bentley.

Again in history we have the same two elements—the scientific and the purely literary. I have no wish to depreciate the great achievements of scientific history—a science which has resulted in discoveries as instructive as those of palæontology or geology. It is an admirable thing to weigh evidence, and to correct hasty judgments by fuller research; but history, written in this spirit only, loses its power of inspiration, of kindling the imagination at the thought of great

deeds and great men, and of carrying the reader on the wings of sympathy into a remote past. And this—its dramatic or poetic function—is surely one at least of the functions of history.

Here then you have my conception of the prime essentials of culture in the two attitudes of mind—the scientific and the poetic. Intellectual manhood is not reached till concentration, exact inquiry, begins ; but the mind grows poor without the poetical spirit. There is one truth of science, and another of poetry, and both are indispensable. But it is not many subjects that are needed for culture ; rather it is a manysidedness of mind by which to conceive things both scientifically and imaginatively. To maintain this two-fold attitude is, I know, not easy. Men inspired with the ardour of pursuit, and conscious of the limitless field of research right ahead, may say with Luther, "God help me, I can no other ;" and he would be a bold man who ventured to cast a stone at them.

"The ink of science," says a Mohammedan proverb, "is more precious than the blood of martyrs." But the victories of science too have been achieved not without sweat and blood. Let us not fail to remember the cost to the intellectual martyrs themselves. They have nobly served humanity ; but they have sacrificed their own development. The Nemesis is inevitable ; we cannot, for our own sakes, afford to be less than cultured. Nay, we cannot afford to be less than cultured for others' sakes. Culture as well as science has its altruistic side. Society is the gainer by every complete unit that is added to it, and enriched by every ideal human creature.

I do not mean to say that he who commands both attitudes of mind possesses all knowledge. Man's mind I have compared to a house with many windows : some of them, let us say, look out upon the trees and flowers of the garden ; others are turned towards the street, crowded with human life ; its skylights look

upon the heavens. Doubtless it were a grand thing to have knowledge of all the great objects of human contemplation ; but we must recognise the limitations of our nature, and renounce the impossible.

On the other hand, we may console ourselves with the reflection that one subject deeply studied involves examination of others. No man can thoroughly probe a difficult question of law without coming upon problems of morals, politics, and religion ; no one can carry his researches into language far without solving on the way many a question of logic and even metaphysics. In this way one science leads over to another ; and the specialist is not so incomplete as he is sometimes supposed to be. His knowledge stretches itself out in many directions, like the branches of a tree, which spring from a single trunk and are centred in it. Still no man can be a master of all sciences.

But there is one kind of knowledge of which we must all take account—all must be students in the school of life and manners. Some practical experience of men and affairs is essential to character and social refinement.

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille ;
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt."¹

For those who have not yet stepped forth into the arena of public life, there is the microcosm of school or college in which they may learn many of the lessons which the great world teaches. This social life is a hardly less important feature of a college than the lecture room. And I hope that while in the latter you will imbibe something more than you can get from books, catching the contagion of the lecture room and laboratory—the *vis viva* of nascent thought—you will, by contact with one another in the common rooms and Union, gain that education of which Oxford and Cambridge are so justly proud—the experience of the world, which makes a man.

¹ "Genius develops in retirement ; a character in the stream of life."—GOETHE.

Let me cast a brief glance upon the general aim and purport of what I have said. The prime essentials of culture are science and poetry; and they may be cultivated without spreading ourselves impartially over the whole field of knowledge, without ascetically denying our special bent. One branch of either of the great departments, nature and literature, may give us scope for both energies of soul; but the student of nature cannot be independent of the aid of poetry, unless, indeed, he is a poet himself. Further, in resigning claims to universal knowledge, we may remember that to command one department is to command many potentially, and even involves inquiry into, and partial grasp of, subjects lying outside it. Finally, life is long enough to admit of our making practical experience of our fellow men, without which we ourselves are scarcely human.

I do not know whether my conception of the distinction between science and poetry will be accepted. I am aware that some philosophers—even Plato—give a very different account of poetry, reducing it to mere imitation and subjective fancy. The position of co-ordinator which I have given to poetry is assigned by Plato to dialectic, that is, philosophy, which he calls the “coping stone of the sciences.” But I think you will agree with me that there is a difference between poetry and science, and that both are essential elements of culture. And perhaps what Plato means by “philosophy” is not, after all, so very different from what I mean by poetry—from the highest kind of poetry. Philosophy might be called poetry in undress. The late Mark Pattison spoke of philosophy as a disposition, a method of, conceiving things—not a series of demonstrable propositions. In this sense it means the power of escaping from one’s own limitations, and of rising to higher conceptions; the capacity of reverence for the wider universe of which one’s positive knowledge touches

merely the fringe; the saving knowledge by which man corrects the tendencies to intellectual arrogance: and this is what I mean by poetry.

Plato prophesied, half seriously, that the State would never cease from ill till philosophers became kings, or kings philosophers. For the academic workers of the future I do not demand royal prerogatives. But if the University is worthy of its calling the people will look to it for intellectual light and leading. England is waking up to the paramount importance of education; to this question the new Democracy is sure to turn with increasing earnestness. Is it too much to hope that the University will hold its position at the helm of the educational system? From the University the nation will expect guidance in developing the education of the people; and if it is not to be false to its trust, it must take up the problem of education in a serious, in a scientific spirit. Teaching may be called a science or an art; but the enlightened know that it admits of definite principles and of progress; and progress, even in details, involves far-reaching consequences to millions. In the science of education England is far behind the foremost nations of Europe—perhaps behind America. This deficiency is nothing less than a “national calamity.” To faulty and antiquated methods of teaching we may safely attribute much of that ill-success in the race of life of which we have recently heard such just complaints. The future of England hangs not only on the recognition of physical science, but far more upon the creation of a high ideal of teaching, and the total abolition of that senseless ingurgitation of compendious statements, which has usurped its place in the national consciousness.

I am drawing near the conclusion of my task. I fear I have already taxed your patience too far. One word in conclusion.

A genial bishop was in the habit of inquiring from his candidates for

ordination whether they were married. "Happy man!" cried the prelate if the answer was given in the affirmative; if in the negative, his formula of benediction was, "Lucky dog." In a similar spirit I would address the younger members of this college who have elected to be members of the faculties of science or the faculties of arts respectively. Those of you who pursue physical science have before you a sphere worthy of all the highest energies of the mind. You will come into direct contact with Nature—get to know her, not at second-hand from her blurred reflection in books, but face to face. The field on which the victories of physical science have been won is teeming with problems of the widest bearing on many questions of the day—social, religious, and philosophical, as well as natural. To the scientific man belongs the "spirit of the great world brooding upon things to come." In a very true sense, his is the future.

To the students of what I must still call arts, I would say: You are about

to make personal acquaintance with the great minds of the past. Before you there will unfold itself a rich and manifold life, to which you may be brought very near. The inheritance of the past is yours, and in the literature of your own and other countries you may study the great generalisations of science, clarified by their passage through great minds, turned to shape and incorporated in the consciousness of the race by the pen of poet and philosopher.

"Happy the man," sang Virgil, "who has gained a knowledge of the causes of things, and trampled all fear under foot, and risen above relentless Fate and the hungry clamour of death. Yet not less blest is he who knows the rustic gods—even Pan, and old Silvanus, and the sister nymphs."

Thrice happy he who has strength "to do these things, and not to leave the others undone." Firmly centred in the present, he reaches a hand both to the past and to the future. He is the true "heir of all the ages."

AUSTRIA'S POLICY IN THE EAST.

BE proceeding to examine the ion which Austria has assumed ie East, it will be profitable to der the course she has pursued the Six Weeks' War thrust her from the German Confederation. ing so, more regard must be had naterial facts than for the diplo- : bye-play and false lights which been employed to conceal the true t of her designs and course of y. The exclusion of Austria from erman Bund having left her states- without a field for their diplomatic ity in the west, impelled them ek new openings in the south- for the exercise of the propensity eddle in their neighbours' affairs h has been a dominating vice in olicy of the House of Hapsburg. early intentions of Count Beust, succeeding to the direction of ro-Hungarian affairs in 1866, gh calculated to disturb the poli- *status quo* in the East so far as unprogressive Turkish rule in pe was concerned, appear to have founded on a statesmanlike and perception of the necessities of ime. The Christian populations e Ottoman Empire were for the time awakening to the need of er political organisation, in which scope than the Turk permitted d be found for their intellectual naterial development. The Ser- Bulgarian, and Hellenic races, ing through centuries of despot- nder a power alien alike in blood religion, were becoming restless, striving, feebly though it may been, to throw off the hateful . It was in sympathy with their ations and needs that the inten- s of Count Beust were conceived, hey were such as must have met the approval of liberal-minded . 313.—VOL. LIII.

men both in England and Europe at large. But in lending a helping hand to the Christians of the Turkish dominions in Europe, Count Beust contemplated no violent attack on that shadowy fetish of British politicians for so many years after the substance had ceased to exist—the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. A semi-political independence under the sovereignty of the Sultan was all that was aimed at. It is not necessary here to speculate on what might have been the issue of this change; suffice it to say that it was a solution at once legitimate and eminently pacific. But it did not meet the views of the court party at Vienna, which had not yet recovered from the wound to its pride and obstinacy inflicted by the forced concession of Hungarian legislative independence; nor did it enjoy the approval of the moving spirit which controls from Berlin the destinies of Austria. Foreign and internal influences, both hostile to his policy in the East, helped to bring about Count Beust's downfall, and paved the way for the advent to power of Count Andrassy and the tortuous courses which have led to the position in which Austria now finds herself, whence to retrograde or to advance is equally difficult and dangerous.

The first steps of the Andrassy policy in the East were not, however, of too pronounced a character, nor did they by any means indicate the full intentions of the new Chancellor; though had the Turks, who were more immediately concerned, been possessed of greater political foresight, they must have discerned the dangers ahead. The methods adopted were peaceful, though it can hardly be supposed that they were misunderstood by Russia.

Steamers directed from Trieste, took possession of both the coasting and foreign trade of Turkey. The Danube traffic was monopolised by a company subsidised from Vienna. The foreign and internal postal system, except at Constantinople, was almost completely in the hands of the Austrian Lloyd's, and controlled by Austrian officials. But the Turks remained blind to the dangers of the situation, and made no effort to extricate themselves from the meshes of the net Austria was insensibly weaving round them. It is true that under English auspices attempts were made to develop the postal system for the benefit of the Ottoman Government; but such was the obstruction offered by Turkish officials, in many cases prompted from outside, that no practical result was possible. The power which the apathy and indifference of the Turkish Administration in this way placed in the hands of the Austrian Government was unlimited. The markets of Turkey were inundated with Vienna wares and Austrian manufactures of the cheapest and most inferior descriptions; their cheapness enabling them to completely oust British and other goods from markets in which the latter had once enjoyed the monopoly. The Danube commerce became almost exclusively Austrian; and the traveller in the East found no other means of voyaging from port to port but in vessels flying the flag of the empire-kingdom. The Turkish banner was nowhere seen. The influence conferred by the control of the postal system of the Ottoman Empire was less obvious and legitimate, but infinitely greater. How many who have resided in the East or travelled there can tell of correspondence delayed or missing! No government of Europe knew more of the secrets of the East than that of the Kaiser Franz Josef, with its control of the mailbags and the telegraph wires carrying the news of the East to the West. The exceptional means of information which it thus possessed

enabled the Austrian Cabinet, or, more properly speaking, the Austrian Chancellor, to follow at ease every phase in the development of affairs in the Sultan's dominions, and to strike in with the effect possible only for those familiar with each spring of action.

The first active steps of Austria in bringing on the disintegration of the Turkish Empire, which was solemnly registered at Berlin in 1878, were taken in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The movements of the Pan Slavists in Bulgaria through their committees at Bucharest and in Russia were well known, and their aims thoroughly understood, at Vienna. Accordingly, in 1875, measures leading to a rising in Herzegovina were planned. *Agents provocateurs* were sent to prepare the way. The visit of the Emperor of Austria to Dalmatia in April of that year, and his reception of deputations from Herzegovina, were details diligently and elaborately carried out. Their meaning, however, was not hidden entirely from the Turks, whose suspicions appear to have been now effectually roused. In May, just after the Austrian Emperor had returned from Dalmatia, the Turks began sending ammunition, arms, accoutrements, and clothing for troops in large quantities by rail from Salonica to Mitrovitza, whence they were despatched to depots in Bosnia and Herzegovina. This unexpected action caused much speculation among the Austrian agents who were scattered over the country; and the reinforcement of the garrisons in those provinces caused the Austrian Government to send a special diplomatic agent to report on the actual state of affairs. The personage selected for this duty was the celebrated Baron Hübner, on whom the Emperor Napoleon inflicted the slight at that memorable New Year's reception of 1859 which heralded the War of Italian Independence. At Serajevo, Baron Hübner found the now well-known Dervish Pasha in command, and was received by him with all the honours, and invited to a review of the troops composing

the garrison. The incident which occurred after the review, as described by an eyewitness, was striking, and must have suggested some suspicion of the Turkish commander to the mind of the Austrian envoy. In replying to the compliments of the Baron on the appearance of his troops, the wily little Pasha said, "Yes, Excellency! You see here men devoted to the defence of their country against every foe, and who can go for twenty-four hours on a drink of water!" From Serajevo the Baron continued his journey to Mitrovitza by Novi Bazar, stopping at various places on the route where he was enabled to communicate with the numerous agents of his Government. From Mitrovitza he travelled by special train to Salonica. Here he remained but three days; but during this brief period he was subjected to a slight from the Turkish Vali or Governor-General of the Province. On his making an official call on the Vali, who had been duly notified beforehand, accompanied by the *personnel* of the Consulate, the Turkish functionary did not accord him the honour due to his position by meeting him at the door of the reception room. An altercation ensued, which was terminated by the offended Baron abruptly leaving the Konak with his suite. Explanations which were accepted as satisfactory were made by the Vali, and the difficulty was smoothed over. Returning from Salonica the Austrian envoy travelled only as far as Uskub by rail. From there he took post horses to Belgrade by way of Nisch. On the day following his arrival at the Servian capital the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina broke out.

Skilfully manipulated, the telegraph wires under Austrian control conveyed to the western capitals facts and statements calculated to impress the idea that the rising against the authority of the Sultan was entirely due to Russian emissaries and Panslav committees. But close observers saw behind Ljubobratich and many others,

whose names the events of the day made familiar to the English public, the hands of the Austrian. The thousands of refugees who found temporary shelter during the troublous times on Austrian soil were, in most cases, refugees by instigation. Their hospitable reception, and the few thousands of pounds expended in their maintenance, were among the claims for which Austria was afterwards indemnified at Berlin in 1878. At the same time, with an impartiality for which sufficient credit can hardly be awarded her, the way was made smooth for the suppression of the insurrection by the Turks; and the Salonica-Mitrovitza railway, a line owned in Austria and managed by Austrian officials, was entirely at the disposition of the Turkish Government, whose troops, supplies, and stores were carried over it on credit. With evidence, ample and convincing, of the aims of Austria before them, it was but a question of time how soon the Panslav party in Russia, and later on the Russian Government itself, should throw themselves into the struggle which was manifestly impending. The Montenegrin and Servian wars in 1876; the abortive rising in Bulgaria, and the massacres south of the Balkans in the same year; the conference at Constantinople, where the peculiar line of policy which characterised the dealings of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet with the Porte up to its overthrow in 1880 first disclosed itself—were all strands in the thread of policy directed from Vienna and woven at Berlin. Assuredly, had the Emperor of Russia and his advisers foreseen the ultimate issue to which events were tending, they might even at the last moment have stayed their hand. But it had not yet been made clear to them that the way to Constantinople lay through Vienna. The Panslav party, which, in its hatred of the Turk, aimed directly at the destruction of his detested rule over their co-religionists and brothers in race, had swept away by its enthusiasm what power of resist-

ance there was in the autocracy. The heart of the Turk was hardened by his pride, and the conflicting official and non-official advice of England predisposed him to stiffen his neck. The struggle which such conditions rendered inevitable could not be long averted, and the war, which was officially declared on the twenty-third of April, 1877, was in the natural course of events.

No one who saw the Emperor Alexander the Second at the conclusion of the review of his troops on that memorable day, on the Bessarabian plain of Ungheni, when he gave the final orders for the passage of the Pruth, could fail to perceive how deeply he seemed to feel the responsibility and importance of the event. The shadow of the future appeared already to have been cast across his path as he quitted the group of his generals, and, passing quickly between the lines of people who had collected at the railway station, entered the train which was to carry him back to his capital. Compared with previous wars, the military circumstances in which Russia entered on the last conflict with Turkey were immeasurably greater in her favour. There were then no tedious marches over desert wastes, but railways, fairly organised, brought the invading army to the very banks of the Danube; while the alliance with Roumania seemed to guarantee every facility which the situation demanded for a successful and speedy issue. Why, then, did something akin to paralysis appear to enfeeble the arm of Russia? The answer is simple. The equivocal attitude of Austria weighed like a nightmare on the counsellors of the Emperor. It is true Prince Bismarck had declared that the Eastern Question did not call for the active intervention of Germany; and that Austria had virtually thrown over Turkey in refusing to carry out, in conjunction with England and France (who also repudiated her engagement), the tripartite treaty

of 1856, which guaranteed the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. Nevertheless, the hand of Austria pressed heavily on the arm of the Czar. Very soon after the declaration of war, Austria had made it clear to the Russian Government that their operations were to be strictly confined to Turkish territory. Any attempt of Serbia to take up arms in aid of Russia was frustrated by the threat of an occupation of Belgrade by Austrian troops, and Roumanian soil was to be respected on condition that the Roumanian territory west of the Aluta was not made the base of active operations against the Turks in Bulgaria. The effect of this was doubly favourable to the Turks, who, relieved from menace to their left flank, were enabled, leaving but twelve thousand men to hold Widdin, to concentrate the whole of their strength on the centre and right of their line of defence. Indecision was perceptible in the Russian conduct and counsels throughout the whole campaign. Doubts of Germany, and absolute distrust of Austria, hindered vigorous action on the part of the Russian generals; while the Turk, stimulated to resistance by false assurances of English support, and buoyed up by deceitful promises, was bleeding at every pore. When, finally, with Russia well-nigh exhausted and Turkey prostrate, Serbia was released from the leash, it was because Austria's end was served, and neither combatant could be much benefited or more gravely injured by withholding the feeble principality. The aim of Austria was but to prevent Serbia from being employed as a base for the operation of Russian influence on the Slavs of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Macedonia—those provinces on which her covetous eye had been so long fixed.

The fall of Plevna, the subsequent passage of the Balkans, the complete and irretrievable collapse of the Turkish defence, and the appearance of Skobelev's division, reduced and fever-stricken as it was, before Constanti-

nople, were but details in the hastening of the crisis which brought into play the combinations resulting in the Congress of Berlin. In these combinations we now know the predominating force was exercised by the Austro-German and English plenipotentiaries. Constantinople lay within reach of the hand of Russia, but that hand was powerless. Englishmen have been pleased to believe that the British fleet at Constantinople and Gallipoli was what deterred the Russians from entering the capital of the Sultan; but the belief was a fond and flattering delusion. The invisible cord which withheld the hand of Russia was drawn in Berlin through Vienna. The certainty of the entry of an Austrian army into Moldavia and Bessarabia was the real obstacle to the Russian advance, which the British fleet alone was impotent to prevent. The Russian army was ever compelled to look behind it, always seeing the shadow of the concealed hand it had cause to dread. The writer vividly calls to mind an incident which occurred at Constantinople while the Russian troops were bivouacked in sight of its minarets. He paid a visit one evening, in the company of a friend, to Skobeleff, who was confined to his bed by an attack of fever. Despite his malady, the general was deep in the study of some military work, but on the names of his visitors being announced he sprang up in his couch to receive them, and almost the first question he put to the writer was "What is Austria doing?"—a sufficient indication of the apprehensions disturbing the counsels and paralysing the action of Russia. Information of a trustworthy character had just then been received at Constantinople, and it was known both at the Russian headquarters and at the Sublime Porte that a partial mobilisation of the Austrian army was imminent, and that the occupation of Bosnia and Servia on one hand, and of Jassy and various points in Moldavia on the other, were contemplated. So

serious a menace was one the Russian army, crippled though victorious, was unable to despise; and so it came to pass that, under the pressure of Austria and Germany, Russia submitted to enter the congress chamber at Berlin, to sacrifice all that nigh a century of intrigue and war had gained.

With the details and results of the Berlin settlement all who followed the reports of the proceedings of the Congress are familiar. Of the fact that what was believed to be a settlement is proving but a truce, most, if they had not already foreseen it, are now becoming convinced. Races and communities delivered from an inert barbaric despotism were partitioned and carved out to suit the selfish ambitions of certain governments, and the political exigences of the moment. A condition of things foredoomed to perish was created from the Danube to the Ægean and from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. The opportunity of settling the Eastern difficulty on a just and stable basis was thrown away with a recklessness inconceivable except by those who understood that a sense of right and political morality were absent from the council board over which Prince Bismarck presided. The opportunity of re-integrating each race within its rights vanished. The Bulgarians were divided into three sections. The Greeks were betrayed, while false hopes were dangled before their eyes. Albania, distracted by intrigue of every kind, was left a prey to anarchy and misrule. Bosnia and Herzegovina, against the will and in spite of the heroic resistance of their peoples, were given over to Austria, who virtuously pretended bashful compliance with the "will of Europe," conscious that it was her own action which had produced the "disorder" which she was called in by accomplices to put down. Montenegro, which had maintained for centuries its independence against the Turk, was virtually handed over to Austria by the twenty-ninth Article of the Berlin Treaty. Macedonia was

left, with its conglomerate population of Serb, Albanian, Bulgarian, Greek, Wallach, and Moslem, to ferment to a degree of anarchy sufficient to require the orderly hand of the Austrian bureaucracy to restore tranquillity and cover it with their "civilising influences."

The creation of the autonomous province of East Roumelia was the fruit of the Treaty of San Stefano, trimmed and reduced at Berlin. The elaboration of its organic statutes and form of government was entrusted to a mixed international body called the East Roumelia Commission, the guiding spirit of which was Herr von Kallay, the Austro-Hungarian delegate. A zealous partisan of the Andrassy policy in the East, Herr von Kallay had passed many years at Belgrade, working industriously for the advancement of Austrian influence in Serbia by means of the press and the diplomatic service. He brought, then, to the work of his mission at Philippopolis, where the commission sat, an accurate conception of the end to be attained, and a complete knowledge of the means necessary to further the designs of his Government. Consistently supported by his German and English colleagues, he was enabled to override all opposition raised by the Russian or Turkish delegates. It was during the sitting of the East Roumelia Commission, towards the end of 1878, that Austria openly showed her hand—somewhat prematurely it seems to have been, for even Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet, with all its anti-Russian proclivities, was not prepared to follow unreservedly the lead of its allies. In brief, Count Andrassy proposed to the English Government that while the civil and financial administration of East Roumelia and Macedonia should be undertaken by England, Austrian troops were to occupy the two provinces. This was so bold a stroke in the forward policy that it is hardly to be wondered at that good

and substantial reasons were found for not at once acceding to the Austrian request. Perhaps, too, the compensations had not been so well defined as they were later on; the proceeding savoured, besides, too much of the iron and the earthen pot floating together on the ruffled surface of the water. The earthen pot of English civil and financial administration must soon have disappeared before the iron pot of Austrian military exigencies. A British Parliament could hardly have sanctioned such proceedings, even if the Government had entertained the proposal. The rejection of this caused anger and heart-burning at Vienna, augmented later on by Lord Salisbury's reluctance to support the Austrian Government in their effort to compel the Russian evacuation of East Roumelia by the thirteenth of April, 1879, which Count Andrassy declared, in addressing the delegations, was a point of honour with Austria. The Treaty of Berlin, in the twenty-second Article, had fixed nine months from the date of signature of the Treaty, which was the thirteenth of July, 1878, as the term of the Russian occupation of the conquered territory; and accordingly Count Andrassy had held the view that the last Russian should retire from its soil by the thirteenth of April; whereas the Russian Government maintained, and maintained successfully, that the complete occupation only should cease on that date, and accordingly did not commence the evacuation before the day called for by Count Andrassy for its termination. Great annoyance was both felt and expressed at Vienna on this subject, and Lord Salisbury was openly accused of having come to an understanding with Russia over the head of the "old and faithful" ally of England. Those who followed the news of the day will call to mind the pertinacity with which, by means of the press, the Vienna Government endeavoured to predispose the public mind in Europe in favour of a mixed occupa-

tion of East Roumelia by foreign troops, from which Russians were to be rigorously excluded. The failure was a sore trial to the political temper of the Austrian Cabinet. Without the intervention of foreign arms the East Roumelia Commission at Philippopolis concluded its labours; and at the banquet given by the Commission before its members separated, Herr von Kallay astonished his hearers by announcing that "We [that is, Austria] do not care now how soon East Roumelia and Bulgaria are united."

During the sitting of the Bulgarian Assembly at Tirnova, the part played by Austria was rather that of an observant spectator. The representatives of East Roumelia who went to Tirnova to claim the right to sit in the *Constituante* assembled to organise the government of the principality, were refused admission. Meeting with no encouragement from the Russian Imperial Commissioner, a small number of the East Roumelian delegates addressed themselves to Vienna, and implored the Austrian Emperor to save them from being restored to Turkish dominion. But the moment for action was not yet ripe, and the question was left in abeyance to a more convenient season. The resistance in Bosnia to the execution of the European mandate with which Austria had entered that province and Herzegovina, had been of so much more serious and forcible a character than anticipated, that Austria-Hungary was for the time arrested in the career of adventure on which she had launched. Anything more, therefore, than a formal expression of interest in their welfare could not be given to the East Roumelians. The attention of Austria was absorbed in consolidating her position in the new provinces, and securing the means of preventing any possible future joint action of Serbia and Montenegro. The reluctance of the Hungarians to further the aims of the forward party in Austria, and to diminish their own forces by the addition of Slavs to

the already powerful Slav element in the empire-kingdom, was a temporary check to further advance. The impolitic speech of M. Tisza, in which he described the Austrian occupation of the Turkish provinces as destined to crush the head of the Slavonic serpent, was rather calculated to act in the nature of a challenge to the whole Slavonic race, than to produce a reassuring or tranquillising effect on minds still heaving from their late struggles. The overhaste also with which the Roman Catholic propaganda followed in the wake of the military occupation could not but be regarded with suspicion by a people of whom but a fifth are Roman Catholics by religion, the rest being either adherents of the Eastern Church or Mussulmans. The whole Austrian action, indeed, in the provinces snatched from Turkey, has, since the day her troops crossed their borders on their mission of civilisation, been marked by all the errors of a military bureaucracy hampered by Parliamentary opposition and want of funds, and a certain subjection to outside opinion, more particularly to that expressed in the foreign press.

But the many important stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin which yet remained to be carried out at the end of 1879, and which there is much reason to believe were not intended to be carried out in their integrity, called for settlement. The Montenegrin and the Greek questions; the execution of reforms in the European provinces of Turkey, called for by the twenty-third Article of the Berlin Treaty, and the condition of Armenia, demanded attention. The settlement of these questions on the basis of the Treaty to which all the Powers represented at Berlin had affixed their signatures, did not, however, meet with the ulterior views of all their governments. The union of interests so ostentatiously proclaimed between Germany and Austria, and the adhesion of the English Cabinet to their views of the settlement of the Eastern

Question as since developed, together with M. Tisza's "crushing of the head of the Slavonic serpent," were the first overt indications of the *Drang nach Osten* (pressing eastward) policy of the Austro-German combination. It was the comprehension of this policy in its full scope and meaning which furnished the theme and motive of the speeches of Skobelev at Paris and elsewhere, and brought into renewed activity the leaders and partisans of the Pan Slav cause in Russia and among the Slavonic races. The dissolution of Parliament in 1880, and the result of the appeal of Lord Beaconsfield to the people of England on that occasion, determined the fate of the combination which had been formed to inaugurate a new departure in Eastern affairs, entirely and radically at variance with the spirit and letter of the Berlin settlement. Who is there that cannot call to mind the almost frantic efforts made from Berlin and Vienna, during the exciting period immediately preceding that general election, to influence, by alternate cajolery and menace, the public sentiment of England in favour of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration? And who does not remember the wail of anger that went up when the accession to power of the Liberal party was announced? Under the determined lead of that party, England, acting on the Powers whose recalcitrancy to the Berlin Treaty menaced a complete disruption of the European concert, has obtained settlements of the Montenegrin and Greek questions, unsatisfactory indeed, and not without great difficulty, and in spite of a want of loyalty where the opposite might have been expected. But such harmony as it was possible to create among the discordant elements of which the European concert is composed, could not be obtained for the settlement of the conditions of the twenty-third Article of the Berlin Treaty. It is true delegates were despatched in 1880 to Constantinople to elaborate a series of statutes for the government of the

provinces remaining under the misrule of the Pashas. But the whole performance was a hollow mockery of the crying wants of the oppressed people of Thrace, Macedonia, and Epirus. Propositions tending to promote uniformity of method in the government of each province were strenuously opposed by the Austrian delegates, on the plea that the character and local peculiarities of each district must be first considered, but with the real design of preventing any solid bond of union among the diverse peoples. The statutes, however, have remained a dead letter, for their execution is supported neither by Germany, Austria, Italy, France, nor Russia. Alone England could do, and the immovable Turk would do, nothing. The observation of Herr von Kallay, then Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs at Vienna, when his opinion of the organic statutes was asked by one of the foreign delegates on the revived East Roumelia Commission, was on a parallel with the Austrian action all through the recent phases of the Eastern difficulty. "We have a more serious solution than that," said Herr von Kallay—a clear implication that reformed government, by the aid of Austria and her supporter Germany, was not to be established in the unemancipated provinces of European Turkey, nor even contemplated. The efforts of Austria to obtain the consent and recognition of Europe to her formal annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina showed the embarrassing nature of the position in which her Government found itself. At the same time they indicated to both the Turkish and Russian Governments that the time was not far off when a decisive move must be made on the part of Austria. To abandon the provinces again to Turkish misrule was impossible; to grant them anything in the shape of an autonomous government equally so, seeing the encouragement this would give the Czech-autonomous party, and

the opposition which the idea met from the Hungarians.¹ The alternative was the complete subjugation of the country; subjugation in a military sense, for there was no probability of the Mussulman inhabitants willingly accepting the rule of Austria, after so many thousands had lost their lives in opposing the transfer of an allegiance which had brought them nothing but the rigid exaction of augmented taxes, and would impose military service to an alien sovereign. To the Christians, the taxation to which they were subjected by Austrian officials was as onerous as to the Mussulmans; while the agrarian grievances, which were the ostensible cause of their rising against the Turkish rule, remained without redress.

The difficulty the Austrian Government had to face was extreme. The expenses of the occupation and administration of the provinces were in excess of the revenues, and the compact by which the Austrian and Hungarian Governments were not to be called on to contribute could not be broken without sufficient and weighty reason. Indecision was not less perilous than action; it was necessary to hasten a crisis; and accordingly the law of military service was ordered to be put in force, not only in the occupied provinces, but, to give it the air of impartiality, as well in those parts of Dalmatia which had hitherto successfully resisted the conscription, and with the inhabitants of which, as in the case of the Crivoscians, a special compact of exemption existed. The insurrection of the Crivoscians and Herzegovinians was the answer. Whether the conscription was the direct cause of the insurrection, or whether the Austrian authorities profited by their knowledge of what was in preparation to bring on the crisis, cannot be confidently determined. The localities in which the bands made their appearance in most force seem to indicate a pre-arranged line of action. Those whose knowledge of

the country and people entitled their opinions to consideration had for some time held the view that a rising against Austrian rule was imminent, and that Christians and Mussulmans would be found fighting side by side in the struggle. The end in Eastern politics has generally been held to justify the means, and there is no reason to believe that a higher political moral tone is prevalent in the East to-day than at any other time.

The co-operation of Austria and Germany with Italy in the settlement of the Greek frontier question forms an interesting chapter in the history of the Eastern difficulty, which has yet to be written. But it is so linked with all Austrian policy in the East, that it is but an additional indication of what is contemplated by Austria and Germany, with the tacit adherence of Italy. Skilfully as Prince Bismarck masked German views of predominance in the East behind his Pomeranian grenadier, it is clear that, whatever interests in the settlement of the oriental difficulty it may once have pleased him to express, his pretensions are now of a solid and substantial gravity which must be the cause of uneasiness to more than one of the Western Powers and to Russia. It requires but a glance at the map of Europe to perceive what the accomplishment of the Austro-German programme in the east of Europe signifies. Skilfully and perseveringly has the telegraph and printing press been worked until the idea of the Russian at Constantinople has been made a nightmare which has cost England millions of money and thousands of precious lives. It has been used to pervert the moral sense of her people and her rulers till she has come now to be almost invariably found on the side of the oppressor against the oppressed. And the same agencies are still busily at work to persuade this country that there is no other alternative to the blessings of Austro-German rule for the nationalities of the East than subjugation to

a barbarous Russian despotism. The great question, and one worth considering before it may be too late, is, Is this true? In the first place has it been shown that any of the liberated nationalities of the East have expressed, diplomatically or otherwise, a desire to be placed under the rule of either Austria or Russia, or of one of them rather than of the other? Have the Greeks, the Bulgarians, or the Servians, at any time before or since their emancipation exhibited a desire to be annexed or protected by either Russia or Austria? Has it not rather been the contrary? Have not these peoples, so far as their feeble voices have been able to make themselves heard above the gong-beating of diplomacy, invariably and consistently pleaded for national independence, and for scope and time to work out their own career in peace and security? But, say some, they are not yet fit for self-government, and, if left to themselves, they will only fly at each other's throats. Let it be granted that these two reasons (if true) are serious enough to militate against giving unlimited liberty to the Greek, the Bulgarian, and the Servian. Would it not be the duty of the Powers, supposing always their policy to be disinterested, to prevent conflicts, and so, in a word, to train up these smaller nationalities until they could recognise that their true interests and chances of prosperity lay in pursuing a course of mutual conciliation and goodwill? There hardly seems ground for dispute here. What, then, is the inevitable conclusion? Surely this, that some of the governments are preparing, owing to their unwillingness or inability to effectually oppose others, to seize or bring into subjection portions of Turkey to which they are under a solemn pledge to give good government and security for life, honour, and property, not only without, but against the consent, of their inhabitants. The prospect is not reassuring, nor is the spectacle edifying. Yet all that has been here said or indicated is a near and

possible contingency. Whatever those who endeavour to quiet or mislead the public mind may assert, the Eastern Question is fast quitting the lines for its settlement which were traced out at Berlin in 1878, as well as those contemplated by the British Austro-German understanding before the general election of 1880. The suppression of the insurrection in Herzegovina and Bosnia has entirely altered the status of Austria, both towards those provinces and towards Europe. In the nature of things, the absurd position in which Austria was placed with her own consent cannot be re-established. Backed by Germany, Austria will very reasonably, as it seems, demand to be allowed to incorporate those provinces into the empire-kingdom; but whatever their relationship is to be, they cannot but prove the apple of discord between the two sections of the dual empire. The predominance, however, which Germany holds in the combination with Austria, constitutes the danger of this method of solving the difficulty, rouses the sensibility of the Slavonic world, and menaces the peace of Europe. Russia and the Slavonic races at large might contemplate with equanimity the formation of a Slavonic empire in the south-east of Europe, which, from the affinity of race and religion of its populations, could be no menace to herself; but the prospect of Slavonic races subjected to the influence and rule of the Teuton, and invaded by the Papal propagandists, and serving to aggrandise and enrich a great rival, can only but precipitate the struggle between Teuton and Slav which both believe to be impending.

Looking at the question dispassionately, the solution most favourable to the interest of England is that which seems to have been the least considered—the independence of the nationalities of the Balkan peninsula. The subjection of the races inhabiting the valley of the Danube and the Balkan country to either Russia or

Austro-Germany cannot be regarded with indifference by the Western Powers, least of all by England. Austria on the *Ægean*, with Germany behind her, means the creation of a great naval power in the Eastern Mediterranean, disposing of the maritime resources of the Greeks. The Power, or combination of Powers, which aims at the subjugation of what was once Turkey in Europe, cannot be relied on to respect the independence of Greece after that it shall have brought the other races under its sway. The harbours of the *Ægean*, the countless islands which cover its expanse, will afford shelter to fleets which at any moment may descend on the flank of our road to India through the Mediterranean, and forbid us the right of way through the Suez Canal. Behind such fleets are the magnificent port of Volo and the Dardanelles, affording refuges against attack and for refit. It may be that it is now too late to repair the errors in policy of which successive administrations in this country have been guilty, and that events are themselves shaping a course to which England, either of design or from indifference, will have largely contributed. A vigorous policy, which would have given to the oppressed nationalities of the East their independence of all foreign control, would have saved us from our present disquietude. On the Danube we see Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria threatened by Austria. In Macedonia, Albania, and Epirus, the negative policy of

Germany and Austria has left these countries a prey to anarchy and misrule, while Montenegro has, in fact, become an Austrian vassal. The settlement of the Greek frontier dispute, though adding to Greece a valuable and not inconsiderable tract of territory, has left the principle for which she and her friends contended practically as far from settlement as ever. Even across the new Greek frontier the baleful apprehensions of Austrian influence are felt. The nomination of Herr von Kallay to the position of chief administrator of Bosnia and Herzegovina was more suggestive of danger to the independence of the Balkan nationalities than the mere jack-boot government which had hitherto mismanaged those provinces. It was the first step in the "more serious solution" to which reference has already been made, the first to a radical departure from the lines of the Treaty of Berlin.

An attentive observer will readily perceive, by the light of the events of the past six years, the goal to which things are tending—an Austrian predominance, backed by Germany, throughout the whole of South-eastern Europe, alike on the *Ægean* and the Bosphorus as on the Danube. What may be the import of this predominance of a powerful politico-military combination, animated by no sentimental regard for the susceptibilities or interests of other States, cannot remain long hidden.

ON CLASSIC GROUND.

THEY say you may get a shrewd notion of a man's character by a glance at his book-shelves; but for my part I would sooner ask what books a man read in certain conditions of time and place, in certain accidents, certain changes and chances of his affairs; when sick, or sorry, or glad; harassed, or at leisure; fresh in the morning light, or tired in the gray hours of the evening; in the first surprise of new scenes, or renewing the memory of old ones.

Consider, for example, a man, who had worn the gown there in his youth, revisiting Oxford after a long lapse of years; not in the time of term, when all the place would be gay with a life he had no share in, and like some forlorn ghost he would wander silent and puzzled, and perchance something sad—

"Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

But let his visit be in the time of vacation—in the long vacation, say, when it is some three weeks or so old, and when "the high midsummer pomps are on," as he probably has never seen them there. Then Oxford is his own; the Oxford he knew in the days before the flood, when gowns were only worn by men, when no blatant tramway desecrated the High Street, and no chattering nursemaids broke the sacred stillness of Magdalen groves. Then the old gray quadrangles are alive once more with the forms he knew, with voices long silent to his ears, but unforgotten still. Every step awakes some echo of the past; every echo stirs some fresh remembrance. Even the old scouts who come grinning up to him—mines of inconvenient memories, old, battered, but-tery-worn bodies—have a grace about

them more than nature mostly gives their kind.

"Comrades of his past were they,
Of that unreturning day."

Above all, as Lamb says, he can *fetch up past opportunities*. Ah, those past opportunities! Oxford is a soil which grows that sort of grain in rich profusion, and our friend would be a Tom of ten thousand indeed if he had not a liberal crop of them.

Surely the books a man in such a place and time would turn to would illustrate the bent of his mind more vividly than the everyday aspect of his shelves. If he had a friend with him, a comrade of those old years, he would read no books. Then they would talk: ye gods, how they would talk! But if he were alone—and, unless he had provided himself with company, he would probably be very much alone—he would almost inevitably seek some moments of companionship in books, and in books redolent of this or that of the many perfumes of the place. And from his choice a curious assayer of the great human riddle might amuse himself much in framing a scheme of that man's life, its past and its present, its dreams and its realities. "In the shadow of the mighty Bodley" he might be found solacing himself with the old folios of Anthony Wood, or still more venerable relics. Were he one who in his day had walked delicately and along well-ordered paths, he might now "fetch up past opportunities" by a study of the adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, or Mr. Drysdale, or of that still more audacious volume (as I have heard) which retails the experiences of one Peter Priggins, a scout. Had he, on the other hand, been one wont to lean his ear too closely to the chimes of midnight, or

too profuse in his consumption of ginger, it is probable that—having been long forced to forswear both those and all kindred delights—he would be something of an ascetic, at least in theory; musing over the great vanished era of plain living and high thinking, as we imagine it to have been. Then would the Apologia be in his hands; then would he relieve with the livelier chatter of the brothers Mozley the sour egotism of Mark Pattison. Then would he walk into Trinity to see if the snap-dragon still grew on its walls, as it grew in the Freshmanhood of John Henry Newman; then, pacing the gravelled quadrangle of Oriel, would he strive to catch in the echoes of his solitary steps some memories of that mighty band of reformers, who pulled down so much, and built up so little; or, peering still further into the abyss of time, would he linger round that glorious old library of Merton—the oldest, probably, and most perfect book-retreat in the world—if haply on the ear of imagination might fall the ghostly footsteps of Duns Scotus still restlessly pacing the bricked floor as he meditated some shrewd retort on the Dominican. And surely, Nominalist or Realist, Stoic or Epicurean, whatever he has been or be, if he be a true son of Oxford some part of his time at least will be spared to his old friends, the Scholar Gipsy and Thyrsis.

It happened that in the course of this summer I found myself at Oxford, in much the same circumstances as the visitor thus foreshadowed. I had not set foot in the place for very many years, and I was alone. As this is no autobiography, nor designed as a posthumous bombshell for my friends, there is no need to specify the nature of my reflections, nor the books I found most congenial to them. But as the weather during all my visit was superlatively fine, day succeeding day of blue sky and sunshine and breeze, a great deal of my time was naturally passed in the open air; and after

the first rapture of memory among the gray old buildings had been satisfied, it was no less natural that I should turn to that “loved hill-side” whereon Thyrsis and his friend had first assayed their shepherd pipes. It had long been a wish of mine to stand under the shade of the elm-tree—

“The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful
Thames:”

the tree whose life was fondly fancied by the two friends to be co-existent with that of—

“The Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment’s door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam’d the world with that wild
brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem’d, to little
good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.”

From hunting with the Berkshire hounds that “rude Cumnor ground” had once been tolerably familiar to me; but really to know a country you must traverse it on your own legs, and we were no great pedestrians in my Oxford days; at least those whom I saw most of were not. We preferred horse-exercise; and though the statutes of the college, within whose venerable walls we pursued, with moderation, the study of polite learning, had much to say against that pastime, we managed to gratify our preference not illiberally. My main dependence was the small pocket volume, one of the Golden Treasury Series, containing the two poems—

“Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth
farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree
crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset
flames?”

That was all the compass I had to steer by; and where this farm lay I knew no more than readers of the morning papers knew till the other day where Yap might be. Somewhere between the two Hinkseys the path

must lie; so much was clear, but nothing more.

One burning July day my quest began. I went out of the town, under the railway bridge, past Oseney, and up through the water meadows to Ferry Hinksey, which had been selected as the base of my first operations. In which of the two Hinkseys swung the sign that bore Sibylla's name I do not know, nor which of their little streets boasted the haunted mansion. But I do know that the name of George Scott is on the signboard of "The Fishes," at Ferry Hinksey, and that he sells only that sort of bastard ginger-beer which is compact of some vile powder, or so-called essence, and stored in glass-bottles. And so it was in nearly all the ale-houses throughout the country side. The good old brew that sprang after the bursting cork out of the squat brown stone bottles has gone; gone with Sibylla and her sign, and with the girl by the boatman's door, and with the mowers who stayed their scythes among the river-grass to watch the friends steering their course through the Wytham flats—

"They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!"

This "Fishes" inn is well-named, though the "Fishers" had, perhaps, been better. Never were there such fishers as these Oxford folk. Man, woman, and child, the fields are full of them; each sledged brook is alive with their floats, and round every pond they crowd, solemn, silent, earnest, like adjutant birds beside some Indian tank. In all my walks I never saw a fish landed, nor so much even as a bobbing float. But the fishers fished on for ever. I verily believe the old village patriarchs, when too weak to hobble to the brooksides, woo the imported minnow from the tubs outside their doors. As I crossed the ferry that day, the little boy who worked the rope entertained me with legends of a vast jack, believed to have its home under a tree close by the punt's moorings. Each time I crossed that ferry,

and I crossed it many times, that jack grew, till the sturgeon Nahma, king of fishes, can have been but a stickleback to him. And there he lies (the jack), for aught I know, to this day.

Across the ferry, then, past the new inn and the old church, up the grassy hill-side, and through a bean-field, sweeter than all the perfumes of Araby, I went, till I came out where a wide plain of yellowing corn sloped upward to the sky, and from out the further hedgerow rose a likely tree. Might this be the elm?

No; for it was an oak, and the view from it was not the view prescribed. No downs of Ilsley were in sight, and only half the vale. Yet it was a noble view. It was not August; the corn was not yet ready for the reapers; the lindens were missing. Yet it was not hard to fancy it the very spot where he who strove

"To flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead,"

waited for the shepherd that summer day long ago.

"Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sundown, shepherd! will I be.

Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers."

On through the gate into the farther field, and then, on the fronting ridge rose Cumnor Hurst, with its little wind-swept clump of firs guarded by the solitary elm—not my elm, for the Hurst has its own place in the elegy. As is the case with most Englishmen, my knowledge of England is curiously limited, and my praise is therefore little worth; but I cannot remember

any English scene to be compared with that you get from Cumnor Hurst. Two noble views come before me as I write; the well-known one from Leith Hill, and one from the garden-terrace of Duncombe Park in Yorkshire; but neither of these in my eyes ranks with the wide Oxfordshire prospect. In the two former the scene lies flat and straight before you; in the last, it lies all round you. There, on that little knoll, with the breeze singing through the pines overhead—for how still soever it be elsewhere, there is always a breeze on the Hurst—while “the bleating of the folded flocks” comes faintly from the distant uplands, mixed with yet fainter sounds of human labour in the hay-fields below; there you stand, like the eagle, “ringed with the azure world.” The open air is all round you; turn where you will, the everlasting hills make your horizon. To the north-east rise the Chilterns, and below them, in more distinguishable tints, the wooded range which overlooks Oxford, the range of Headington and Shotover. Oxford herself lies full and fair before you; her staring new red suburbs reaching away like unlovely wings on either side the immortal group of “dreaming spires,” along Port Meadow almost to Godstow on the one side, and nearly touching Iffley on the other. There is the tower of Iffley church, and the immemorial poplars. Northwards rise the woods of Wytham, their dark green masses glorified into orange by the vivid sunlight. Below them Ensham, and all “the grassy harvest of the river fields,” threaded by the shy silver of the youthful Thames, from whose farther bank the slender spire of Cassington soars into the golden air. Westward, beneath your feet, lies Cumnor, half hidden in its leafy nest; and above Cumnor, and all away to the west and south-west, the Berkshire moors go rolling on, down after down, to the far blue line of the Cotswolds. Many a time in my month’s holiday did I look over that scene, and in many a change of light

and shade, beneath blue skies and gray, and once even through the driving rain, but its infinite variety never grew stale to my eyes.

Still, there was the *amari aliquid*, of course. On the Cumnor side of the slope, marring all the western view, a tall red chimney, vomiting smoke from its black mouth, marks a brick kiln of the lords of Abingdon. Gratifying, no doubt, as another sign of the tireless industry of the Anglo-Saxon race; but not beautiful. And there must be so many ugly spots which a wilderness of chimneys could make no uglier!

It was a hot day, and the spirit of Giles Gosling called to me from out the trees of Cumnor. So down the slope I went, and through the kilns, and after a dusty tramp along the white high road came into the village by its rare old church.

Immediately behind the church is a grass field, surrounded by a rough stone wall, and in that wall lies all that the neighbourhood now holds of Cumnor Hall. Many an oak still grows thereby, but the Hall itself has vanished, as the hall of Balclutha, or that “where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.” In 1811 the skeleton of the house, which can have been no great thing, was still standing; but in that year the Lord Abingdon of the day carried off the windows and doorways to adorn his new church at Wytham. For some while longer three bare stone arches still marked the spot; but now they too are gone, and nothing remains but the close, some fine old trees—relics, let us believe, of the avenue beneath which Amy and the faithful Janet hurried on that midnight flight—and the stone wall.

And yet there was no midnight flight to Kenilworth; no Kenilworth for Amy to fly to, for it was not Leicester’s till after her death; and while she lived Robert Dudley was not Leicester, and poor Amy was no countess. Tony Fire-the-Faggot was Anthony Forster, gent., a worthy member of a good old Shropshire family, a cultivator of the fine arts, and

possessed of as many virtues as Bishop Berkeley. "Villain" Varney was Sir Richard Verney, of Compton Verney in Warwickshire, high-sheriff for the county, and heaven and the antiquaries only know what else of great and good. There was no flight from the old Devonshire home, no clandestine marriage, no broken-hearted father. Mistress Amy Robsart and her lord were married in open day, at Sheen in Surrey, in the presence of little King Edward and a goodly company, with marriage settlements and festivities, and everything handsome about them. There was no murder. Lady Dudley died, it is true; and here, it is also true, the champions of the fact are a little at loss; for how the lady died, by her own hand or sheer accident—murder we are forbidden to call it—no one rightly knows. She was found one September evening, when all the servants had at her own bidding been packed off to Abingdon Fair, and Dudley (who, for all his affection, seems to have given her very little of his company) was with the court at Windsor—she was found in the lonely house lying dead at the foot of "a pair of stairs." That was all that was ever known, or ever will be, till the grave in St. Mary's gives up its dead.¹

Yes, it is all a myth; and Sir Walter was a heedless traducer of most honourable men, palming off a paltry novel as history on the idle public. Truly, a most reprehensible deed. And yet I think not all the antiquarians in the world will be able to pull down what Sir Walter has builded. Shrewdly does the east wind of fact nip these old flowers of romance. But somehow they survive; renewed, like the Red Rose of Lancaster, "for everlasting blossoming," when once the sun of genius has touched them with its liberal warmth. Mr. Ruskin has proved the Venice of

Childe Harold to be "a mere efflorescence of decay," nothing but "a stage-dream, which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust"; yet it is a dream which will outlast the historical Venice of Mr. Ruskin. Not all the pamphleteers in either hemisphere will silence villain Varney's fatal whistle, or give Tony Fire-the-Faggot decent burial in Cumnor church. He has yet to be born who shall be man enough to "burke Sir Walter!"

The Black Bear still rears itself against the ragged staff in Cumnor, and the sign still bears the name Giles Gosling. But it is a beast of modern breed, and the Gosling is but a pretty piece of sentiment. Mine host of to-day rejoices in the name of Bunsby—a noticeable name, too! Still, whatever its age, the place has a fine old air about it, and for the sentiment of the signboard, I called for a cup of Master Bunsby's ale, and drank it to the health of Sir Walter. I drank it in a quaint half-moon-shaped room, with narrow, high-backed, oaken settles ranged round the walls, rare to look at, but a very *Siege Perilous* for the weary traveller. Miss Bunsby—if Miss Bunsby it was who served my ale—fills pretty Cicely's part not unworthily. But the grace granted Tressilian was not mine.

My Hebe had told me of a convenient way on to the range again, through the village of Wootton; but it included a mile or so of the high road, and I had not come out to tramp the high road. So, when Cumnor was fairly left behind, I essayed to make a way for myself. It was not well made. After some very rough walking, unrelieved by hedges of amazing consistency, I got into a wood; in that wood was a bog, and I got into that bog; and as I floundered in its Serbonian depths some confounded dog kept baying through the wood, and awful memories of bloodhounds and dismal swamps came thronging into my hot, midge-tormented head. Those midges, by the way, or whatsoever else be the winged buzzing beasts that

¹ Lady Dudley was buried with great ceremony, in the presence of her husband, many of his court friends, a large company of ladies, and several of the University dignitaries, in the chancel of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, September, 1560.

encircle one's head on a summer day's walk,—are those which attach themselves to you on your first start, the same which go with you to the end? From the moment I got fairly into the fields that day till I re-entered Oxford, “a host of insects,” as with Wordsworth's traveller, went “ever with me as I paced along.” Save for the few minutes passed in the inn parlour they never left me. There was no appreciable moment of relieving guard; and yet it seems hard to suppose a gnat would travel so far for the sheer pleasure of tormenting one wretched head.

A very hot, dishevelled creature at last, after a wasted hour, stumbled into Wootton. The history of this parish dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, but to me it is, or was, chiefly remarkable for possessing not a single ale-house! In those struggles in the wood the virtue of John Bunsby's cheer had gone from me, and needed renewing. It could not be done in Wootton. Five hundred souls, or thereabouts, are there in the village, but not one ale-house! There was the “Fox,” indeed, but the “Fox” was “over the hills and far away.” Still it was truly a case of *Fox, et præterea nihil*, and, after all, the blessed animal lay in my homeward track. The tongue of the Berkshire peasant is not easily understood of the stranger, and my inquiries as to the whereabouts of this house of call resulted in no certain knowledge. Like the Mulligan's London home, it was *there*—*there* representing an indefinite portion of the Cumnor range. It was clear, however, that my way was up the hill, and to that hill a pretty path stretched out through a mile or so of grass fields and over sundry primeval stone stiles. Along that path accordingly, and over those stiles, I went, till half way up the hill there rose a little cluster of cottages, which betokened some form of civilisation; but signs of entertainment for man or beast there were none. Again I sought to fathom the mysteries of the native dialect, and

No. 313.—VOL. LIII.

this time there came with them a gesture clearly pointing, or so it seemed, to some chimneys rising from a small clump of trees a few hundred yards distant. They were soon reached. The house was perched on a little ledge overlooking a glorious landscape—a most picturesque position, but not too convenient for a house of call ambitious of much custom. A mere track led up to it, nor was there any signboard, nor customary inscription detailing the privileges of him who is licensed to inspirit the weary traveller. But over the doorway grinned, in stuffed similitude of life, a noble fox—an unconventional form of signboard in harmony with the romance of the situation. I entered; all was still; no welcome bar greeted my longing eyes. I coughed, scraped with my feet, and beat with my stick upon the floor, till, having in vain exhausted the signs by which a modest man notifies his presence, I was fain to lift up my voice. Thereat, from a parlour on my left, bounced out a matronly but not merciful-seeming dame, who somewhat tartly demanded my wants. I answered, with perfect truth, that I only wanted something to drink, and my tone also had perhaps a touch of petulance in it. “Then,” was the startling reply, “I don't think you can have it.” What a hostess! But, of course, the place was no inn; it was a private house, the house of—, some name I could not catch, and was not interested in, for, as I could not drink there, it might have been a lunatic asylum for all I cared. Profuse were my apologies, but the good dame still, like Nell Cook, “looked askew.” Perhaps she took me for the scholar-gipsy, and feared for her spoons: my coat was of grey, and my hat of undeniably antique shape, and she, of course, could not tell I was no scholar. Well, she would do nothing for me but direct me to the real Fox, which was still some half mile further on; and thither, like a Young Marlow who had missed his cue, I departed. I thought she might

D

have been more liberal, and I think so still.

However, the goal was reached at last, and the Fox proved more cordial than the Vixen. The sun was sloping fast now to the western hills, and as, my refreshing over, I came out on the high level of the range before the road begins its downward sweep into Oxford, there was little of him left but his light in the sky. It was here, at this place and time, that I saw the "dreaming spires" in their most perfect loveliness. I stood at the meeting of four roads. Before me sloped away to the north-east a vast amphitheatre of corn, burnished by the liberal sun before its time. Dark belts of wood encircled it, but at the summit of the arc the woods dipped, and in the space thus left, from out a little sea of silver mist, rose Oxford. From out that silver sea she rose over the golden corn. Spire and tower and dome, each rose up clear and white against the purple hills to take the last kiss of the dying day. The woods on either side shut out the staring horrors of the new town; all was pure Oxford.

"By the skirts of that grey cloud,
Many-domed Padua proud,
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest shining plain."

On such a picture I, who am an untravelled man, had never looked before; and far indeed must I travel ere I shall see one to better it.

And I had never found the tree! Had never even stumbled on the right track, for I had seen no Childsworth Farm. Truth to tell, I was so filled with delight at my ramble and all its memories, so rejoiced in the sheer possession of the open air, the fresh sunlight, and the breeze, after so many months of our accursed Babylon, that the particular purpose of my quest had rather passed out of my mind. But what mattered it? There were many days still to run; and there was the "loved hill-side" all before me, with Providence and that "good survivor" for my guide.

Many a time was the quest renewed, and many a glorious day passed on those "warm, green-muffled Cumnor hills." One particular day there was when they were warm with a vengeance. South Hinksey was the base of operations that time, and as I crossed the high wooden bridge that spans both railway and reservoir, and went along the causeway (then anything but "chill"!), my eye had marked on a ridge immediately over the village a "lone sky-pointing tree" which looked much like that I sought. The path led up through the Happy Valley—though why this particular valley, by no means the happiest in the range for natural beauty, should monopolise that title I know not—and over the hill beyond lay Childsworth Farm. Childswell they call it now, and a very sufficient, comfortable homestead it is, with a spacious stone barn, queerly loop-holed as though for musketry. The road to Cumnor runs past its gate and over the hills to the right; but the possible tree lay to the left, up a steep grass-field liberally studded with thistles. A ragged hedge crowned the top, and at its western end was the tree.

An elm, no doubt of that: a tall, slender elm, with some exotic growth clustering round the lower trunk. There, too, was the "high wood," with a persistent ringdove calling from its cool depths. But no Ilsley downs were in sight. The view over the Thames valley was as it should be, though some envious intervening trees rather robbed Oxford of her fair proportions. The towers of Merton and Magdalen stood up in conspicuous beauty, and the pomps of Christ Church; but the spire of St. Mary's was wanting, and the dome of the Radcliffe. On the other side view there was none, save of the intervening valley, in which nestled one lone little homestead, and the next ridge, the high table-land of the range. However, this was the most satisfactory issue my search vouchsafed me. It was an elm; it stood "bare on its lonely

ridge;" and behind that ridge the sunset would, in proper time and due atmospheric conditions, most assuredly flame. More than that, without the *fiat* of its first discoverer, I could not say.

Phœbus, what a day that was! There was a certain August day last year, the day when the English and Australian cricketers met at Kennington Oval, one the former are little likely to forget. That perhaps was hotter, but only that of all the days have passed over my head in England. Yet it was a generous heat, born of the sun only, unmixed with any stifling tropical steam. The air was fresh and pure, and though breeze there was none, to breathe it was a liberal pleasure. Past the Fox again, and down the hill-side through abstemious Wootton, out on to the high road I went by the path the lass of the Bear had designed for my steps that other time. But then, instead of turning up the road to Cumnor, or down it to Abingdon, I held on across some grass lands, where the panting cows had barely strength to chew the customary cud, and through a noble field of quick-yellowing corn, out again on to the public way—the way which led to Besilsleigh and Fyfield. In July, and such a July, there was small likelihood of finding any maidens dancing round the Fyfield-tree; moreover, my purpose was to cross "the stripling Thames at Bablock-hythe." So turning to the right, I set my face for Eaton, and a fiery stretch of blinding white road. No traveller was on that road save my perspiring self: the fields on either side were silent and empty: even in the village itself no sign of humanity was visible save here and there some listless mother lulling her uneasy brat in the shade of a doorway. It was as though all human life had shrunk away in the presence of that imperious sun. But, indeed, my walks were not rich in social charm: it was rare (and the rarity was borne with patience) to meet with any of my kind outside the villages, and in

them life seemed neither large nor brisk. Queer old sleepy hollows are those villages: unchanged through all the change at work in the great intellectual centre so near them. Curious it is from the stir of the quick spreading city to pass at one step into this old-world region, there at her very gates. And yet, perhaps to some minds it might seem more typical of Oxford than Oxford herself! After a lapse of twenty years the friend of Thyrsis found that "nothing keeps the same." Another term of twenty years has flown since a feebler foot first trod these hills, and yet to me everything seems to have kept strangely the same. There are the old sign-posts, fossils of the coaching age, still in dumb reproach enjoining man to go to Bath by this road, or by that to Cheltenham. There are still the huge ungainly stiles, and the rough broken paths—surely, as Buckstone used to say in the Overland Route, the "nubbiest spots in the whole of the island." The bare, hard-benched little ale-houses, whence the clattering boors drove out the shy gipsy-scholar, are standing still. The thatched rough-plastered cottages are all unchanged, with their tiny stone-walled garden plots, ablaze with old-time blossoms, heavy crimson roses, homely sweet-william and gaudy marigold, stocks and the musk carnation, "gold-dusted" snapdragon and tall white nodding lilies. The recluse of Walden Pond might have made even his fastidious soul in the simple quiet of these Oxford villages.

A little way outside Eaton, toiling up the slope from the river meadows, I met an old man, the oldest man I ever saw still following the fortunes of labouring humanity. So old was he that he seemed bent not double but treble with age. Over his shoulders fell thin silver festoons of hair, and the skin of his face was as the rind of a water-melon. A rude staff, taller than himself—no great height—propped his slow steps, and at his back hung a wallet that might have been

the wallet of Time. Old enough he looked to have been born in those far off days—

“When wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;”

Though life had run, one fears, with little gaiety for him! He piped out a feeble answer to my greeting, and added the welcome news that the ferry was barely a mile before me. Heaven help that old man if, on the very threshold of the grave, he had paused to deceive the stranger! It was the longest mile I ever walked.

At last, the stripling Thames; not running gaily—what could run in that fierce heat, save this too solid flesh!—but basking in the burning light, a still sheet of molten gold, shrinking from its thirsty banks as though in very shame to see the drooping grasses it had not strength to save. The huge punt stretched half across the stream; a little knot of should-be workmen were resting at the farther end, lazily contemplating through the smoke of their short black pipes the young walls of a hideous brick tenement they might finish at some more convenient time. In the next meadow was the inevitable fisherman—poor fool, he might as well have whipped the turnpike road! My demands for a passage were grudgingly

granted, and hardly a piece of silver, instead of the customary copper toll, reconciled the grumbling Charon when he found I had made the passage in sheer wantonness. What were my memories to him? Twenty years ago I had crossed that stream, an eager Freshman, bound for my first college steeplechase, in the company of one who has since too early crossed that other “unpermitted ferry’s flow.” Clearly the scene came back to me. The moist, fresh-smelling fields smiling under the dappled February sky; the gray brimming current; the slow punt packed full with thronging lads and shy horses; the laugh, the jest, and all the high anticipation of the fun; and he, my friend, the earliest and the best—

“But while I mused came Memory with sad
eyes,
Holding the folded annals of my youth.”

Here it is fit to drop these poor “coronals of that forgotten time.” Perhaps I never found the tree: perhaps it is gone, and the gipsy-scholar dead. But the recollection of those pleasant summer days will never go—of that so sweet renewal of youth. Next year may I take up the search again,

“Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade”!

THE DEPRESSION OF "ENGLISH."

IF to the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade could be added one to consider the causes of the depression of the literature and history of our own country, some interesting and suggestive evidence might be forthcoming. And if only impartial witnesses were selected, the labours of such a commission would be finished within a week. To such impartial witnesses might be recommended the scrutiny of the various changes introduced of late years in the regulations for the examination of aspirants to various of the higher branches of the services.

Rather more than a quarter of a century ago an edict went forth in the ordinary course of public business, the full effect of which could not have been anticipated at the time. It embodied a tentative scheme, matured after much patient thought and deliberation by a syndicate of representative men, prominent amongst whom were the late Lords Macaulay and Derby.

Matter-of-fact and simple, carefully considered in point of light and shade, and weighed with scrupulous care, this scheme, though not absolutely perfect, was fraught with the best intentions. The chief promoters did not live to witness the salutary revolution it occasioned; and they are not here to protest against the cruel mutilation of their work. The purport of this new project was apparently fourfold: to legislate for the benefit of India; to claim proper recognition in the future for all the leading branches of learning, and notably of those then absolutely neglected—English literature and history; to appeal to all sorts and conditions of youths—not to youths

of an uniform mental pattern turned out like bullets from a mould, but to every shade of capacity and intelligence; and lastly, to give an impetus to the dormant energies of the non-classical masses by pointing out that English and science and modern languages were also high roads to employment in the public service.

This tempting bait was not thrown out in vain, and very gradually a change for the better set in. The process was necessarily sluggish, for the reason that the new class of combatants had no weapon sufficiently keen to wield in the field of open competition. Still there are records telling that at first hundreds fought in many a forlorn hope, and it was just this spirit of pugnacity that heralded a complete revolution in our educational system.

"Modern sides" and classes for English study in our great public schools were not even dreamt of then; University undergraduates were left in comfortable ignorance as to the development of the prose, the poetry, and the history of their own land, for in those days there was no Early-English Text Society for the encouragement of philological work adapted to the wants of young students; Professor Child had not written a line of his *Observations on the Language of Chaucer*, which settled for all time, and for all subsequent commentators, the principles upon which an accurate text of this poet could be constructed; the Clarendon Press Series, and other kindred literary ventures, had not been planned; while such pioneers as Green, Freeman, Stubbs, Lecky, Gardiner, and Pearson were not much beyond their teens; and the large proportion of the com-

pany of scholars responsible for the Handbooks, Primers, Glossaries, Synopses, Epochs, Studies, Outlines, Digests, Elements, and Specimens, designed to soften the tasks of their younger brethren at school—these men were in their cradles.

Books of this class have come "not single spies but in battalions." Commencing with English subjects, they have rapidly extended to the other accepted branches of learning. Even the old classical texts have disappeared, and the annotated Primer is supreme.

It will indeed be difficult to conjecture what is likely to come next, for there can be scarcely any author, ancient or modern, left for the editor's handiwork. Nearly every reign in our history has been exhaustively treated by a master hand; the biography of every great historical character has been written; and the abridgments (some few exceedingly good) of the general history of England, of European history, and of the history of English literature, are innumerable. Such an extraordinary upheaval is unparalleled, not to say appalling. *Il y en a pour tous les goûts*, and from pence to guineas.

Every known man has been pressed into the service according to his lights, and with the result that a considerable number of these volumes has been launched from the Universities and the Public Schools. In some cases it may be objected that editions have contained twice as many pages of notes as of text, and that youths who should be made to think for themselves are spoon-fed with the most trivial explanations and interpretations of the original; a scoffing public has even gone so far as to assert that people who read these volumes other than for personal delectation are "cramming."

Viewing, however, the work of the three last decades as a whole, more has been accomplished in aid of a scholarly and critical appreciation of "English" than was done in the three centuries preceding. It is not too

much to assert that Lord Macaulay and his colleagues could no more have anticipated that so gigantic an edifice would rise from their foundation stone, than our Cromwellian ancestors could have discerned in the haphazard Navigation Act the astounding development of our mercantile marine. It behoves us to keep a watchful eye on this monument of industry and culture, to encourage the admiration of it, and to check all dangerous reaction. It has been tampered with already.

It is important to bear in mind that a new department of state, known as the Civil Service Commission, was instituted at this time to act as an examining body for the public service, and the Order in Council in question formed part of the general scheme. The history of this body may be described as a Thirty Years' skirmish between tradition and progress, and is commensurate with every stage of the literary movement. Each step in advance taken by the commission increased the vitality of the intellectual labour-market, and struck at the weak point in the education of the rising generation.

In course of time a few powerful schools agreed to accept the situation, and their example was followed, with more or less enthusiasm, by others. The reaction extended to the Universities, and, by means of many "extension schemes," has permeated every nook and corner of our educational system.

Any movement, therefore, which directly or indirectly tends to depress what is termed the "modern side" in our great schools—any retrograde movement, in fact—must inevitably lead to injustice and trouble.

Two illustrations will be given indicative of nothing less than the deliberate depreciation of English literature and history in quarters where they were formerly allowed to rank at their proper value.

First, in regard to candidates for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. New regulations have been issued abolishing the study of English

literature, and degrading history to the standard of a second-class optional subject. History, therefore, will be shirked by any candidates who can improve their chances of success by means of better "paying" branches; so that Sandhurst will be recruited by many a cadet absolutely without knowledge of any branch even of military history.

The specific complaint of past years, in regard to this examination, has always been that encouragement was given to the bookworm at the expense of the more desirable athlete; and that it was ridiculous to put the English officer of the future through his facings in Chaucer or Spenser, or indeed in any purely literary study. In their condemnation of "English" these malcontents were helping to undermine the very work that was the mainstay of youths who during their school career had scarcely attained mediocrity in classics or mathematics. It was the very branch by means of which they could hope to scramble over the last stile.¹

A reference to the analyses of these competitions will show that no subject was so popular as "English;" and, if *marks* go to prove anything, in none was the general level of proficiency so well maintained. Let it be remembered that the great mass of Sandhurst candidates is composed of those whose peculiar tastes and abilities have been more in the direction of the playing-field than the study, and that public opinion persists in pointing to such youths as the most desirable for our officers. Unfortunately for them they have belonged to the less industrious of schoolboys, and when they come to see the necessity of serious study, it is only natural they should lean towards subjects in which they have not already been proved to be wretchedly deficient. There can be no just principle in any competition which does not recognise unreservedly the existence of various degrees of ability, and many distinctions of special aptitude. It is

monstrous to assume that because a lad is not a scholar he is fit for nothing; and monstrous to condemn him for studying the very books which have been written or edited by some of the most capable men of his generation.

Easy enough is it to follow the train of reasoning that has led to the abandonment of a course of literature for army students; but it is quite impossible to understand why at least some portion of history, embracing a Military Campaign, has not been made *obligatory*. This was to be looked for, not only in the interests of the service, but as a preparation for future studies at Sandhurst. Instead of this, history is classed as one of the four *optional* subjects; and quality is to be sacrificed to quantity by the vexatious introduction of a paper involving a knowledge of facts from the time of the early Britons to the present reign. Many will therefore avoid this part of the programme if they possibly can, and will enter Sandhurst ignorant of the names of the great adversaries of Marlborough and Wellington; never having seen or discussed the plan of a battle, and totally untrained to follow the lectures of their military instructors. Shade of the Napiers! We know, at least, how *not* to do it.

The second illustration is a more serious one, and deals, not with a larger body of men, but with men of a different stamp, whose intellectual aims are higher and whose ambition it is to serve their country in the Civil Service of India.

There is no doubt whatever that the literary movement aforesaid is the direct outcome of the different stages of improvement in the education of candidates for this service who were examined under Lord Macaulay's scheme of 1855. This is proved beyond all question in each successive annual report of the Civil Service Commissioners up to the year 1878. There are the volumes, duly signed and delivered to the public; each one marking a stage of progress as regularly as the

milestone on the Queen's highway. There is nothing theoretical or speculative about them; nothing but facts overwhelmingly convincing. Study them side by side with the Publishers' Circulars, and we find the relation of cause and effect unmistakably marked. To be brief, the standard was gradually raised along the entire range of public education; books were published with amazing rapidity to meet the standard; and candidates in abundance met and conquered the standard.

English literature and history were encouraged by means of rewards in marks suitable to their importance, and with complete success. The classical examination included papers in Greek and Roman history, literature, and antiquities; and a fair knowledge of the literature and history of France, Germany, and Italy was expected of those who asked to be examined in the languages of one or other of these countries. The standard, in fact, was well adjusted to the important prizes to be won; and, except perhaps for the classification of modern languages, the field was a fair one for all comers. Certainly the English branches came to be the most popular. But just as this literary and scholarly movement had reached its zenith, it was discovered we were all wrong. An order from the Secretary of State for India in Council decreed that everything must be changed, and down came the precious fabric. As to the political expediency of Lord Salisbury's Minute there are certainly more "noes" than "ayes," both in England and in India; but in regard to its harmfulness from an educational point of view, the following facts must speak for themselves.

By the stratagem of lowering the age an excuse was provided for falling back into the old grooves, and of practically reducing the standard of prize winners to one of grammar and figures. The literary and historical portions of the examination in French, German and Italian, and even in Latin and Greek, have been lopped off, and

the test in each restricted to fragments of translation and composition; and by way of dealing a death-blow to the study of English literature and history so few marks are assigned to each that already half the candidates have arrived at the conclusion that the game is no longer worth the candle. Indeed, they can no more *now* afford to give serious thought to history and literature, and neglect for a single week the orthodox and only remunerative subjects, than a parliamentary candidate can at the present moment abandon electioneering for ballooning. Boys are quite as self-seeking and alive to the main chance as their rulers who frame these strange laws.

It is inconceivable that so ripe an English scholar as Lord Salisbury can have signed this decree for the depression of English with a full knowledge of what was likely, nay sure, to happen. There must, indeed, have been some most plausible and alluring arguments at work to have induced him to do in 1878 what he himself denounced with so much force only eighteen months ago.

During a discussion in the House of Lords early last year on the question, proposed by the War Office, for changes in the scheme of examination for military students (the scheme already mentioned), his lordship appeared as the champion of English studies, and eloquently condemned the proposal as impolitic and shortsighted. Curiously enough, there was no Liberal peer present able to play a trump card in the game of party-politics by reminding the former Secretary for India of a measure identical in purport with that before the House, for which, though not responsible for its inspiration, he was there to answer. But let that pass. The full effect of the mischief that has set in will be imperfectly understood without a few statistics: they shall be as few as possible.

We will take the four conventional subjects:—Latin, Greek, French translation and composition, and Mathe-

matics, and see how they answered the purposes of the forty-one selected candidates for India last June :—

	Maximum Marks.	No. of Successful Candidates selecting each subject.	Gross total of the Successful Candidates.	Average Marks.
Greek	600	32	8,494	265
Latin	800	89	16,941	434
French	500	41	8,849	216
Mathematics	1,000	41	16,236	396

Some other branches will give the following :—

	Maximum Marks.	No. of Successful Candidates selecting each subject.	Gross total of the Successful Candidates.	Average Marks.
German	500	15	3,540	236
Italian	400	22	2,807	128
English History	300	21	1,637	78
" Literature	300	21	1,711	81
Chemistry	500	10	1,358	136
Electricity and Magnetism	300	7	282	40
Heat and Light	300	2	39	19
Mechanical Philosophy and Astronomy	300	2	61	30
Logic	300	3	240	80
Political Economy	300	22	1,631	74
Sanskrit	500	0	—	—

Science, it will be observed, is in a deplorably bad way; but I am concerned here only with the English side.

Everybody, of course, takes his chance with the English essay; but, as regards history and literature, we find that already fifty per cent. of the candidates are avoiding them; whereas, in the old day, before the marks were reduced, all were glad to be examined in them. The statistics show not only deliberate depression in the estimate of the relative value of history and literature to other subjects, but positive injustice in applying this estimate. How comes it that Latin, which is set at nearly three times the value of English history or literature, is made to produce six times the value of each, and mathematics five times the value? Who shall say that lads are not

actually invited to stand aloof from self-culture in their mother-tongue, when such facts as these are printed for their guidance?

If any reader be disposed to repeat the old old cry that history is but a "cram" subject, easily "got up," I would bid him know this—that not only is there a paper on the entire range of history, but a paper on the following special periods as well, in any one of which candidates are examined; and that by way of "indicating the character and amount of reading that would be regarded as satisfactory," this leaflet is distributed.

1. A.D. 1066—1307. Stubbs's Select Charters; Stubbs's Constitutional History; Freeman's Norman Conquest, vol. v.
2. A.D. 1461—1588. Hallam's Constitutional History of England; Froude's History of England; Brewer's Henry the Eighth.
3. A.D. 1603—1715. Hallam's Constitutional History of England; Macaulay's History of England; Gardiner's History of England; Wyon's Reign of Queen Anne.
4. A.D. 1715—1805. Lord Stanhope's History; Sir T. E. May's Constitutional History; Seeley's Expansion of England; and Massey's Reign of George the Third.

And all this for what may be got out of three hundred marks, from which one hundred are docked for "superficial knowledge!" If students cannot steer clear of superficiality on such works as these, where can they turn for safety? Could anything be more likely to depress the study of history among boys between the ages of seventeen and nineteen than a challenge of this forbidding nature? Of course they will prefer to turn to anything, even to a few books of Euclid, than face a task weighted with so heavy a premium; especially when they ascertain that Mr. Freeman's volume consists of nine hundred large and closely-printed pages of learned comments on the Norman and Angevin kings; that Professor Stubbs's great works must be hard reading even to University schoolmen; that the handiest edition of Mr. Froude's History is in twelve volumes covering six thousand pages,—though, to be sure, Mr. Froude's

six thousand pages are easier reading than half that number from most other hands; that Brewer means two ponderous tomes in one thousand pages of equally ponderous records of the life of Henry the Eighth to the death of Wolsey; and that Mr. Gardiner's monumental work on the Personal Government of Charles the First and the fall of the monarchy is not a mere handy text-book; when, in short, they cast about for selecting a "special period" to supplement the general paper for which Mr. Green's or Mr. Bright's History must be read, and yet find that black-mail is levied in all directions, they naturally will not imperil their chances by undertaking so much unremunerative labour.

But let it be assumed that a candidate shall know his history of Period I. as completely as Professors Stubbs and Freeman, or of Period II. as completely as Mr. Froude or Dr. Brewer; he can obtain no more than full marks.

Then let it be likewise assumed that the same candidate shall have reached the level of a Warton or a Craik in the history of English literature, how would he fare in contrast with a rival who in the mathematical papers, beginning with arithmetic and ending with the differential and integral calculus (not a very high standard), shall also make full marks? This would be the result:—

	Maxi- mum.	Marks gained.	Deduct for superficial knowledge.	Total.
A. {History	300	...	300	...
{Literature ...	300	...	300	...
			100	= 200
			100	= 200
				400
B. Mathematics	1,000	...	1,000	{ No deduc- tion is made } 1,000

If, again, this same mark-test be applied, and Latin and Greek be substituted for mathematics, we shall find—

A. {History	total, 400, as before.			
{Literature ...}				
	Maxi- mum.	Marks gained.	Deduct.	Total.
B. {Greek	600	...	600	...
{Latin	800	...	800	...
			100	= 500
			100	= 700
				1,200

This table presupposes the pos-

sibility of a perfectly accurate adjustment of the relative standard that is considered equitable; but the previous tables show that in the actual process of distributing marks "English" is made to fall yet another fifty per cent. Need more be said?

The old argument that classics and mathematics should take precedence, owing to the length of time that is spent on them, is only an argument in favour of the comparatively few who are blessed with classical or mathematical ability. Almost the same amount of school-time has to be given to them, will he nil he, by lads of no real aptitude for them, whose abilities, indeed, lean in a diametrically opposite direction. Ought they to pay a double penalty for their misfortune by being practically excluded from all chance of preferment in the public service? By all means welcome loyally and liberally the best classical and mathematical students, for they are the representatives of the best teaching in all our chief seats of learning; but do not let us any longer wilfully shelve well-disposed workers in other useful directions.

Very tardily we are recognising responsibilities that are unspeakably important by giving increased encouragement to the study of modern languages. With our country swarming with German clerks (they are here in their tens of thousands), bringing with them a competent knowledge of French and English, doing excellent work at a low rate of wage, claiming and readily obtaining priority of choice over less useful Englishmen in our own houses of business, we are sadly in need of this crumb of comfort. Why are we, then, taking away with one hand what we are giving with the other? Surely our resources are not so scanty that, in order to provide for the necessities of embryonic modern linguists, we must contrive, after all that has been done for them, to thrust the history and literature of England into the background!

W. BAPTISTE SCOONES.

SOME AMERICAN NOTES.

THE following pages record some first impressions of the United States during a short visit in the autumn of last year. It is with not a little misgiving that they are offered to the public. So many eminent men have been to that country lately, so much has been said and written of their experiences, by themselves and others, that the question must almost inevitably arise, What can be left for one, who boasts none of their eminence, to say? Indeed, I fear, very little. Yet I try to console myself with the reflection that no object looks quite the same to different eyes, and that there are many, very many, objects in America.

In the company of two friends I sailed from Liverpool one Saturday evening in the windy month of September, and early on the ninth morning of our voyage we made the harbour of New York. The sun was rising in the orange-coloured east; on the western horizon grey level banks of mist brooded over the still sleeping city. Its towers and pinnacles, indistinctly seen through the dim vapour, looked full of majesty; the city itself on the bosom of the still waters might have been a home of beauty and poetry. Soon some fishing craft came out of the harbour trimming their white sails to the breeze; then a tender followed, on board of which we steamed to the custom-house quay.

About two hours after landing the examination of our luggage was completed, and we found ourselves in a commodious two-horsed cab in which we were jolted slowly along what must, I suppose, in courtesy be called the paved streets of New York. In the matter of street paving in America the resources of civilisation are by no means exhausted. Nothing worse than

the state of the roadway in New York is easily conceivable; nothing more hideous than the general aspect of the city on close inspection is humanly possible. Great square, clean, ugly blocks of buildings present themselves in uniform and tasteless repetition throughout the wearisome monotony of the "long, unlovely streets." The side-walks are disfigured with telegraph-posts; the sky is almost darkened with the dense net-work of the wires interlacing overhead. New York is nothing but half-a-dozen streets running north and south for twelve or fifteen miles, and no streets in the civilised world are less attractive or so ill adapted for the purpose of swift and easy transit. A few hours in New York is sufficient to enable you to do adequate justice to its deformities; a little longer time is required if you wish to examine the most characteristic product of America, the humanity which is found in its streets.

No type of national life is more distinct than that of the American. You cannot mistake a genuine Yankee for the representative of any other nationality under the sun. In spite of the immense influx of emigrants from Europe this remains true. The country has an omnivorous appetite for fresh colonists, and a digestion which absorbs and assimilates them all. It takes an Irishman or a German landed in the States perhaps a shorter time, an Englishman or Scotchman perhaps a longer time, to become an American; but they are all transformed at last. It is not so easy to tell in what the change consists, as it is to remark the difference. Physically there is deterioration. The climate withers all; the face becomes dry and pinched, the movements slow and languid; the

speech draws. There is no greater mistake than to imagine that the typical American is an energetic being, vivid and versatile in mind, restlessly eager in the active realisation of his ideas; for in truth he is the slowest, most lethargic of men. I remember an American friend telling me a story of a fellow-student in their college days. One of the professors found this youth one day seated in an attitude, familiar enough to us through pictorial representations, which is undeniably comfortable but scarcely conducive to study. "I'll tell you what it is, professor," said the student, "I was cut out for a loafer." The professor regarded him for a moment with half compassionate contempt: "Well," he said, "I guess the man who cut you out knew his business." I do not mean to say that the American is naturally cut out for a loafer, but I do say that he has a languid and faded look. The enterprise of the States is largely in the hands of new settlers. It is they who people the distant west where new territories are born in a day. The native American looks as if he would stop altogether. When he does exert himself it is for the discovery of some new means of avoiding trouble. He is a great mechanical inventor, but he perfects nothing. He is not without literary and artistic sensibility, but he has produced no great work of genius. The sustained effort such work demands is beyond the compass of his powers. That "artistic anæmia," of which Dr. Holmes half deprecatingly, half deploringly, speaks as a recognised characteristic of the American man of genius, is but an illustration in one department of life of a national apathy and bloodlessness.

Morally there is a great deal to admire in the American. I like his tolerance, his frankness, his friendliness, his familiarity, his independence. He is uniformly polite. He will go out of his way to put you into yours. I am afraid, however, he is just a little—I hardly dare to say it—*snob-*

bish. It is a notorious fact, observed since society was first divided into classes, that those who claim most eagerly to be ladies and gentlemen are precisely those to whom Prudence, if she were allowed to speak, would suggest silence. Everybody in America is a lady or a gentleman, and must be styled accordingly. "Are you the gentleman to whom I gave my order?" you ask the waiter in the hotel. The position of a nation which repudiated all social distinctions in defence of the simple and wholesome truth of our common manhood and womanhood is intelligible; but not so intelligible is this national advocacy of a common gentlemanhood and ladyhood. No doubt, however, the practice is designed to raise the standard of manners. The freedom with which you can speak to strangers, and are spoken to by them, is delightful; and if you go to the country for information, and as a student of its life, it is of priceless advantage. One word more—what is best in the American character, the real sensibility and tenderness which vibrate beneath the surface, and stir now and then a naturally languid and self-indulgent race till it thrills with a generous enthusiasm,—this the American does his best to conceal.

From New York our first move was in the direction of Niagara, which we approached by way of the Hudson River. We sailed up this fine river as far as Albany. The colours of the fall glowed along the wooded banks and down the shoulders of the Catskill Mountains. In our moist atmosphere the foliage of summer withers from the trees in smouldering hues of dusky brown and copper; in the dry air of the States it flames with scarlet and crimson. No lovelier gradation of variegated tints in a scale of warm colour was well conceivable. A breeze as soft as the balmiest of midsummer breathed gently in our faces. We passed West Point, with its military Academy perched airily on the rock overlooking the river; we passed the spot where Henry Hudson anchored

on its stream; we passed Jay Gould's house. Each spot was brought to our notice by our guide-book with equal and indiscriminating emphasis.

We arrived at Albany, the capital of New York State, about six o'clock. Strolling down the principal street we saw a door, as of a shop, open. There appeared to be nothing on the premises save a number of curious uniforms hung round upon the wall. "Come in, come right in," said a man at the door, as he saw us look in and hesitate to enter. "We're all Republicans here. I guess we won't hurt anybody." "But what is all this?" we asked. "This is the head-quarters of the Republican Unconditionals," replied the man. And then he went on to explain, that two or three months before a presidential election each of the rival parties organises clubs all over the country for electioneering purposes, and that this was the head-quarters of one of the clubs of the Republican party. The uniform of this particular organisation of politicians consisted of a white pasteboard helmet and a white oilskin tunic with red facings, and each member of it owned and carried a torch on parade. A demonstration or march-out took place two or three times a week. The clubs do nothing but demonstrate—this activity exhausts their political functions. We saw enough of these strange, boyish, good-humoured, and rather vulgar displays throughout our journey. Wherever we went, north, south, east, and west, merchants, lawyers, doctors, artisans, were careering through the streets beneath a flutter of flags and flicker of torches in costumes such as might clothe the "supers" for an imposing procession on the provincial stage. "Backwards," says the song,

"roll backwards, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

During the autumn of every fourth year this wish is more than fulfilled for the American, who is made, and

continues to be, a child until he gets a new president.

The Republican "Unconditionals" did not parade the evening we were at Albany, but it was a great occasion with the Democrats. About nine o'clock we strolled through the town and up to the capitol—an immense building, erected regardless of expense, and not yet completed or paid for. All the American State-houses have an open passage running through them, with offices on either side. Entering at one approach we sauntered through the long corridor and found that the door at the other side opened out on a wide flight of steps which descended to the street. This street was crowded by an immense concourse of people, which lined the pavement and surged up to the steps of the capitol on which we stood. Rockets hissed in the air, and coloured lights flared from the windows of the houses. A minute or two afterwards a gentleman came out and stood bare-headed on the steps beside us. We quickly recognised him, by his portraits, to be Grover Cleveland. Then drums sounded and the martial tread of American politicians, and all the Democratic clubs in Albany demonstrated before their chosen candidate for the presidential chair. The procession was composed of such fantastic creatures as I have already described. One club, however, disdaining the meretricious ornament of oil-skins and coloured cloth, rested their claim to public sympathy exclusively upon the possession of white hats. They all wore white hats, and the advancing column was followed by a cart in which was placed an apparatus which threw a strong beam of limelight along the line of the moving heads. Grover Cleveland stood impassive and silent till the whole display was at an end. A large strong-built and, for an American, close-jointed man, with high forehead and dull heavy look, his face would be quite uninteresting save for a certain firmness of purpose which is conveyed by the lines of its lower half.

Clever or brilliant he cannot possibly be. Strong and capable as an administrator he well may be. One thing is noteworthy, he is an American politician who doesn't talk. He never opened his lips that evening—he never does if he can help it—and he can generally help it. Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle tell us that democratic electors will always choose for their leader the eloquent man who can flatter them, and that as eloquence is incompatible with statesmanship democracies must founder. This rule has been broken for once. Last November, America had to choose between the most brilliant talker, the greatest flatterer and most restless in intellectual vitality of all her politicians, and this grave, phlegmatic, silent man who stood beside us on the steps of the capitol at Albany; and she chose the latter. As Cleveland retired, which he did rapidly, a great crowd swarmed up the steps and pressed into the building. Children anxious to shake hands with him followed in great numbers. "Which way did Cleveland go?" said an excited little maiden to me, and added without waiting for an answer, "I say, hurrah for Cleveland!" Perhaps, on the whole, we may say so too.

From Albany a night's journey by rail brought us to Niagara; of its famous falls I do not propose to speak. To me they were disappointing. I am told that if you stay a week at Niagara you grow to think them sublime; I stayed only two days, so the fitting emotions may not have had time to develop. These, it should be remembered, are only first impressions.

Boston came next on the programme. I liked Boston. The newer portion of the town is handsome and orderly, and the quaint red-brick houses, sheltered and beautified by neighbouring trees, which clamber up the rising ground of the Tremont quarter, are truly picturesque. In the centre of the town is a well-kept space devoted to horticulture, and adjoining this is the "common"—a hilly enclav-

sure of shady walks and open grass. It was the longest of the former, stretching from Joy Street to Boylston Street, which was, you may remember, the scene of one of the daintiest pieces of love-making recorded in American fiction—the inimitable sequel to the story of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

When we arrived in Boston we hired a cab, and told the driver to show us the principal sights. He jumped up on his box with alacrity. "I'll take you first," he said, "to see J. L. Sullivan's house." "Who is he?" we inquired. "Never heard of J. L.?" responded cabby. "Why, where do you hail from?" "From England," was the reply. "Never heard of him there? why, he's our great fighting man." "Rubbish!" said my friend, impatiently; "we come to see Boston, a great intellectual centre, and the first thing you propose to show us is the house of a brutal prize-fighter." Cabby muttered that the house in question was a fine one, and then suggested driving us to the market. After this second proposal we had to take the matter into our own hands and make our own selection. We had a long and pleasant drive—first, to the busy centre of the town, to the Old South Church, to the old State House, to Faneuil Hall, with their historic memories; then round the suburbs—through the cluster of red buildings which forms the University of Harvard, past the tree beneath whose shadow Washington assumed command of the Republican forces, to the house which was for so long the quiet home of Longfellow—to the dock-yards and arsenal, to Bunker's Hill.

At Boston, for the first time on American soil, you forget that you are in a new country with a short history, for the dust of heroes has mingled with the earth on which we tread. Moses at the Red Sea, Leonidas at Thermopylæ, to these landmarks in the history of freedom age can add nothing, from them it can take nothing away; and Prescott, with his "embattled" townsmen

at Bunker's Hill, inaugurated a new social experiment among men as well as a new epoch in the annals of their liberties. The great experiment, made for the first time on an adequate scale, whether a people can govern itself has been so far successful. And yet I think the success might have been steadier, and would certainly have had a wider influence abroad, if America had escaped from that metaphysical stage of national existence in which she still remains. It will be a great day for that country when her popular orators and Californian economists have learned that it is a mistake to mix metaphysic with politics and economics, and that, whether the question at issue be one of land nationalisation or electoral privilege, all vapouring about "human rights," "natural rights of man," and so forth, is as much beside the question as if nowadays one were to introduce the doctrine of the divine right of kings into an inquiry concerning the relative advantages of monarchy and republicanism. We also, it may be, are not without need to learn the same lesson. The questions between rival forms of government, as indeed all others of high political importance, can be safely discussed only on the broad humane ground of social expediency.

From Boston we returned to New York, where I parted temporarily from my friends and proceeded to Philadelphia and Baltimore. I must pass briefly over my visits to these cities—not because they were less interesting than those I have already described, but because both these places have the characteristics of other northern towns, and there is still much I wish to say about the south and west. You all know what is to be seen in Philadelphia; you all know that the Declaration of Independence was first read from the steps of Independence Hall, and that its noble words are inscribed in the vestibule of that building. In spite of the grandeur and imposing magnificence of portions of the town,

it is still in some degree rustic. The "pleasant woodland names" of the streets, Chestnut Street, &c., remind us of the country breezes which rocked its cradle. It is perhaps to the influence of these breezes that the women of Baltimore and Philadelphia look so much healthier, as certainly they seemed to me to look, than their sisters of New York and Boston.

From Baltimore I went to Washington. Washington is laid out on an extensive scale, but it is no more than a skeleton city. The buildings are what the Americans call "elegant." It is a well-ordered and well-kept city, artificially endowed with objects of interest, only Providence has not fallen in with the designs of its founders. There is little trade, and a small, purposeless population. I went of course to the Capitol, where it seems to me internal comfort and convenience are rather sacrificed to general effect. The rooms in actual use are small. But it is something for an insignificant mortal to have stood in such a large building. Size counts for something. Even Mr. Ruskin admits that it is impossible to be quite indifferent to St. Peter's when you know that the acanthus leaves on the capitals are measured by feet.

I rejoined my two companions at a place than which none is more interesting in later American history, Harper's Ferry. The busy activities of that little town are silent now, its streets are dirty and deserted, and the appearance of their squalor and neglect disfigures one of the fairest scenes of nature. The government arsenal, so famous once, has been long disused, and the ground on which it stood was advertised for sale. John Brown's fort is an unsightly ruin. And yet I should not have liked to omit a visit to a place so closely associated with famous names and inspiring deeds. I crossed the river and climbed the steep sides of the Maryland heights. From that eminence a panorama is spread before the eye, unrivalled in interest and beauty. To the north and north-

west stretches a wide billowy campaign to the confines of Pennsylvania, rich, fruitful, and beneficent. Beneath our feet the Potomac makes music among the rough stones which served so often the passage of armies, whilst southwards, far as the eye could reach, overlooked by the strong guardianship of the Blue Ridge to the left and the Great North Mountains to the right, gleamed like a braid of silver the waters of the Shenandoah, as they flow through the fair Virginian valley to which they lend their name. No mountain guardianship could preserve that quiet valley from the "red rain" which fell not to make its harvests grow. From 1860 to 1864 the tide of war ebbed and flowed through it incessantly. In the great struggle between the Northern and Southern forces, the strategical importance of the Shenandoah valley was immense. It runs for nearly two hundred miles in a south-westerly direction, with scarcely a gap in the protecting bulwark of its mountain barriers. But the egress from the valley to the north would bring an invading army sixty miles in the rear of Washington, and would therefore outflank the capital of the Union; the passage of a northern army, on the other hand, through the valley would be a march away from Richmond. It was necessary for the troops of the Union to command the Shenandoah; it was the object of the Confederates to prevent this. So rich was the valley in its "well-filled barns, its cattle, and its busy mills," that southern armies lived on it for years, till at last the decree went forth that it must be cleared not of rebels alone but of the means it furnished for their subsistence; and Grant sent out the memorable word to "eat out Virginia clear and clean, so that the crows flying over it for the balance of this season will have to carry their provender with them."

We had intended to drive through this valley, but the road was so dusty we preferred the train. We stopped at Charleston, the little town where

John Brown met his death. We went into the State House where the trial took place, and heard the details of it re-told by a Southerner with passionate antagonism against the outlaw. A little distance off had been raised the gallows where the brave spirit of the "grizzly fighter" left its body, but only to animate and inspire the friends of freedom, and to march with their armies to victory.

Through the whole of the Southern States, but notably through Virginia, everything dates from the war. The change which it effected was not so much a change as a revolution. The old Virginia has disappeared, never to return. We can hardly now recover by imagination a picture of the Southern planter in the days of his ascendancy. Proud, careless, and at ease, born not to produce but to consume, he lived upon his broad domains as a king over his dusky troops of slaves. In a land where free labour was degraded, too haughty or too indolent to work, he trained his sons, as he was trained himself, to despise the exertion of honourable toil. Rich, and firmly rooted in his position, his influence determined for generations the policy of his country, till the election of the first Republican president, a quarter of a century ago, startled him in his thoughtless security. When the waves of the war which followed had ebbed away, he raised his head a ruined and discredited man. His fortune was all but annihilated. Perhaps he might have recovered something of his old position had he remained on his ancestral soil. But, too proud to suffer the humiliation of being seen to work where he had long lived at ease, he parted with what remained of his possessions, and, seeking a new fortune in other lands, bade an indignant farewell to the rich valleys and proud heights of his beautiful state. The descendants of the few planters who remained soon broke through the old lines of social cleavage by inter-marriage with the mean whites—the po' white trash—with whom their

fathers would not have deigned to associate, and the mischievous social ascendancy of pre-secession days was at an end for ever. Last November, for the first time since before the great days of Lincoln, a candidate representing the policy of the South was elected to the presidential chair. A fear has been expressed in some quarters that this (recent) election may bring back with it the dangerous rule of the past; and it was not the least unworthy of the many pitiful electioneering devices of the rival candidate that he sought, as it was not too euphemistically described, to "wave the bloody shirt," and excite the old feelings of antagonism between North and South. But the fear is baseless as a dream. The past can never be restored. In my journey through the old area of the Southern Confederacy I saw enough, indeed, of the attitude and temper of the people to let me know that those feelings are by no means dead which awoke into passionate life during the long war of the secession. The embers of its furious fires still burn with a dull red glow, but the points of concentration have long since disappeared to which they might once have been collected to revive by mutual contact into flame. To restore the ascendancy of the South to-day would be just as impossible as it was found impossible in the eighteenth century to reseal the Stuart princes upon their forfeited throne. Analyse the outbreak of the rebellion of the Slave States as you please, it was, after all, but the continuance, and the close, of that great conflict whose commencement for the last time reddened our English soil with blood. It was the despairing struggle of authority against freedom, of privilege against democracy, when the lineal descendants of the old Cavaliers matched bravely their unequal arms against the full-grown strength of that gaunt but mighty Titan who lay two centuries ago in the loins of Puritanism. The questions first raised at Edgehill were at last conclusively

settled for the whole English-speaking race when Lee had been routed at Gettysburg and Sherman had marched through Georgia to the sea.

Luray, in the Shenandoah valley, is being made famous by a limestone cave, one of those vast subterranean caverns which seem to honeycomb the whole region. Not so large as the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, where one may wander for a whole day without retracing a single step, the cave at Luray is excelled by none, so I am told, in the extent and variety of its formations. I went to visit it with a stranger who was staying at the same hotel. The guide received us at the entrance, and shook hands with that amiable frankness which makes transatlantic life so pleasant. We wandered through the vast and beautiful chambers; some of the limestone deposits delicate almost to transparency, like the texture of the lightest shawl; others solid stalagmites or stalactites, which may have endured for a millennium.

My stranger companion stopped suddenly. "So God Almighty made all this in six days," he said. "Devil a bit," retorted the guide; "we've got mixed up somehow about that." These remarks started a conversation which was carried on till it embraced abstruse points of divinity. Both the guide and the stranger were strong advocates of free-agency, and repudiated the hyper-Calvinism of some of the American sects. "But what beats me," said the guide, "is why God made the devil." "He had no business to do so," said the stranger frankly; "I can't excuse my Maker." I humbly objected that if he credited the Bible story at all he would find that God did not create a devil but a great angel, and that if my friend held to the doctrine of free-agency, he could not complain if the issue of that creation had turned out worse than was expected. My remark provoked a loud laugh from the guide, a clap on the shoulder and a dig in the ribs,

which I regarded as so many tributes to my skill in theological dialectic. "Boys," he said, "it does me good to have a conversation like this."

This incident occurred on Sunday, and on the evening of the same day I attended an African service. The barber of the hotel, a coloured man, was a deacon of the little church, to which he guided me with a lantern on one of the darkest nights I was ever abroad in. There is a college for the training of coloured preachers at Harper's Ferry where the officiating minister of this evening had been trained. He had been a slave in his youth, and learned to read by stealth when it was penal for a negro to possess a book. If his style was a little rambling, his address was frank and earnest. "Love your enemies" was the text; it was not easy, but—"the Saviour done it," he said with quiet simplicity. An interesting feature of the service was the method by which the collection was obtained. After the sermon was over, two deacons got up and stood behind a table placed immediately below the pulpit. The men sat together on the right side of the church and the women on the left. One deacon then said, "Now I want five dollars from the men"; and the other added, "And I want the same from the women." Then they all began to sing a hymn. Still no one moved. They sang another hymn, and at the close of it I rose and started the collection with a ten-dollar bill. "We're getting on pretty well this side," said the deacon of the males, knowingly. Another hymn was sung without much effect; but later on a stirring melody about "seeing de fine white horses when de bridegroom comes," broke down the reserve, and when they came to the verse—

"Drive 'em down to Jordan when de bridegroom comes,"

the dimes and nickels rattled down upon the collection table with agreeable music. The sum collected was large for the resources of the congre-

gation, and reflected credit upon the dark-skinned worshippers.

I saw a good deal of the negro in the southern states. Not a white man south of the Potomac can be found to say a good word for his coloured neighbour, who in his eyes is stupidly lazy and deceitful. I did not find him so. Wherever I met the negro I found him obliging, intelligent, and, on the whole, a steady worker. I attended his services, I examined his schools, I saw him at work on the railway, and in the fields, I followed him to the public courts, and I can say confidently that he is not the degraded outcast he is sometimes pictured. "Go," said one Southerner in Savannah, "to the police court on Monday morning, and see how the niggers spend their Sunday." "At what time?" I asked. "At eight o'clock," said my informant. I went at eight o'clock. There were eight convictions for the offences of previous day; four of the culprits were white, and four were coloured. I never saw a brighter lot of children than the dusky little figures sitting in the school-room at Asheville, North Carolina, and slowly spelling out the not inspiring words "a hog can run." The negro is eager to learn, and is steadily improving his position. But the old antagonism of the races is as strong as ever, if, indeed, not stronger than ever. Relations, unjustifiable enough, but equally natural in the old days of negro bondage, which led often to a southern planter having to number his sons and daughters among his slaves, no longer fuse the races into one. The black man is despised as of old, and no one hails him as a brother. His children must go to separate schools—he must travel by separate cars on the railway. Will it be so always with these six millions of free citizens of the American Republic? It is a grave and difficult question. Ductile, plastic, impressionable, the negro takes the mould of his surroundings. In the north he is a Yankee, in Florida he is half a Spaniard, in Louisiana he is almost wholly

French. In an alien land, at least, he has not the independent vitality which gains respect for its originality and strength ; at best he is but a weak imitator of his old enslavers. What may be the future of the dark continent and its inhabitants is one of the great problems of the world. But it is my own conviction that the tribes and peoples which have been sold from it into slavery will never reach the height of perfect manhood in the countries of their exile until the race from which they spring develops a new endemic civilisation in Africa. And if ever the curse is to be lifted which has lain so long upon those thick-lipped sons of Ham, the new experiment with the African must be made in his own magnificent home.

From the Shenandoah valley we crossed the fine highlands of North Carolina, and reached the sea-board of the Southern States at Charleston. Charleston is an attractive place. It lies so low that seen from the harbour it appears to float upon the ocean, and reminds one of Venice. The harbour is protected by the formidable rock of Fort Sumter at its mouth, and the sandy bulwark of Sullivan's Island. Walking along the shore of the latter the resemblance to Venice is completed in our minds as we recall the delightful stretches of the Lido. We drove round Charleston and its pretty surroundings. One point of interest is the famous magnolia cemetery, about two miles from the town. All the trees along the southern sea-board are draped with long festoons of a dry grey moss, so that the branches of even the stiffest appear to droop with a tender and sorrowful grace. And here we see what we see in so many towns of the Union, and on a greater scale in the national burying places at Washington, Gettysburg, or Vicksburg, a spot kept sacred and separate for the graves of those who lost their lives in the war. Here at Charleston is a wide inclosure where rest the remains of the Confederate dead. A simple soldiers' monument ; and to right and

left of it, with narrow headstones to mark the name and regiment and death-date of each, are ranged the long lines of the slain. Side by side they lie, as close almost as once they stood in the serried ranks of battle. It is a touching and memorable sight. I know nothing quite like it in any other country. Long hence, when the travellers of a later-born generation spell out the letters on the crumbling stones which seem still so fresh to-day, they will know that through all the years of their civil strife, in south as well as north, the citizens of the American Republic never allowed the coarse brutality of war to weaken the noble sentiment which guards the sanctity of human life, but that for them the memory of each fallen soldier was precious, and his name not to be forgotten.

The aspect of the country from Charleston southwards is interesting, but scarcely noteworthy. Huge stretches of uncleared forest of live-oak and pine alternate with the soft snow of the cotton fields, in which the dark-skinned gatherers of the wool stand out in pleasing contrast, and the marshy savannahs of the rice plantations. All trains in America are slow, like the movements of the people, but in the south they wriggle like wounded snakes along the ill-jointed and uneven tracks. The dust was intolerable, and the heat began to be oppressive ; but in spite of these drawbacks to locomotion in the Southern States we pushed still southwards to obtain at least a glimpse of Florida. After spending a Sunday in Savannah we moved on to Jacksonville, crossed the St. John's River and took the train to St. Augustine. In Florida a breath from the tropics warms the air. The line from Jacksonville to St. Augustine is a narrow-gauge line cut through the primeval forest. The journey is like passing through the palm-house at Kew Gardens, the breezes are so heavy with the scent of sub-tropical vegetation. The cleared soil is still matted with palmy growths,

and palms and palmettos spring up side by side with live-oak and pine. When we returned by the same route it was evening, and the fire-flies sailed through the silent southern night.

In St. Augustine we stand within the limits of the oldest European settlement, with the doubtful exception of Santa Fé, in the United States. I had wished to see it. It is unlike anything else in America. Memories of Europe linger here. The old world is face to face with the new, and the ghosts of its dead passions and departed glories haunt the streets. You wander into the old Huguenot churchyard, and look sadly at the indecipherable slabs; you stand upon the fort raised by the strong hand of Spain, still bearing the name and arms of her king. There is a Moorish tower upon the cathedral, where the Catholic worship which superseded the Protestantism of the annihilated colony of France still survives. There is no other spot upon American soil which "gathers the ages and nations in its wide embrace," or reads to us in the irony of its history so many lessons upon the fate which awaits alike the faiths and the fame of men. Discovered by the devout Catholic on the festival of St. Augustine, first settled under the inspiration, if not by the advice, of the austere autocrat of Geneva himself, it became a centre of Castilian chivalry in the greatest days of Spain. And now what remains? Of the proud might of Catholic Spain, a few stones remaining one upon another; of the passionate faith of the Huguenot, a few nameless graves; whilst above these desolate memorials of so much that once was great and strong tower the luxurious hotels in which the pleasure-loving descendants of the Puritans fritter away their idle hours, or seek vainly a renewal of the health they have ruined in excess.

We returned to Jacksonville, and thence along the coast line of Florida, stopping at Pensacola, to New Orleans.

Here I parted from my friends, and

started alone for Chicago. It took me from Monday afternoon until Wednesday morning by uninterrupted travelling to get there. As the distance is only nine hundred and fifteen miles, you can judge of our rate of progression. The first night of our journey was hot with southern closeness, and throughout the sleeping car the mosquitos hummed fiercely round the berths; the last morning the frost lay crisp and hoar upon the ground, as the train swept past the trim suburb Mr. Pullman has honoured with his own name, and glided into the station at Chicago. Nothing I saw in America impressed me more than this city. I had not conceived of anything so fine, so really inspiring in its greatness and enterprise. Beautiful it is not, for nothing that the craft or enterprise of man has reared upon American soil is truly beautiful; but there is dignity in the long lines of the tree-bordered avenues, and the vistas of the stately streets. And to think of the activity displayed in the great reconstruction! Fourteen years ago, when fire laid the city in ruins, a population of three hundred thousand souls was rendered homeless; to-day the population of Chicago, with its suburbs, must approach three-quarters of a million. There is no one—no American—who does not take pride in Chicago, and regard with as much awe as an American is capable of feeling, the spectacle of its prodigious and unexampled development. And yet it is not America alone which should be proud; for it was not America alone, it was the whole civilised world, which raised this phoenix city from the ashes of the old. To-day the population of Chicago is not yet American: it is German, Scandinavian, Irish, English. You hear all Teutonic tongues in the streets. The first person who spoke to me after my arrival was a woman, who asked for a direction, and addressed me in Norwegian. The names above the stores are two-thirds German. The women have still the round freshness

and bloom of the Teutonic type; the sap of the Old World is not yet dried out of the faces of the men. The inevitable change no doubt will come. The men will soon wither into Americans, and the beautiful women of Chicago will learn to eat five meat meals a day.

But at the present hour nothing is more amazing than this queen of the West, and her immense and unwearied activities. Thirty trunk lines, with their countless affluents and tributaries, empty and refill their cars in her depots. As in the days of her imperial dominion all roads in the civilised world led to Rome, so do all the new highways of American civilisation lead to Chicago. Along these iron arteries of commerce the wealth of a whole nation is poured into her lap. The forests of the north pile high her quays with timber; the prairies of the west fill her store-houses with grain; the cattle from a thousand plains are gathered in her yards. Her wide arms are ever open; she receives and distributes all. Upon the sands of her storm-swept mere she sits a queen, waiting only the crown of sovereignty.

From Chicago I went back direct to New York, arriving just in time to witness a final Republican effort on behalf of Mr. Blaine. Through a dense crowd a procession such as I have already described commenced to march past my hotel about half past nine o'clock in the evening; I heard dreamily the shouts of the last files of the processionists from my bed-room at two o'clock in the morning. It seems to me that the old political divisions in America are rapidly giving place to new, and a popular appeal on the question of free-trade, if not imminent, cannot long be delayed. "What we want in America," said a manufacturer, "is farmers. We have enough manufacturers." "Yes, my friend," I replied; "and when the immense west is peopled and your farmers control the elections, they will not, to enrich you, consent to pay six hundred per cent. duty for every blanket on

their bed, or three hundred per cent. for every button on their coat." There will then be only two alternatives—free-trade, or rupture of the Union.

Before the next evening had closed in I was on my way home. I first saw New York beneath an orange glow of dawn, I saw it last against a crimson blaze of sunset. As far as the sun which kindled those skies had travelled since he bade good-night to England, so far would he again travel ere he said good-morning to San Francisco. No thought brings with it a keener sense of the extent of the American continent, of its immense, its almost limitless, resources.

What will be the future of the United States? Who can tell? The veil of Isis is drawn across the destiny of that vast and busy commonwealth in heavy and impenetrable folds. The history of the American people exhibits such strong and baffling contrasts as must surely disturb the most reckless adventurer in the field of amateur prophecy. No nation ever presented to the world a less united front, or seemed to inclose elements more diverse and irreconcilable, yet none has defended its national unity with more stubborn and indomitable resolution. No nation has produced for its highest posts men more pure, or greater in the prime elements of simple manhood—none has been disgraced by statesmen more corrupt. No nation ever lavished upon those who have ministered to its progress in the arts of war and peace more abundant honour—none has dismissed and degraded its public servants with more ungenerous and petulant impatience. No nation ever fought for a great cause with loftier or more unselfish courage—it is the same nation which has developed from its own experience a word which has enlarged our Anglo-Saxon vocabulary with a new name for craven and white-livered panic. No nation ever taught the world a deeper lesson in what constitutes the true dignity and greatness of a state—none has allowed

its own politics to degenerate into such a mixture of vulgarity and childishness. No nation has produced jurists who have done more to animate the form of law with the spirit of humanity and truth—in none have the guardians of justice bartered it for gold in more shameless or cynical betrayal. No nation has a shorter history—none is more mature. It is the same with the individual and the race. The young American has no childhood, the race has had no youth; new without freshness, old without antiquity. Who would care to forecast the future of a country and a people of which such things must be said?

And yet when criticism has done its worst, and the faults of the American Republic have been most unsparingly exposed, of one thing its history assures us well—that the same patient and unwearied Spirit, who has guided the toilsome march of mankind from its eastern birth-place, and touched with heroic fire the souls of men when there was work for heroes to accomplish, has not forsaken our race in the confused and novel life of its western home. In the great

crises of its destiny America has not yet failed. When brave hearts have been called for to resist and tender hearts to suffer, the courage and the sacrifice have not been called for in vain. The history of America for another hundred years no one would venture to anticipate. It may be that the West will struggle with the East as the North has struggled with the South, not in the like sanguinary conflict, but with equal and more successful determination to be separate. Or it may be that the manifest destiny of the Great Republic will consolidate its rule, and enlarge its dominion, until one law prevails from Panama to Labrador. Yet whatever be the changes of the future, if its citizens are but true to the splendid principles on which their state was founded, and choose, like their "symbol-bird," the clear, upper air of purity and freedom—which nations neither rise to without struggle, nor fall from without death—then the political and social evolution of the new world may still guide the old towards finer issues of beneficence and peace.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

RIVAROL, Malouet, Gouverneur Morris, and Mallet du Pan, these are the four men whom M. Taine has distinguished as the most competent observers of the French Revolution. Of these four, who are alike in having been led from the liberal point of view to condemnation of the Revolution, the last two, from the independence of their position and the range of their political experience, are perhaps the most remarkable. The one an American, the other a Genevese, both were foreigners and republicans, both had had practical experience of domestic revolution, and both had learnt the lesson of freedom in self-governing communities. If Mallet du Pan, the fellow citizen of Rousseau and *protégé* of Voltaire, had enjoyed the advantage of passing his life in contact with the great world of European thought, Morris, one of the founders of the American Republic, had played a highly honourable and responsible part in the greatest event of the eighteenth century. And if Mallet du Pan, with his intimate knowledge of the social and political condition of European states, realised more profoundly and with ever deepening dejection the significance of the Revolution, which appears rather as an episode in the pages of Morris, it is possible that, in view of the mighty predominance of the Western Republic, history may justify the American statesman's unconscious estimate of the relative importance of that event.

Born at the family estate of Morrisiana, in the State of New York, of ancestors not undistinguished as citizens, he arrived at manhood at the moment when the struggle of Independence began; he was elected at the age of twenty-three to the legislature of his own state, when he powerfully

advocated independence and took a prominent part in the debates on the Constitution of New York. Delegated in 1778 to the Continental Congress he became one of the most active agents of the system of government by committees, and distinguished himself especially in the departments of the organisation of the army, in the foreign negotiations, and in finance. The reputation he early gained in the last branch of administration designated him for the post of Assistant Superintendent of the Finances. His public career was crowned by his participation in the work of the convention for the formation of the constitution of the United States, which, according to his friend Madison, owed its shape and finish to his hand. He then devoted himself, in conjunction with the great financier Robert Morris, to commercial operations, in which he realised a large fortune and acquired the kind of experience most useful to an economist. It was in connection with private and semi-official matters of this nature, and not at first as minister of his country, that he arrived in France in February 1789.

Morris had fully profited by the best training for statesmanship, for he was thoroughly competent in law, finance and politics. His personal and social qualities were no less remarkable. His features are described as having been regular and expressive, his demeanour frank and dignified, and his figure tall and commanding, in spite of a wooden leg which an accident in early life obliged him to use. Of a sanguine and ambitious temperament, his chief characteristic in society was a daring self-possession, and he was often heard to declare that in his intercourse with men he never knew the sensation of

inferiority or embarrassment. His liveliness, tact, and common sense made him a most agreeable companion, but in conversation upon politics, zeal, he says, always got the better of prudence. His keenest interest was in the study of men, and like George the Third, who once remarked that the most beautiful sight he ever beheld was the colliery country near Stroud, his attention in travelling was always directed less to the beauties of nature than to the details and economy of the various manufactures, to the agriculture of the country, and to all that concerned the comfort and condition of the people. With such a disposition he soon became a favourite in the *salons* of Paris, where to be an American was at that time almost a sufficient introduction. He speaks with but little enthusiasm of the society of that vaunted epoch. At one house he observed that each person "being occupied either in saying a good thing or in studying one to say, it is no wonder if he cannot find time to applaud that of his neighbour." He availed himself, however, of his opportunities of making the acquaintance of men of many shades of opinion, and his judgments upon them are full of acuteness and sense. His connection with Lafayette introduced him at once to the revolutionary leaders. Lafayette himself received him with an hospitality which in this case was amply repaid by the efforts made in later years by Morris to obtain his release from the Austrian Government. He very soon indeed found himself in opposition to Lafayette's ideas. At their first interview Morris saw him to be "too republican for the genius of his country." When the latter showed him the draft of the Declaration of Rights, he suggested amendments "tending to soften the high-coloured expressions of freedom." He did not spare his warnings or his criticism either in conversation or in writing, but when he told him in plain words that the

"thing called a constitution" which the Assembly had passed was good for nothing, it is not surprising that a certain coldness grew up between them. "He lasted longer than I expected," was Morris's remark, when his friend was crushed by the wheel which he put in motion. Talleyrand impressed him at first sight as a "sly, cool, cunning, ambitious man;" and he put his finger upon the prevailing characteristic of the mind of Siéyès when he observed of him that he despised all that had been said or sung on the subject of government before him.

His criticism of Mirabeau, if not profound, is instructive as illustrating the side of his character which most impressed contemporaries. The greatest figure of the Revolution—except Bonaparte—Mirabeau united genius and patriotism with degrading faults of character. His own cry of regret, perhaps the most pathetic ever uttered by a public man, is the explanation of the contradiction of his life:—" *Combien l'immoralité de ma jeunesse fait de tort à la chose publique.*" The invincible repugnance of the world was shown by the fact, noted by Morris, that he was received with hisses at the opening of the States-General. His past made him enter on the great struggle not as a philosopher or a statesman, but as a malcontent and a *déclassé*. His pecuniary embarrassments destroyed his personal independence, and sold him, in the words of his enemies, to the court. His personal ambition, his want of temper, his necessity for self-assertion, his "insatiate thirst for applause," led the great orator to endeavour to maintain his ascendancy by thundering against the enemies of the Revolution and inflaming popular passion, while he was secretly working for the cause of the monarchy. And not in secret only. He clearly saw that the annihilation of the executive power, the paralysis of administration, would deliver over his country to the

violence of foreign enemies, and the worse misfortune of anarchy at home. He turned to the monarchy as the only anchor of safety. He considered that to restore to the king power, at least equal to that nominally exercised by the King of England, was the only way to avert disaster. His opposition to the declaration of rights, his abstention from the work of the abolition of feudalism on the day of the fourth of August, his contention for investing the king with the right of peace and war and with an absolute veto, without which he would "rather live in Constantinople than in Paris"; above all, his effort to induce the Assembly to give a seat in their body to the ministers of the crown, the constitutional pivot on which the fortunes of the Revolution may be said to have turned, were all public actions which might have won for him the confidence of moderate men of all parties. In such a union under such leadership lay the only hope, and with the presumption of genius he felt and proclaimed that he was the only man who could reconcile the monarchy with freedom. Yet Morris only echoed the sentiment of the best men of his time when he said "that there were in the world men who were to be employed but not trusted," "that virtue must ever be sullied by an alliance with vice," "that Mirabeau was the most unprincipled scoundrel that ever lived."

The man to whose lot it fell to initiate the Revolution, whose duty it was to guide it, the man for whom Mirabeau could find no words strong enough to express his contempt, met with the following judgment from Gouverneur Morris. "M. Necker has obtained a much greater reputation than he had any right to. An unspotted integrity as minister, and serving at his own expense in an office which others seek for the purpose of enriching themselves, have acquired for him, very deservedly, much confidence. Add to this that his writings on finance teem with that sort of sensibility which

makes the fortune of modern romances, and which is exactly suited to this lively nation, who love to read but hate to think. Hence his reputation. He is without the talents of a great minister; and though he understands man as a covetous creature, he does not understand mankind; he is utterly ignorant of politics, by which I mean politics in the great sense. . . . From the moment of convening the States-General he has been afloat upon the wide ocean of incidents."

Necker was, in fact, without the highest qualities of statesmanship. And when this is said, all is said. It was unjust, as a friend and contemporary writer truly observed, to reproach a minister for not leading an assembly which refused to be led, which at every turn insisted on giving lessons to its instructor. The finances could not be re-established when anarchy was universal, and authority non-existent, without credit, taxes, or public confidence. But although it was "as unjust to accuse him of the ruin of the finances as to accuse him of the loss of the battle of Ramillies," Morris was on no uncertain ground when he condemned Necker as a very poor financier, and nothing can be more luminous than his exposition of the fallacy of the system of borrowing from the *caisse d'escompte*, or the farce of the patriotic contribution, than his prediction of the ruin which must ensue from the issue of *assignats*. Morris had early realised the fact that the study of economic questions is the foundation of statesmanship. His writings had instructed his countrymen in liberal theories of commerce, and enlightened them on the abstruser questions of the nature of money and the sources and foundation of credit. In an official position he had done much to restore public and private credit, and introduce order into the financial administration, upon which, as he said, "the preservation of our federal union greatly depends." It is interesting to note in how many points he had criti-

cised by anticipation the economic fallacies which distinguished the revolutionary epoch. He had, for instance, combated the regulation of prices by law, an expedient which became famous during the Terror under the name of the maximum laws, on the ground of the injustice of taxing a community by depreciation; he had condemned taxes on money, which merely drew it from circulation and rendered the collection of taxes more difficult. The outcry against monopolists and forestallers which had arisen in the American colonies during the war, found its counterpart in the popular resentment during the whole course of the Revolution against the *sangues publiques*, who saved the community from starvation by buying up and storing provisions and money. Morris had justified the operations of the capitalists by the economy which was thus introduced into consumption, the activity imparted to commerce, and the steadiness established in price. The well-to-do classes shared with the monopolists the execration of the mob; Morris had pointed out the impossibility of an economic distinction between luxuries and necessities, and ventured the remark that "there was a less proportion of rogues in coaches than out of them." The spirit in which he watched the great socialistic experiment of the Reign of Terror—the complete and even scientific character of which M. Taine has pointed out in the ablest chapters of his latest volume—may be gathered from a question he put to Hamilton, "How long a supposed society can exist, after property shall have been done away," and the answer which he gave, "that government being established to protect property is respected only in proportion to the fulfilment of that duty, and durable only as it is respectable."

If his previous experience had given Morris competence in finance, it had given him also in a high degree a mastery of constitutional questions. His

criticism of the constitution of 1791 was worthy of the man to whose hand much of the American constitution was due, of the man whom Hamilton and Madison had invited to join in the writing of the *Federalist*. In his own country he had been unjustly accused of a leaning towards monarchy, so strong had been his dread of the "anarchy which would lead to monarchy." Among a people without the education or instincts of free government characteristic of English communities, he early saw his worst fear realised. "Despotic states perish for want of despotism, as cunning people for want of cunning." The suddenness of the collapse of the monarchy shows how true was the insight which led Mallet du Pan to say, in speaking of the various causes assigned for the French Revolution, the quarrels of the parlements, the assembling of the notables, the deficit, the ministry of Necker, the assaults of philosophy—"None of these things would have happened under a monarchy which was not rotten at the core." By the end of July Morris observed that "France was as near anarchy as a society could be without dissolution." The government of the country fell suddenly into the hands of an Assembly ignorant and inexperienced in public affairs, and Morris deplored that they had "all that romantic spirit, and those romantic ideas of government which, happily for America, we were cured of before it was too late." In a passage which has a reminiscence of the *Reflections*, he characterised the situation as it existed in November 1790:—

"This unhappy country, bewildered in the pursuit of metaphysical whimsies, presents to our moral view a mighty ruin. Like the remnants of ancient magnificence, we admire the architecture of the temple, while we detest the false god to whom it was dedicated. Daws and ravens, and the birds of night, now build their nests in its niches. The sovereign, humbled to the level of a beggar's pity, without

resources, without authority, without a friend. The Assembly, at once a master and a slave, new in power, wild in theory, raw in practice. It engrosses all functions, though incapable of exercising any, and has taken from this fierce ferocious people every restraint of religion and of respect. Sole executors of the law, and therefore supreme judges of its propriety, each district measures out its obedience by its wishes, and the great interests of the whole, split up into fractional morsels, depend on momentary impulse and ignorant caprice. Such a state of things cannot last."

It was in no spirit of unfriendly criticism, either towards the French people or their aspirations, that Morris wrote these words. "I wish very much," he had said, "the happiness of this inconstant people. I love them. I feel grateful to them for their efforts in our cause, and I consider the establishment of a good constitution here as the principal means, under Divine Providence, of extending the blessings of freedom to many millions of my fellow countrymen." But he saw very clearly that the so-called work of reconstruction was but the first step in a course of constitutional experiments during which France was to pass from one extreme to the other—from the omnipotence of a legislative assembly to the absolutism of a despotic executive. The speech which Morris put into the mouth of the king on the occasion of his acceptance of the constitution of 1791 is a state paper of the highest importance. The opening words, "It is no longer a king who addresses you, Louis the Sixteenth is only a private individual," strike the key-note of a criticism which condemns point by point the concentration of power in the hands of an unwieldy assembly, the destruction of the principle of authority in government, the exaggerated decentralisation which created forty-four thousand sovereign bodies, and made it possible, as M. Taine has

shown, for one of them to "besiege, mutilate, and govern the National Convention, and through it the whole of France."

His warnings, like so many others, fell upon deaf ears. The moment, inevitable in every despotism, had arrived when an incapable ruler was called upon to grapple with a demoralised administration. "An able man would not have fallen into his situation." The retrospect in which Morris pointed out the occasions on which a "small-beer character" threw away one by one his chances of averting revolution proves, with irresistible force, that a strong sovereign might even at the last moment have saved his country from anarchy and his own house from the fate which Mirabeau prophesied for them at the hands of the populace in the terrible words, "*Ils battront le pavé de leurs cadavres.*"

It was not as Minister of the United States that Gouverneur Morris had so freely taken his part in passing events, had criticised and advised the king and his ministers. He did not receive his appointment until Jefferson's recall in the beginning of the year 1792. At that time his intervention, even had his position allowed of it, would have been useless, and it was limited to an attempt to enable the royal family to escape just before the catastrophe of the tenth of August. After that event, unlike other foreign representatives, he remained an eyewitness of the Revolution until the end of the Reign of Terror. The difficulty and even danger of the times—for he was subjected to arrest and search, followed, of course, by ministerial apologies—made it necessary for him to remove to a country house twenty miles from the capital. His official duties were confined to remonstrances against decrees affecting American commerce, to the protection of American shipping, and of American citizens. His correspondence, in spite of the fact that every letter "bore marks of patriotic curi-

osity," remained full and interesting. The situation of the finances and the impending bankruptcy formed the subject of exhaustive comment; and he noticed the expenditure of blood and money, the rarity of artisans and labourers of every description, without blinding himself to the immense resources possessed by an administration to whom war was a necessity and bankruptcy but a starting point for fresh efforts. He truly observed that, once the debt of France had been liquidated by depreciation, she would present a rich surface covered with above twenty millions of people who loved war better than labour; and that the Administration would continue "to find war abroad necessary to preserve peace at home." Anticipating, as he did, the inevitable close in a military despotism, he wondered that "four years of convulsion among four-and-twenty millions of people had brought forth no one, either in civil or military life, whose head would fit the cap which fortune had woven."

His recall from a post in which, as he said, he felt himself degraded by the communication he was forced into with the worst of mankind, was partly owing to the disfavour with which his anti-revolutionary sentiments were viewed by some of his countrymen. It inspired a remark which is full of meaning. "Oliver Cromwell well understood the value of mob sentiment when he replied to his chaplain, vain of the applauding crowds which thronged round his master's coach, 'There would be as many and as glad to attend me at the gallows.' I do not believe that a good man in America can feel all the force of that expression, and therefore I believe it is very difficult to form on certain subjects a just opinion." Had Morris lived until 1830 he might have added that the full force of that expression could only be felt by those who witnessed the results of the identification of the principles of Jacobinism with those of

political freedom; for the temporary triumph of reaction in Europe, and the equally illogical apotheosis by liberal writers of the revolutionary party, both sprang from this confusion of thought.

A "high-toned" Monarchy, an Assembly less numerous and elected for a longer period than was provided in the constitution of 1791, and an hereditary Second Chamber—such was the constitution which Gouverneur Morris considered as the only government which would consist with the physical and moral state of France. These were the opinions of Malouet, of Mounier, of Mallet du Pan, and, with the exception that he would have dispensed with a Second Chamber and given even greater power to the Monarchy, of Mirabeau. Of these men Morris was, perhaps, the most distinguished for his freedom from doctrinaire views. Surrounded on his arrival in France by politicians clamouring for the immediate application of English constitutional forms to their own country, he was one of the foremost to insist on the differences of national character which made such ideas chimerical. "A republican," he said, "and just as it were emerged from that assembly which has formed one of the most republican of all republican constitutions, I preach incessantly respect for the prince, attention to the rights of the nobility, and moderation not only in the object, but also in the pursuit of it." "They want an American Constitution, with the exception of a king instead of a president, without reflecting that they have not American citizens to support that constitution." "Every country must have a constitution suited to its circumstances, and the state of France requires a higher-toned government than that of England." These seemingly obvious statements were supported by the irresistible argument drawn from the political ignorance, incapacity, and immorality of the new citizens of France. "The materials

for a revolution," he wrote, "are very indifferent. Everybody agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals, but this general position can never convey to an American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric or force of language that the idea can be communicated. A hundred anecdotes and a hundred thousand examples are required to show the extreme rottenness of every member. It is, however, from such crumbling matter that the great edifice of freedom is to be erected here." Morris, in short, did not believe that a nation demoralised by despotism could be prepared for the full exercise of the privileges of freedom. He told Lafayette that it was from regard to liberty that he was opposed to the democracy, and in this opinion he was in accord with the most advanced English statesmen of that time, for Fox himself had expressly disclaimed any leaning to democracy. The Liberals of the Revolution whom Morris, with his clear good sense, his knowledge of affairs, and his devotion to the principles of constitutional freedom, so admirably represents, have met until recent times with little respect from philosophic historians, but their aims were at least plausible, and the realisation of them could not have proved less conducive to free government than the actual course of events. They possessed, moreover, the virtue of consistency; they were never brought, like the Jacobin leaders, to acquiesce in the destruction of their hopes, and they had never been partisans of the old monarchical system of government. A passage, which is worth quoting, shows that Morris, at any rate, candidly recognised the advantages secured by what in his opinion was the worst kind of change. He thus summarises the consequences of the Revolution in 1790:—

"(1). The abolition of those different rights and privileges which kept the provinces asunder, occasioning thereby

a variety of taxation, increasing the expenses of collection, impeding the useful communication of commerce, and destroying that unity in the system of distributive justice which is one requisite to social happiness. (2). The abolition of feudal tyranny, by which the tenure of real property is simplified, the value reduced to money, rent is more clearly ascertained, and the estimation which depended upon idle vanity, or capricious taste, or sullen pride, is destroyed. (3). The extension of the circle of commerce to those vast possessions held by the clergy in mortmain, which, conferring great wealth as the wages of idleness, damped the ardour of enterprise, and impaired that ready industry which increases the stock of national riches. (4). The destruction of a system of venal jurisprudence, which, arrogating a kind of legislative veto, had established the pride and privileges of the few on the misery and degradation of the general mass. (5). Above all, the promulgation and extension of those principles of liberty, which will, I hope, remain to cheer the heart and cherish a nobleness of soul when the metaphysical froth and vapour shall have been blown away. The awe of that spirit which has been thus raised will, I trust, excite in those who may hereafter possess authority a proper moderation in its exercise, and induce them to give to this people a real constitution of government fitted to the natural, moral, social, and political state of their country."

But although he might cherish the hope that from the "chaos of opinion and the conflict of its jarring elements a new order might at length arise," he might well despair of the immediate future. That opinion was shared by others conspicuous in the cause of freedom. Washington, who, as appears from his correspondence with the American Minister, early mistrusted the course of events, and Romilly, who hoped against hope until the September massacres drew

from him the exclamation, "One might as well think of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest of Africa as of maintaining a free government among such monsters," were among those who were one by one brought to Morris's conclusion—"The glorious opportunity is lost, and for this time at least the Revolution has failed."

The conclusion of the life of Gouverneur Morris was no less useful and prosperous than his previous career. After his recall from his post he remained four years in Europe, during which time he visited the various capitals and formed connections with the prominent men of every country. In 1799, ten years after his arrival in

France, he returned to the United States where, as he said, he was received "as if he were not an unwelcome guest in his native country." He was almost immediately elected to the Senate, where he served his term with vigour and effect, and gave his support to the party of the Federalists. In possession of an ample fortune and numerous friends, he delighted in the exercise of hospitality, and occupied himself for the rest of his life in agriculture and the management of his property, while retaining an active interest in public affairs. He married late in life, and died seven years afterwards, in 1816, at his own estate at Morrisiana.

MRS. DYMOND.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RED COMES INTO FASHION.

"With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red."—MACAULAY.

DU PARC was still at his work late that evening when he heard a knock at the door, and he cried "Come in," without looking up.

He was bending over his plate with the gas jet flaring above his head, his black curly hair was in the light, his brown face in shadow. He had taken off his worn uniform, and was dressed in an old velvet coat, shabby enough for any Communist. His dog was lying at his feet.

"What is it?" he said, looking up half blinded. "Is it you, mother?"

"It is I, Susanna Dymond," said Susy, standing in the doorway and hesitating to come in; "I want you to help me, Mr. Max. I am in great perplexity, and I want you to advise me," and as she spoke she came forward into the light. "I have been expecting Mr. Marney, but he has not come yet," continued Susy, with a faltering voice. "I fear it will kill mamma outright to be moved to England; I think it will be best to take her somewhere into Paris, where she can be safer than here; and meanwhile your mother must not be delayed by us."

"My mother had better go," said Maxwell, after a moment's thought; "I will see to that. I would not urge Mrs. Marney's departure; but if the Federals make a stand at Neuilly, this place may be in flames at any moment. You know I am in their counsels," he said with a shrug. "You see I am working all night to finish up my plates. I have already tried to talk to Madame Marney," he continued, putting down his point and rising from

his seat. "You must act for her, pack everything in readiness, and I will make arrangements and have a carriage here to-morrow. I know of a house in Paris where she will be safe for the present. And we must get hold of Marney," he added.

"Thank you," said Susy. It seemed to ease her heart to say the words which are so meaningless, but which sometimes mean so much—almost everything, at some moments.

Susy lingered still. She had said what she meant to say; but there was something more she longed to say, as she stood with her true eyes fixed upon Max, while the words failed her.

"Why do you look at me like that, Madame?" he asked, smiling gravely, and yet not without some feeling perhaps of what was in her mind.

"Ah! Max!" she answered in a low voice, "I am trying to find courage to ask you to come away. You tell us to go, and we are going; why do you yourself remain? What can you do? These Communists are no fit associates for you. I have here learnt enough in the last few days to know something of the truth. What part can an honest man take in this terrible confusion except that of his own simplest duty? Oh, leave these mad people! Your mother is your first duty now. For her sake, for my sake, if my wishes still touch you, come away."

"Your wishes must always touch me," he said, simply and gravely; "but you do not understand: my mother can get on without me. I mean I am not necessary to her," he said, looking steadily at Susy as he spoke; "but my poor mother-country wants me. It is true I am only one man in a stupid crowd; but if I go with that crowd I may hope perhaps

to lead it in some measure, or to help at least to lead it. For I ask you, Madame," and his eyes began to flash as he went on, "if all the honest men continue to desert their posts, to take their tickets by every train, as they have done for the last few days, leaving Paris at the mercy of the undisciplined mob, who will be to blame for whatever desperate encounter may arise? I should like *you*, at least, to think of me as an honest man, and not as a coward, even though I tell you I am afraid to go, afraid to abandon a party where I imagine my presence may be of use, for another faction whose acts and deeds I reprobate with all my heart. Caron has elected to stay, and my convictions will not let me abandon him, alone, to face the storm which is ready to break. Our place is here at our posts, even if we cannot keep back the horrible burstings of the flood-gates, the hopeless reprisals, which must follow." He had almost forgotten Susy's presence; he was growing more excited every moment, while she turned paler and paler, and at last sank down trembling on one of the overturned cases.

"I have frightened you," he said, stopping short, melting. "Ah, forgive me. There is nothing for people to fear who are doing their duty as best they can. You are in the same danger as I am. You are not afraid for yourself," and as he spoke he took her cold hand in his. She could not answer; her reluctant sympathy, her utter goodwill, her generous love were his; but never, never again should she speak of her feeling to him. She could only faintly press his hand; and then she got up from the wooden case, and, walking slowly across the room, opened the door upon the garden, dim with the night and starlit; then she stopped—"Ah! what is that," said she starting. The muffled sound of a distant gun came bursting through the darkness with a dull vibration. It was followed by a second and a third.

"It is the cannon from the batteries

of Chaumont," said Max, following her to the door and looking out; "the fight has begun." As he spoke two or three figures came up crossing the dark garden. "Good night, Madame; be without fear; all will arrange itself," said Max, speaking very loud and distinct. He pushed Susy away with a gentle violence as he spoke, so anxious did he seem that she should be gone.

She went back agitated but calmed by her talk. It was not what he had said which comforted her, but his voice, his bright dominant looks breaking through the occasional glooms and moods she knew so well, the sense of capability and restrained power he threw into the most trivial details, all seemed to her full of help and life. He was no visionary, no utterer of professions; of such men she had an instinctive horror. But he had told her his meaning, his aims, his thoughts, about which he was generally silent, and his looks spoke the truth from his honest heart.

"We are all suspect, we upper classes," says Mademoiselle Fayard next morning, as she sat there in her skimp gown and limp gloves, clasping her old split parasol, the victim of the German Empire. She had come up to take leave of Madame du Parc, to talk over the horrible news of the outbreak, of the dreadful report of the murder of the generals. "So Susy and her mother were also going? Had they secured their passports? It was as well to have passports in such times," said Mademoiselle Fayard.

"Mr. Jo must go and ask for them," says Madame, pouring out the coffee, and shaking her head continually.

But where was Jo? No one had seen him since the early morning. He had been up betimes and had started for the station to look for his bag, so Denise reported.

"I would offer to go for your *passport*, madame," said Mademoiselle Fayard, "but they will see at a glance that I am not a British subject."

"I am a British subject," cries Madame with dignity. "I will accompany Susy."

"Your complexion alone, madame, is enough to convince them of your nationality," says Mademoiselle politely. Max came in while they were all discussing their complexions over their breakfast; he looked fagged and anxious, and seemed more and more preoccupied; he also came in to ask for the missing Jo.

"Ah! those young men!" cries Madame du Parc, "they are always unpunctual; he leave me and his mamma to get the *passeports*. Why do you not come with us, Max? I am going on to see Caron afterwards."

Max looked doubtful; "he could only accompany them as far as the Barrière," he said, "if they would start at once;" and they accordingly set out walking along the broad avenue that leads to the Arc. Madame du Parc and Mademoiselle Fayard were ahead. Once more Susy found herself walking beside her friend, but he seemed busy, hurried, scarcely conscious of her presence. A double supply of soldiers were mounting guard at the gates of Paris, and an officer followed by an orderly came forward to interrogate them. To this officer Madame immediately addressed herself with dignity.

"We come to demand passes, monsieur," said Madame; "I am the proprietress of the Villa du Parc, where I have dwelt respected for nearly thirty years, and now that I am driven from my home by those who . . ."

But here her son hastily interposed, fearing lest one of his mother's outbursts of eloquence might bring them all into difficulty: "This officer is busy, mamma," he said, interrupting and laughing at the same time; "he has not time to listen to all your reasons for leaving home. Madame is residing in Paris," Max goes on, pointing to Mademoiselle Fayard, "and is returning to her domicile, and Madame," says he, pointing to Susy, "is English; she is going to the English Embassy to

demand a *passeport* for herself and her mother who is ill. I will answer for these ladies. You know me, my lieutenant."

"Pass, mesdames," says the officer, politely saluting, and he turns away and goes into his little wooden hut.

As he was turning away, Maxwell came close to his mother, and said in a low voice, not laughing any more,

"Mother, I conjure you to remember that if you say things to people in the street you will not only bring trouble upon yourself, but endanger every one of us. Be silent, I beseech you."

"This is a pretty country, indeed," says Madame, with a grunt, "where sons can impose silence on the mothers who brought them into the world. So much for your liberty."

"Come, along, dear madame," said Susy, slipping her arm into the old lady's.

Max looked after them for an instant as the three walked away, the sturdy old mother still protesting; the limp one-sided member of the upper classes fluttering vaguely after her; and Susy, straight, majestic, walking steadily on with her long black folds flowing round her upright figure. They turned a corner and were gone.

The streets of Paris seemed strangely changed to Susanna from that chill morning only a few days ago when she first arrived. The city seemed suddenly awakened to an angry mood, noisy, excited. The sad women in their mourning were still coming and going about the streets, but there were also others whom she had not seen before—strange-looking figures, like old-fashioned pictures of Jerome or Horace Vernet.

"How the red has come into fashion; how much it is worn," said Mademoiselle Fayard, stopping breathless to look about. Indeed, it was remarkable that so many people should have suddenly changed their looks and their mourning clothes.

Men and women too wore bands of crimson round their waists and across

their shoulders; one or two people passed in red pointed caps of liberty, and presently coming up the street appeared a figure like one of Gilray's caricatures. A huge man, with a long tufted beard, with an enormous neck-tie tied in a huge bow, swaggering along as if all Paris belonged to him, with wide coat flaps, a tricolor rosette in his peaked hat. Into his sash he had stuck two pistols and a dirk, in his hand he carried a cane with a long tassel. As he advanced puffing and strutting up the road, Susy pressed Madame's arm in terror lest she should address herself to this imposing apparition.

"Oh the abominable monkey," mutters the old lady between her teeth.

The man scowled at her as she passed, but fortunately did not heed what she said.

They parted from poor Mademoiselle at a street corner; she had various commissions of her own on her mind, and Susy and her companion went on to the embassy in the Rue St. Honoré. A friendly Union Jack was hanging over the British lion upon the gate. The tall English porter, with his brooms and pails was washing out the court-yard. There was a peaceful and reassuring aspect about the place, which restored their somewhat troubled spirits. The porter pointed up a narrow staircase leading to the "bureau," in a side lodge.

"The clerk would be back immediately," he said, and he left them in a little inner room with a stove and a pen and a half dried-up inkstand.

It was an entresol; the low window opened to the yard, so that they could see nothing of the streets outside.

When the clerk came in at last, the two ladies had told him their business. He said he must consult a superior. Mrs. Dymond, of course could have a passport for herself. He thought there would be no difficulty about her mother. As for Madame du Parc he did not know how far she was still entitled to be considered a British subject. He would inquire.

"Is M. Bagginal still here?" Susy asked. "He knows my name."

"M. Bagginal is away on leave for a few days; he left immediately after the siege. We expect him back daily."

Then the young man signed to them to come into the second room, of which the windows looked upon the street.

How quickly events arise when the time is ripe for them!

In those few minutes while they waited in the back room, the whole place had been transformed; the dull street was now crowded and alive with people; every casement was open and full of heads, women peeped from the garret windows, men crowded to the shop doors. Where was the gloom of yesterday, the mourning sadness of a conquered nation?

Mr. Bagginal's representative entered the room at this minute with Susanna's card in his hand. He was another young man of the Bagginal type, well dressed, well bred. He knew Mrs. Dymond's name, he said, while Madame, as usual, began her statement; she gave a retrospect of her past life, her marriage, her early difficulties, she was proceeding to give her views upon the politics of the day when a sudden cry from the street distracted the polite *attaché*.

Madame exclaimed, and left off in the midst of her harangue and ran to the window, and Susy turned pale as she followed her.

Up the centre of the street came a mad-looking dancing procession. A great red flag was borne ahead by a man in a blouse and a scarlet Phrygian cap. Then followed a wild bacchanalian crew, headed by a dishevelled woman also crowned with the cap of liberty, and dressed entirely in red from head to foot, followed by some others dancing, clapping their hands, and beating time to a drum and a tambourine; half-a-dozen men with pistols in their belts, with huge boots, and a scarlet figure, carrying a second flag, wound up the procession. The whole band swept on like some grim vision; it was there, it

was gone, the window closed up, the street was empty again. The sight seemed so ominous of past terror, of new disaster, that even Madame was silent for once.

"Oh, come, my child," she said to Susy, who was now standing with her *pasports* in her hand. "We have much to do; we must not delay. This city is no place for quiet people."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONE OLD FRIEND TO ANOTHER.

MADAME had very much at heart her desire to say good-bye to Monsieur Caron. "He and I are old people; we may not meet again in this world," she said. "He has filled my son's head with many mad ideas, but he has shown himself a good, true friend. Are you afraid to come, Susy?"

She looked pleased when Susy said she should be glad to go with her, she was not afraid.

Monsieur Caron lived some way off in the Rue du Bac, and Mrs. Dymond, seeing a chance carriage in the road, signed to it, and got in with her friend. As they rolled along, they passed the head of a second procession coming up some side street, and preceded by a blue flag carried by a man like a beadle.

This procession, unlike the other, was not on tip-toe; it came steadily and quietly along, and consisted almost entirely of well-dressed and respectable-looking people, civilians, National Guards, and others, walking five or six abreast, with folded arms and serious faces, talking as they went.

"That is a deputation going to parley with the Federals," shouted the coachman, turning round upon his seat. "Everybody has a procession; you will see the Federals with their barricade in the Place Vendôme; these gentlemen are going to mediate; that is why they are not armed."

The carriage jogged on, and presently they passed two stacks of guns, piled at the entrance of the Place

Vendôme, where the column still rose supreme above the heads of the encamped Federals.

"Do you see the cannons?" said the coachman, a little old man, who seemed of a military turn of mind. "Oh, they are strong, *ceux-là*!"

"It is all nonsense," cries Madame, very angrily, "all childish nonsense."

One of the sentries looked up at her as she spoke.

It was a glorious spring morning, and the sweetness and the sunshine seemed to be on the side of peace and happier promise. The stacked guns gleamed, the mediators and the soldiers alike seemed enjoying the beauty of the morning.

A few minutes afterwards they were crossing the Pont Neuf, from whence they could see all Paris and its glories shining along the river banks, and soon they reached Monsieur Caron's house on the far side of the Seine, where he lived in a high-perched lodging.

The coachman would not wait for them; they paid him and let him go, and walked in to the stone-paved court, where a porter, as usual, was collecting the broken fragments scattered by the Prussian bomb-shells. The house in which Caron lived was well-known to the world. Many messengers of good and evil tidings had passed up its old stone flights. Chateaubriand had once lived there, faithful to his poor blind, beautiful friend of earlier days. Madame Recamier had lived there, and her friend and disciple. Wise men had climbed those flights, and mighty men belonging to the world of action; there had come the Ampères and Mathieu de Montmorency—that loyal gentleman—all the shifting splendours of those early days and ministers, and kings and queens deposed, and courtiers in the ascendant: the place still seems haunted by those familiar ghosts of the first half of the century.

Madame, who knew the way, panted up, followed up by Mrs. Dymond. They rang the bell of a door, which was

presently opened by an old woman-servant in a country dress, who nodded recognition, and showed them through the dining-room to Caron's study.

How peaceful it all seemed, after the tumult of the streets full of the signs of war, of party strife, and confusion. The old man sat reading the paper in his dressing-gown and velvet toque. He sat with his back to the warm flood of light that came from the open window. He rose to meet them, looking surprised but pleased at their visit: his bright blue eyes shone like a young man's beneath his grey hair. "How good of you, mesdames, to take the trouble," said he, courteously, in his pretty slow English, "and to find me out in my nest. It is a long way up, as I fear you have discovered. Will you have some refreshment—coffee or sirop? Madeline will be proud to serve you."

"Oh no, nothing of the sort," says Madame, putting up her hand. "We come to take leave, Monsieur Caron. I did not wish to go without seeing you once more. You and I are too old friends to part without a good hand-shake, although our opinions differ, and you know that I shall always detest yours."

Caron smiled. "And so you are driven out?" he said. "It is hard on you, my poor lady. It would take a great deal to tear me from my quiet corner here. You see the Prussians have had some grace; they sent an enormous canon-ball into our courtyard, but it has done no great harm. Those are Chateaubriand's trees," he said to Susy, who was looking about with some interest and surprise. "He used to walk there in that avenue, and compose his sentimental poetry, his impossible idylls. Will you like to come out on the balcony?" and as he spoke he stepped out into the sunshine. A sweet, peaceful sight met their eyes; the old gardens were shining green among walls and gables and peeps of distant places far away. As Susy leant over the rails the twitter of the birds was in the air,

and with it all the sweet spring fragrance of the hour. "That is the priests' garden next door," Caron said, pointing to a beautiful old garden, with lilacs, beyond a wall. "They have just come back with their seminarists; there is one of them reading his breviary. He is dreaming away his time, poor fellow! I fear he does not know what an awakening is before him."

Alas! the old man spoke prophetically, not knowing what he said. Only a few weeks more and the silent young priest was heroically giving up his life for his breviary.

"One can hardly realise that this is also Paris," said Susy, "as one comes in straight from the streets, and from hearing the clamour and cries of those horrible people."

"Ah! my dear young lady, do not call them horrible people," said the old man with a sigh. "They want good things, which pleasant and well-mannered people withhold from them and their children. They are only asking for justice, for happiness. They ask rudely, in loud voices, because when they ask politely they are not listened to."

"Excuse me, Monsieur Caron," cries Madame, stoutly, "I cannot help contradict. They impose on you; they asks, they takes, they gets rations, they runs away, but they will not work, they cannot learn, they will not fight; you will never teach them anything except to drink and shout. . . . But I forgot; I did not come to argue, I came to shake your hand," said the old lady, with a touch of real feeling. "I go to-morrow; Max will follow as soon as he has despatched his work. He will come after me if you do not detain him. Caron, my old friend, I am here to ask this of you—do not keep him from me, do not lead him into dangers." Two tears stood in her little gray eyes, winking with emotion. "Would that you, too, were coming into safety," she said; that you were coming with me—or even with

Susanna—she go back to England, and there you would be safe.

"Will you come?" Susanna cried, blushing up eagerly. "Dear Monsieur Caron! Jo and I would, oh so gladly! bring you home with us. Indeed our house is always open to you—any time, any day."

The old man looked touched and pleased by her eagerness. "I thank you warmly," he said, "but my work is here. Dear lady, what would you think of me if I abandoned it—my *ateliers*, my *employés*, my half-finished schemes?" Then he turned to Madame du Parc, and took her old brown hand in his with the same gentle, courtly respect that he might have shown to a primate, to a beautiful lady. "You must trust me as you have always done hitherto," he said. "Max shall run no danger if I can help it—none that I do not share myself," and as he spoke a bright and almost paternal look was in his face. "Only you must remember," he added gravely, "there are some chances which an honest man must face in times like these, and Max is an honest man."

His words struck Susy; they reminded her of her own talk with Du Parc.

Madame turned red, snorted, jerked, tried to speak, failed, choked. "Where is Madeleine?" she said at last. "I will ask Madeleine for some sugar and water," and she left the room very quickly.

Caron shook his head gently as he looked after her; then he turned his blue eyes on Susanna, who stood silent with her pale face. Still without speaking Caron went to a table, opened a drawer, and came slowly back to her, holding a packet in his hand.

"I have something to ask of you," he said. "It has just occurred to me, that I have some papers here which I should be glad to know of in a place of safety. Will you take them back to England with you? and if anything should happen to me send for Max, and he will know what to do with them. They are papers relating to my works," he added, and some private memoranda

for my friend Max. I left another parcel in my old lodging in the Brompton Road with Mrs. Barry," he added, smiling. "It is only an unfinished article about my society, but Max may like to finish it some day."

Susy knew that for some time past Caron had been trying to apply his socialism to his paper-mills, and that he had turned the whole concern into a company, of which the shareholders were the workmen themselves. It was a society conducted on the same plan as that of Leclair, which had proved so successful. The workmen gave zeal, care, thrift, as their share of the capital; Caron administered the whole, and re-invested the profits in graduated shares at the end of the year.

"You have heard of my factories," he said to Susy. "Do you know the story of the slave who fell with the bowl of grain, and of the swallows who flew to fetch each other to share and share alike? My work-people are my swallows, and if anything were to happen to me, Max must be able to supply them with grain. Do not look distressed, my dear lady," said the old man, shrugging his shoulders, "death must come to us all. I care not by what name it comes; but I want to know that my children are provided for. I know that I can trust you, and for the present will you keep my little confidence?"

"You know you can trust me," Susy said with a sigh, and as she spoke Madame came back with hurried steps and with red eyes. "Well then, good-bye, Monsieur Caron. Madeleine gave me all I wanted," cried the old lady. "Come, Susy, come."

Caron followed them in silence to the door. "Good-bye, good-bye; take care of yourself, Monsieur Caron," Madame kept repeating, as she stumped down stairs.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PAST THE CHURCH OF ST. ROCH.

THEY came away into the street again, and walked in silence for a time. Madame went ahead, inco-

herently grunting and grumbling to herself, quieting down by degrees, and finding some comfort in checking off her many plans upon her fingers. "Luncheon, necessities for the journey, a carriage to be commanded, then the omnibus, and so home." They crossed the bridge and went into the Tuileries Gardens. The first thing that struck them was that the sentries had been changed since they passed before. Two hideous little men, with straw in their boots, were keeping guard, and as they crossed each other in their zig-zagging lines they occasionally stopped and whispered together. A dirty-looking officer, with a calico sash tied round his waist, came strutting up, and rebuked the sentries in a loud, familiar voice. Many people were about, staring at the strange-looking soldiers established in the customary places. Most of the shops seemed to have put up their shutters again. Madame's purchases pre-occupied her, and she crossed the street to one of the few shops which still remained open. Just as she came up to the counter, the shopwoman suddenly put down the handful of things she was folding away and looked at the door. There was a crowd of voices outside, a murmur rather than a cry; one or two people came rushing by the swinging glass door; a man burst in, whispered something across the counter, and the woman, with a pale scared face, turned to Madame.

"They are shooting down the people in the Place Vendôme," she said quietly; "we must put up our shutters. Will you remain?"

"Oh, no, no! Let us go home to mamma," cried Susy, running to the door with a first terrified impulse of flight, and in an instant she and Madame found themselves one of a tide of human beings running along the street. A minute brought them to the turning up the Rue St. Roch, that narrow defile where, near a century before, the young Napoleon, Dictator, had ordered his troops to fire on the mob; along which the young communicants had crowded that day last

year Susy thought of it, even at that moment, flying with the flying stream—children, women in their mourning dresses, couples arm-in-arm. An omnibus, turning out of its way in the Rue de Rivoli, began madly galloping up the steep ascent, along which every door, every shop, seemed closed already, whereas the great church gates flew open wide, and something like a black wave of people came sweeping down the great flight of steps into the street below, flowing and mingling with the crowd. One or two people were standing outside their doors, watching this flight.

"Let us get out of the crowd," said Madame, coolly, as she hurried along. "Once across out of the Rue St. Honoré we shall be safe enough."

Susanna in those few moments of time seemed to see more of life than in as many years of an ordinary existence. The people running, the groups rallying, the terrified women dragging their children into shelter. She saw a group of hateful young dandies leaning over a balcony with opera-glasses in their gloved hands, and laughing at the diverting sight of fellow-citizens flying for their lives. She saw a man in plain clothes suddenly attack a little man in a National Guard's uniform, clutch at him by the collar, with an oath: "Ah, you hide away in your shops and corners, and this is why we are abandoned to these wretches!" cries the assailant. Then a few steps further on, a door burst open, a middle-aged man, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard and evidently prepared for action, sallies forth, to be as suddenly dragged back by one of those huge and powerful *mégères* for which Paris is famous. "Do you think that I shall let you go?" she shrieks, as she hurls her husband back, and the door bangs upon the struggling pair. As they were crossing the Rue St. Honoré Madame said "Ah!" in a peculiar voice, and a couple of bullets whistled by. The insurgents were still firing from their barricade at the unarmed masses, at the formidable children, the

dangerous nursemaids and servant girls. Once across the Rue St. Honoré, as Madame said, they were in comparative safety; but one more alarm was reserved for them. In the street leading to the Boulevard they suddenly found themselves surrounded by soldiers. In a moment they saw that these were not insurgents, but National Guards belonging to the party of order, with broad blue sashes round their waists. One of them, a big, fair young man, stopped short, and stamped his foot in furious helpless rage and indignation as he looked up at the lounging young men in the balcony overhead. "The country in ruin, and not one of you cowards to answer her call," he cried, shaking his fist at them with impotent fury. An older officer said something, pointed somewhere, and the little band hurried on, glittering, clanking, helpless against the great catastrophe.

On the Boulevards everything was quiet and silent. The place seemed almost deserted; a few people were resting on the benches, the sun shone, the surly women were selling their newspapers in the little kiosks, upon which the various placards and appeals of the day were fluttering. Susy saw one despairing cry from a friend of order, headed—

"LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY.

"I appeal to the manhood, to the patriotism of the population, to those desiring tranquillity and respect for law. Time presses; a barrier is absolutely needed to stem the tide of revolution; let all good citizens give me their support.

"(Signed) A. BONNE,
"Captain Comm., 1st Company, 253 Batt."

Alongside of this, and indefinitely multiplied, were the Federal manifestos in their official type and paper—

"Citizens! the day of the 18th of March will be known to posterity as the day of the justice of the people! The government has fallen, the entire army, rejecting the crime of fratricide,

has joined in one cry of 'Long live the Republic, long live the National Garde!' No more divisions; perfect unity, absolute liberty are before us."

"Come, come; do not waste your time upon that *barbouillage*," cries Madame; "here is our omnibus." And as she spoke she hailed a yellow omnibus that was quietly jogging in the direction of Neuilly.

Everything was as usual when they got back to the Villa, but Susy found to her dismay that Jo was still away. Max came in almost immediately after them; he seemed to have been chiefly concerned for their safety.

"Jo could take care of himself," he said. "He must follow them later in the day if he did not get home before they left." The carriage was ordered at five o'clock, and the porter of the house they were going to had been forewarned.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FUNERALIA.

"Seul avec sa torche."—V. HUGO.

THERE was a great deal to be done before the time which Susanna had agreed upon with Max, when her mother was to be removed into Paris. Everything had to be quietly prepared; but the boxes were packed, and all was in readiness at the time appointed. Adolphe was outside waiting to help to carry Mrs. Marney in his strong maimed arms, Susy anxiously came and went, looking out for the carriage. She gathered a last bunch of lilac and brought it up to her mother's room. She felt her heart sink as she thought of the pain she must give.

"Let me tie the flowers up for you," cried Denise, meeting her in the doorway, and anxious to show her goodwill.

"Susy," said Mrs. Marney, as her daughter came into the room, followed by Denise carrying the lilac, "come and sit down here beside me, dear. Michael has been here. He is coming again." She spoke gently; a

very sweet expression was in her face.

"When was he here, mamma?" said Susy, surprised. "I have only been away a few minutes." And then in a moment she knew that it was all a sick woman's hallucination.

"He left as you came into the room. He wanted to see me. He came and stood by my bedside," said Mrs. Marney. "He comes when I am alone. I tell him he must not neglect his work for me; but he knows I like him to come."

Her expression was so sweet, so strange, that Susy was still more frightened—she took her mother's hand; it was very cold.

"How sweet those lilacs are," Mrs. Marney went on. "The hot weather is here; I have been thinking the boys will be wanting their summer clothes. Susy, will you see to them when you go back? You must not stop away any longer with me, dear. It is a rest to my heart to know my boys are in your care."

Susanna could not speak. She heard the wheels stop at the gate outside, and the thought of tearing her dying mother away seemed to her so cruel, so unnatural, that suddenly she felt, whatever happened, Mrs. Marney must be left in peace. It was at this moment that the door opened, and Du Parc came in quietly, followed by Adolphe, prepared to carry the poor lady away. Susy put up a warning hand as they approached.

Mrs. Marney smiled, seeing Max. "Ah, Max," she said, "have you come for us? Take her away; take care of her. I have no strength to go with you, my dears. I shall stay quiet now, Susy," she said, putting out her hand. As Susy caught her in her arms she gave a deep sigh, and her head fell upon Susy's shoulder—Max sprang to the bedside.

"She is gone!" said Adolphe, in a whisper. "Poor lady! poor lady!"

She was quiet at last, lying with closed eyes, with her hands crossed

above the heart which ached no more. Susanna had sat all night long by her mother's bed. She had ceased to weep when morning came. She sat almost as quiet as her dead mother. Only yesterday, as it seemed to her, she had watched by another death-bed. Here again the awful hand had come across her path, dividing those living still from those who had lived. Susy was a child to no one any more—all her past, all her childhood, was gone. The room was in order. Madame and Denise had helped to put it straight; there were more flowers out of the garden, a mass of spring blossom, which Max had brought to the door in his arms and given to his mother. Everything was put straight for ever. There would be no more work done, though the work-basket was still heaped; no more travelling, though Mary's boxes were packed; no more talks, no more troubles. Marney's strange trade of pen and ink, had travelled elsewhere; so had the cheerful noises and shouts of the little boys that she had so loved to hear. Mary wanted nothing any more. She had longed for her husband, and she had seen him, though he had not come to her; her daughter was by her side and held her hand, and death cannot seem anything but peaceful to a mother with her child to tend her to the end.

A sort of altercation on the landing outside seemed strangely at variance with the stillness of the room. Madame's indignant "Oh! no, no, you cannot pass like that," aroused Mrs. Dymond. She went to the door and opened it quietly. "What is it?" she said as she did so, and, not for the first time in her life, she came face to face with Marney, heated, excited—strangely excited.

"I have travelled all night, and this old devil would keep me away from my poor Polly," he cried. "She wants me, alive or dead, my poor, poor Polly! and that is why I am here," he went on. "D'ye hear, Mrs. Dymond? For all your money and grandeur, ye didn't love your husband

as your mother loved me. Don't bear malice!" he cried, more and more wildly. "You can give me a kiss, though you always hated me," and he caught Susy in his arms, and then pushed her roughly away, and went up to the coffin with a reeling step. "Polly!" he said, "why didn't you wait for me?—you knew I should come if I could! Ah! it's the first time you ever failed me, my poor girl! I travelled all night. I could not have got through the night but for a dram," he cried, excitedly.

While he was still speaking thus incoherently, standing by the coffin, the sound of music outside came into the room through the open windows. It was the funeral march of a military band following some famous patriot to his grave. To Susy, in her highly-strung condition, the sound seemed almost supernatural. She laid her hand on Marney's arm, then, with one look at her mother's face, she burst into tears, and went out of the room. She met Max on the stairs hurrying up with a pale face; the thought of her trouble quite unnerved him.

"My mother sent me for you," he said. "Is Marney there? Has he frightened you?"

She put her hand to her head. "No," she said, "but I cannot stay with him alone."

They could hear him walking up and down excitedly, talking and calling piteously for some one to come to him. Then the steps ceased, the music went dying up the street, other steps came sounding on the wooden stairs. Madame's friend, the young undertaker and his man, came tramping up the wooden stairs, and all the dreary preparations for the funeral went on.

The patriot's procession, meanwhile, travelled on its way, the car, covered with flags, slowly winding through the streets of Paris; people looked on, or fell into its train. For two hours it paraded thus, amid cries and shouts, and in time to the beat of the muffled drums and to the

crashing music of a band which was conducted, so it was said, by the great Bergeret himself. It was late in the afternoon before it reached the gates of Montmartre, where the women were selling their wreaths and *immortelles*. The great funeral had hardly passed on its way when a second humble procession appeared—a bier, drawn by a single horse, and driven by Madame's friend, the young undertaker, followed by a carriage with some travelling cases on the top. Marney was sitting on the box by the driver of the carriage; Madame du Parc, her son, and her servant and Susanna were inside. The carriage drew up by the roadway; Adolphe, who had come upon the bier, now joined them, and they all passed in together along an avenue of graves and lilacs. The place was looking beautiful in the setting sunlight—for miles around they could see the country lighted by its rays. They came to the quiet corner where poor Mary's grave had been dug under the golden branches of an acacia tree. As they all stood by the open grave, united together for the last time by their common feeling for the woman who was gone, the muffled drums and funeral strains from the patriot's grave still reached them from a distance. When Mary Marney was laid to her last rest, and the prayers were over, the officiating clergyman turned aside, pulling off his surplice and carrying it on his arm, and went and mingled with the crowd round about the hero's grave. The end of his funeral eulogium was being pronounced—his last words had been "*Vive la Commune!*" said a man in a black tail coat and a red sash, and suddenly all the people round about took up the cry. Susy heard them cheering as she stood by her mother's grave, she was still very calm, awe-stricken, and silent; she had stayed alone after the others had all gone on. When she reached the iron gates by which they had come in, she found her stepfather waiting for her. His hat was over his eyes;

it may have been the light of the setting sun which dazzled him. He did not look round, but he spoke as she came up to him.

"You will go and see the boys and tell them," he said. "I know that for her sake you will be a good friend to them. As for me, do not fear that I shall trouble you. You can write to the office if you have anything to say. I will send remittances from time to time."

"Do you wish me to take care of the boys altogether?" Susy asked.

"Just as you like," said he, turning away with a sigh. "Your mother would have wished it so. You are more fit than I am." A minute more and he was gone. It was the last time they ever met. Susy parted from him with something more like charity in her heart than she could have believed possible. He had made no professions, he had left his boys in her charge; and while Susy had Dermv and Mikey to care for she still seemed able to do something for her mother. Madame du Parc, who had stood waiting a little way off, now also came up to take leave.

"I, too, must say farewell, my child," said the old lady with some solemnity; "I can delay no longer, and you are returning to your home. My son will see you off. Ah! Susy, we shall miss you sorely."

Susy could not speak; she bowed her head, took her old friend's hand in hers, and suddenly flinging her arms round her neck she burst into tears.

"God bless you, my dear child. Write very soon and tell me of yourself, of your safe return," said the old lady. Then looking about for the coachman, "Ah! it is insupportable! That man is not there. I shall miss my train;" and madame, with renewed

animation, trotted off towards the crowd. She came back a minute afterwards, followed by the coachman and her friend the undertaker. Max and Adolphe arrived at the same minute with a second carriage for Susanna, which they had been in search of. As the undertaker helped madame into the carriage, there came a parting cheer from the friends of the fallen patriot.

"Listen to them," said the man, shutting the door with a bang, "as if it were not better to die one's proper natural death (*sa belle mort naturelle*) than to be shot and shouted over like this!" Max had delayed a moment to say a word to Susanna,

"I must see my mother off," he said. "It is more than likely you may find the Neuilly road blocked up; if you cannot get home, drive to this address, and wait till I come," and he wrote something on a card and gave her a key. "It is the house to which I hoped you might have taken her for safety, it is that of a friend; you will find no one there," he added.

Susy was anxiously hoping to get back and to find Jo at the villa, but when they reached the Avenue de Neuilly, she found that Max's warning was well advised. The way was impassable, a barrier had been erected; the Federals had established themselves; it was hopeless to try to return to the villa.

"Don't fear, madame. I will get through the line," said Adolphe, seeing her look of disappointment. "I will find Mr. Jo and bring you news of him later." And when Susy faintly exclaimed, "I show them my hands, and they always let me pass," said the poor fellow laughing ruefully, and before she could say another word he was gone.

To be continued.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

A STEEP incline leads down the side of a hill to the village of K—. The road is ankle-deep in loose sand, ruddy as the flesh tints of the inhabitants of the country. The fronds of the palms and the leaves of the tamarind trees, yellow and sear with the first heats of summer, fall fast to the earth. Every now and again a gust of scorching hot wind stirs thick clouds of blinding dust, as thick almost and as suffocating as those of the simoon. Bank and dyke are gay with verdant cactus, flowering thorn, festoons of air-roots hanging in garlands, gigantic feather grasses with flossy plumes, and field flowers bright with all gorgeous hues. Crows caw querulously from the boughs of banyan and peepul tree, preening their wings in solemn convocation. There is a rustle of insect life in the scrubby underwood. Ruby-tailed dragon-flies float lazily by. Bright green parrots with scarlet beaks circle in the hot, quivering air. The tangled gossamer skeins of the spider still sparkle with the heavy dews of the tropical night. The bee drones out his unending tune, and swarms of gnats circle ceaselessly under the casserina trees.

The rocky bluffs of the surrounding amphitheatre of hills glitter in the blinding glare of the sun, but the deep gullies and ravines, where the torrents of the rainy seasons have worked their furious will, are filled with cool blue shadows. As their jagged, tormented slopes spread upwards into flat table-lands, each peak and crag and swelling buttress tells its tale of the wars and convulsions in Nature's history. At their feet a trembling mist slowly creeping skywards heralds the fierce heat of the full day.

A few herds of goats and cows have already clambered up the rocky spurs to browse on grass white as flax, or earn a scanty and precarious subsistence from the sun-lit jungle, or the famished verdure of the last monsoon. In charge of these poor brutes are wild country folk, slightly made, with thick lips, coarse hair, and skins that almost rival the negro's in blackness. They wear no other garment than a coloured rag round the loins. The unkempt locks of the girls fall on to their shoulders in a glorious tangle; necklaces of coarse blue beads and armlets are their ornaments, and huge nose-rings bob over their gaping mouths.

The village lies at the foot of the hills, by the side of a tank, partly lined with walls of rude masonry, and fringed with cocoa-nut palms, planted in quincuncial fashion and growing marvellously straight. Over its shallow waters, glittering in the morning light like a huge emerald, float reeds and sedges and shiny pond weeds. The shore—a zone of deep mud—is pitted with the hoofs of goats, cows, and buffaloes; two or three of the latter are even now at their bath, their square nostrils and black humps just peeping above the water. Women are scrubbing their brass pots and pans with dirt and sand, or washing their own gay clothes, whilst the men are engaged in more personal ablutions, removing the oil from their bodies or the dust from their feet. A Brahmin is putting up his prayers and muttering Sanscrit *mantras*, which he does not understand, before a small temple with conical roof. Through the dirty green surface a water snake is wriggling his way; some rats are out foraging; a bald-headed adjutant-bird, balancing on one leg, mounts

guard over the lizards basking on the shelving bank; the heron and the kingfisher add their share of life to the strange scene. Women and girls, with noiseless steps but loud chattering tongues, pass to and fro from the tank to the village, bearing on their heads water-pots of all sizes and shapes. When one remembers that the village water supply is entirely dependent on this general bathing-place, where mud and water mix in about equal proportions, the frequent presence of the cholera is not surprising.

The huts of the village, amounting to perhaps two hundred little homesteads, stretch in irregular lines on either side of the high road without any topographical justification, and are separated from each other by ill-defined muddy tracks, or hedges of prickly pear, which are but feeble defences against the wild beasts of the jungle. Very rough structures are these huts. The peaked roof is wrought of interlaced logs and branches, thatched either with straw or palm leaves, or covered with ruddy clay tiles. The walls are mostly of caked mud or matting, but here and there one sees a stronger support of stone or brick. They rarely stand more than eight feet high, and the eaves of the projecting roofs form a verandah on all sides. The floor is either of the bare earth, or concrete called *chunam*; a wooden floor would be more expensive, less durable, and be, moreover, a too convenient harbourage for insects. One hut is in process of building. Bamboos, full of knots, and brambles are being reared to form an unsubstantial roof—a frail defence against the deluges of rain, the tornadoes of wind, and other formidable operations of tropical nature. Women in a circle, with light wooden rammers, are laying down the concrete floor, and lightening their labours with the nasal strains of some country song. A white bullock stalks gravely round and round, crushing mortar in a primitive press with a pre-adamite cylindrical roller.

All the huts are one storied, and they are as squalid and untenable as the shanties and cabins of the Irish poor. The roofs are strewn about with baskets, damaged hen-coops, and cotton cloths fifteen to twenty feet long. Tufts of weed and coarse grass and spiky brambles grow out of every available cranny in the thatch or in the tiles, but there are no lovely lichens or mosses as in the Emerald Isle. Here and there a rude attempt to decorate these dirty, ragged tenements appears to have been made, for grotesque figures in chalk and vermilion are daubed on either side of the doors, and in several walls are whitewashed, with empty niches for idols and gods. A few have open holes, which do double duty as windows and chimneys. These apertures are barred and closed in the cold or rainy season with boards or shutters of country manufacture. Glass is apparently unknown in the village, and if it were known would probably be a luxury above the pockets of the villagers; nor are windows necessary in a tropical country, except during the monsoon. Bolstered up with sticks and stakes, the walls, of matting, mud, or stone, are so cracked and torn that one can see into the lives of the people within, and it is a marvel how the buildings continue to hold together. The inmates of each homestead herd in patriarchal fashion, and in a fashion, it may also be said, sadly irreconcilable with health. Each dismal, dirty abode contains, for furniture, a few stools, a native bed or two, a few brass vessels, and articles of dress worth perhaps ten to fifteen shillings, which do occasional duty as carpets. It will be centuries yet before the family expenses of the Hindu ryot come up to those of the English landed proprietor! The sacred little shrub dedicated to Vishnu, sprouts from a blue and white pot in front of some of these family hives.

About fifty of these huts constitute the village bazaar, or market. One general dealer's store succeeds that of

another. The shopkeeper squats amid his miscellaneous wares, cross-legged, like a big grasshopper, on the raised floor. Baskets of cane or bamboo, containing onions, millet, peas, seeds of all sorts, and the simple vegetable food of an Eastern people, are piled up in rows behind him. Strings of plantains hang in front of the stall, and of glutinous sweetmeats, in the form of wheels, elephants, elephant-headed gods, and a thousand more devices, which, with other lollipops, are consumed in large quantities by every man, woman, and child in the village. The display of fruit is limited to water-melons, jack-fruit, pummeloos, and plantains, and in front seeds are spread out to dry on gunny-bags. Unlike the town dealer, the rural shopkeeper does not decorate his store with gold and silver tissue paper, nor does he, even on holidays, hang yellow flowers on his dirty, treacherous, little scales. In a wooden bowl, or in his loin cloth, he keeps his stores of copper money—ill-shaped pice, and cowries or shell money—and in some secret cranny in the walls or floor of his hut he buries an occasional silver bit. Paper money rarely, if ever, finds its way to his till.

From the huts a stream of animal life finds its way into the road. Skinny fowls peck here and there in the refuse heaps, greedily gobbling up an unsavoury variety of quaintly-flavoured food, which renders them uneatable to Europeans. Cattle saunter out from the unventilated cowsheds of matting. Long-haired mangey curs, black and white and spotted, yelp around the miserable buffaloes on their way to the arid deserts which represent their pastures. Not a cat is to be seen in the village, but goats innumerable. A seedy-looking parrot, moulting in a tumble-down wooden cage, and a monkey, represent the village pets. Hogs and pigs are as conspicuous by their absence as butchers' shops. Little naked urchins, their heads shaved according to the rules of caste, and their eyes blackened with kohl, wearing

charms round neck and loins, scamper after their mothers, or hug them as they straddle across their hips like little black apes. Cakes of cowdung, used for fuel, are drying in the sunlight by the roadside, or against the walls. It is one of the chief occupations of the Indian villager's wife to make the cowdung into cakes, and she may be seen at every hour of the day gathering the precious ordure for the family hearth into wicker-work baskets.

The male population are but scantily clothed. Round the loins they wear a cloth, which leaves their thin legs bare. Each man wears the turban, a dirty sheet coiled negligently round the head. The prevalent taste appears to incline to white, but red and blue turbans are also seen. Rough sandals, or shoes studded with brass-headed nails, and turned up at the toes, protect the black feet from the baking heat of the earth. Few foreheads are marked with the caste-mark, but some of the cultivators wear dirty little Brahminical threads, and charms are tied round most necks. When on a journey they carry rough country blankets, or cumblies, striped in black and white, which, when worn over the head and body, protect them from the chill dews of night. For self-defence some of them use stout sticks, which they are very expert in wielding like quarter staves; but one never sees here the queer old swords and cutlasses that the peasantry carry in some parts of Hindoostan.

The females drape themselves in a very graceful manner in one long cotton cloth, with decorated borders, which, after being wound round the loins, so as to leave the legs uncovered half way up to the thigh, is thrown over the back and head, and brought down over the face as a sort of veil. A short-sleeved bodice falling to the waist is worn under this cloth. Bangles of glass and shell glitter on the bare arms, and a few girls wear rings in their noses and on their toes. These ornaments are of the commonest material—glass, brass, or tinsel paper—and

their clothes are purchased from the itinerant Mohammedan hawkers, who carry their whole stock-in-trade, of cotton prints and gaudy chintzes and handkerchiefs, under their arms. The hair of both women and girls is worn in the same fashion, parted in the centre and tied at the nape of the neck in a neat little plait. Cocoa-nut oil is plentifully applied to keep the dark tresses glossy and smooth, and on holidays a wreath of yellow flowers, or a brass ornament, is added. The village tank is the great gossiping place; but their hours for unrestrained gossip are not many. To their lot fall all the domestic duties, and throughout the day they are to be seen winnowing corn, grinding grain, husking rice with pestle and mortar, or turning the handmill. They appear to be excessively fond of their children, and are certainly models of industry. Domestic drudges, beasts of burden, agricultural labourers, exposed to all the inclemency of the seasons, none of them have any pretensions to beauty. They are an ugly, but gentle race. Their carriage, however, is perfect, and they stride along straight as arrows—a habit no doubt due to the constant balancing of burdens on the head.

The amusements of the village are simple. The favourite game of the boys is a kind of prisoner's base. Birds' nesting enters not into their pastimes, nor have the mysteries of cricket yet penetrated into this district. The men lounge on their verandahs, smoking the family hubble-bubble filled with bhang prepared from the stalks and leaves of the hemp plant, or indulging in desultory conversation as soporific as the social atmosphere of the Neapolitan *lazzarone*. The village public-house—a squalid structure with a corrugated iron roof, a table laden with country liquors, and a dirty little flag by way of signboard—offers its solace to a few convivial spirits. In the main road, perhaps, a juggler is showing off the tricks of his monkeys and cobras to a crowd squatting before him in the

shape of a half moon. He beats on a small drum with his fingers, or blows through a little pipe of reeds, till he has got his audience together, and then proceeds to make mango trees grow, to spit fire, or having hidden a boy in a basket, rams his old antiquated scimitar through the wicker-work, to the intense delight of the overgrown children jabbering round him. Naked urchins make mud patties in the thoroughfares; boys try to float their tiny paper kites in the hot motionless air; girls swing little babies to sleep; wives fan their slumbering lords. The noise of tom-toms and cattle bells never ceases. All, young and old, male and female, chew pan as a sailor chews his quid; the said pan having the reputation of an astringent and a great strengthener of the gums, but most certainly discolouring the teeth very sadly.

A dreary sing-song proclaims the whereabouts of the village school. Outside, in the elevated courtyard, the scholars are learning their lessons, scrawling on the dust, on palm-leaves, or on broken pieces of slate, or in line repeating their tasks. The dominie, a Brahmin, naked to the waist, a little black tuft of hair bobbing on his shaven crown, walks up and down inspecting his pupils as they whine out arithmetical puzzles. The primers are all in the vernacular, for English is not taught here; and as female education is still an unfelt want in the village, women grow, live, and die here in Cimmerian ignorance. The master is paid by small gratuities of coarse grain, oil, or cloth.

The village boasts of only one small temple. Peeping in at the dusky door one sees behind an iron grating a tiny clay god, with the head of an elephant and two pairs of arms. This is the god Ganesh. His tiara is of tinsel paper, and a little doll's frock of crimson silk hangs over his protuberant belly—an even more contemptible little image than the waxen bambino of poor Italian hamlets. Chaplets of yellow jasmine and other flowers, and

small offerings of rice, are decaying in front of the shrine. Outside, a kind of obelisk, studded with rows of nails, serves to support coloured glasses, which are filled with cocoa-nut oil on holidays, and over this spread the branches of a mango tree, planted by some superstitious villager with a view to a comfortable berth in the next world.

On the outskirts of the village tiny shrines of mortar and brick, in shape not unlike a dog's kennel, line either side of the way, each containing a rude stone, carved with the image of a god or goddess, and painted a bright red. At the lower end, numerous little white figures of elephants are ranged on an earthen platform. These are objects of worship to the rural population; but what is not an object of worship to them? Evidently the trees are, for several of the banyans are gay with streamers of coloured rag. Jungle spirits, river spirits, cannibal spirits, ghosts, and goblins—all have a place in their creed. They believe in witchcraft, magic, astrology, and the exorcism of devils from the bodies of possessed persons. A blight is brought about by the killing of cows, or the eating of beef; and the irremediable sterility of the soil is still ascribed to the operations of the officers of the survey some three-score years ago!

The lean, slouching, ungainly village bullocks must be first cousins to Pharaoh's lean kine. Dull-eyed, feeble, compact only of skin and bone, brutally treated, they look, and surely must be, the very embodiment of animal misery. Superstition, which forbids their slaughter, makes no provision for kind treatment, and the peasantry maintain that it is cheaper to work them to death than to buy new bullocks in order to tend the old more carefully. Their beef is naturally quite tasteless. From the jungles these poor brutes procure just enough food to keep themselves alive. What a contrast they form to the fine lazy Brahminical bull with its large meek eyes, soft

dove-coloured skin, and lusty hump on the back; or to the prize cattle now and again paraded at local exhibitions.

Buffaloes are kept for milk, and for ploughing the marshy lands. The sheep are as hairy as the goats. The ponies are hardy, active, and vicious; and as often as not ridden bare-backed. The community also possess a small breed of little donkeys—animals which a London costermonger would spurn, and gifted with a dislocating roughness of action which no language can describe to such as have never felt it.

No railway comes near the place, but there is a constant stream of road-traffic. Bullock-cart after bullock-cart goes by both day and night, each lumbering shapeless vehicle drawn by two oxen, for cart horses may be said to have no existence in India. These carts are sometimes covered in with a sort of hood of matting, and under this improvised shelter reposes the carter's wife and his children, a little knot of black faces and black arms. For the sake of society, and by way of mutual protection, the carters travel in bands averaging from a dozen to twenty, halting at nightfall and forming a regular encampment by the roadside. The draught-bullocks are white or dun in colour, with large dewlaps and big humps. Sometimes they are made gay with rude necklaces and tassels of scarlet wool, and nearly all are decorated with brass bobs and bells. If they happen to be docile Jehu speaks to them in the most endearing terms; but should they prove intractable he indulges in a flood of vituperation in which his native tongue is peculiarly rich. Every ungreased wheel seems to have its own peculiar squeak, and the poor beasts sway from side to side as they strive to make the hard yoke easier to their necks.

The agricultural implements might throw light on the primitive agriculture of the Aryans. The small native plough is carried afield by the peasant on his shoulders, and he uses the trees

to store up hay in untidy ricks. Irrigation by watercourse or well is unknown, and the villagers depend solely on the rainfall for the fertility of their fields. The lever and bucket so familiar to travellers in Egypt, the revolving water-wheel in shape like the paddles of a steamboat or the treadmill, are never seen, nor bullocks lifting water in leathern skins. The fields, irregular and capricious in shape, of black or deep brown earth, are sown with barley, jowaree, millet, and ragi. The cocoa-nut trees yield oil, their husks make serviceable ropes, their leaves are used as thatch, the wood serves for rafters of a small span, and the juice yields toddy. Bults or raised ridges, irregular and hard as iron, divide field from field, and paths seldom traversable by wheels lead to and from the village to the irreclaimable jungle. The high road is the only metalled road in the district, and no where could one find a market or ornamental garden. Platforms raised in the centre of the fields are used as observatories, from whence cultivators armed with slings scare off the birds from the ripening grains.

The chief village functionary is probably the schoolmaster, who to his pedagogic duties adds those of priest and physician. After him comes the *patel* or headman, the mouthpiece and representative of the hereditary cultivators, of the tenants at will, and of the tenants by occupancy. To his *kulkarni* or clerk is committed the drawing up of the village deeds—documents written on execrable paper, commencing with the name of the goddess of wealth, and terminating with the bangle marks, or other pictorial attestations of the illiterate villagers. He keeps the rural rent roll, the accounts of every estate, a classification of the different soils, and of the rights and interest in them of the peasants—a record which effectually checks promiscuous squatting. The village smith, seated before his shanty,

his primitive bellows by his side, hammers away at bands of iron imported with piece goods. Justice is administered by the village *panchayat* or counsel, and its decrees are enforced by expulsion from caste. The *marwarree*, or native money-lender, officiates as the village capitalist. This worthy crouches on the floor of his hut like a beast of prey with the face of a hawk; and once in his debt, lucky is the cultivator who can ever call himself again a free man. To them he makes advances on grain which are often repaid in kind on the threshing floor of the village. He has his wife here, a buxom dame, who struts about in her petticoats of amber and crimson like a peacock—the only woman in the village who veils her face whenever she goes abroad, and gifted with a tongue shrill enough to make itself heard from one end of the village to the other. The barber is the *wag* of the community, his wife its midwife; and the schoolmaster casts horoscopes and tells fortunes.

At noon the village enjoys a siesta, and at night during the sultry season the majority of the villagers sleep outside their huts on each side of the road, on the native bed, or *charpoy*, a web of netting stretched on four short legs. Dogs mount guard over the cattle, and here and there figures clothed in white glide noiselessly by like sheeted ghosts. Through the interstices of each hut glimmers a tiny light. The cricket chants in the grass, and maybe a panther, or even a tiger, slinks down to drink at the tank, and carry off, if luck favour him, some unfortunate cow. Jackals are prowling up and down for stray fowls, and overhead the owls and flying foxes hooting in the trees. Meanwhile the rising moon is touching rock and valley with inexpressible tenderness, and the mystic voice of nature begins to whisper of things unseen.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1885.

POETRY AND POLITICS.

THE separation of literary criticism from politics appears to have been a gain both to politics and to literature. If Mr. Swinburne, for example, speaks unkindly about kings and priests in one volume, that offence is not remembered against him, even by the most Conservative critic, when he gives us a book like *'Atalanta,'* or *'Erechtheus.'* If Victor Hugo applauds the Commune, the Conservative M. Paul de Saint Victor freely forgives him. In the earlier part of the century, on the other hand, poems which had no tinge of politics were furiously assailed, for party reasons, by Tory critics, if the author was a Whig, or had friends in the ranks of Whiggery.¹ Perhaps the Whiggish critics were not less one-sided, but their exploits (except a few of Jeffrey's) are forgotten. Either there were no Conservative poets to be attacked, or the Whig attack was so weak, and so unlike the fine fury of the Tory reviewers, that it has lapsed into oblivion. Assuredly no Tory Keats died of an article, no Tory Shelley revenged him in a Conservative *'Adonais,'* and, if Lord Byron struck back at his Scotch reviewers, Lord Byron was no Tory.

In the happy Truce of the Muses, which now enables us to judge a poet

on his literary merits, Mr. Courthope has raised a war-cry which will not, I hope, be widely echoed. He has called his reprinted essays *'The Liberal Movement in English Literature,'*² and has thus brought back the howls of partisans into a region where they had been long silent. One cannot but regret this intrusion of the factions which have "no language but a Cry" into the tranquil regions of verse. Mr. Courthope knows that the title of his essays will be objected to, and he tries to defend it. Cardinal Newman, he says, employs the term "Liberalism" to denote a movement in the region of thought. Would it not be as true to say that Cardinal Newman uses "Liberalism" as "short" for most things that he dislikes? In any case the word "Liberal" is one of those question-begging, popular, political terms which had been expelled from the criticism of poetry. It seems an error to bring back the word with its passionate associations. Mr. Courthope will, perhaps, think that the reviewer who thus objects is himself a Liberal. It is not so; and though I would fain escape from even the thought of party bickerings, I probably agree with Mr. Courthope in not wishing to disestablish anything or anybody, not even the House of Lords. None the less it is distract-

¹ Compare Maginn's brutal and silly attack on Shelley's *'Adonais,'* recently reprinted in Maginn's *'Miscellanies.'* Sampson Low and Company.

No. 314.—VOL. LIII.

² John Murray, London, 1885.

ing, when we are occupied for once with thoughts about poetry, to meet sentences like this: "Life, in the Radical view, is simply change; and a Radical is ready to promote every caprice or whim of the numerical majority of the moment in the belief that the change which it effects in the constitution of society will bring him nearer to some ideal state existing in his own imagination." Or again: "How many leagues away do they" (certain remarks of Mr. Burke's) "carry us from the Liberal Radicalism now crying out for the abolition of the hereditary branch of the Legislature?" and so on. One expects, in every page, to encounter the deceased wife's sister, or "a cow and three acres." It is not in the mood provoked by our enthusiasm for the hereditary branch of the Legislature, it is not when the heart stands up in defence of the game laws, that we are fit to reason about poetry. Consequently, as it appears to me, Mr. Courthope, in his excitement against Radicalism, does not always reason correctly, nor, perhaps, feel correctly, about poetry.

As far as I understand the main thesis of Mr. Courthope's book, it is something like this. From a very early date, from the date certainly of Chaucer, there have been flowing two main streams in English literature. One stream is the Poetry of Romance, the other is the Poetry of Manners. The former had its source (I am inclined to go a great way further back for its source) "in the institutions of chivalry, and in mediæval theology." The other poetical river, again, the poetry of manners, "has been fed by the life, actions, and manners of the nation." One might add to this that the "life and actions" of our people have often, between the days of the Black Prince and of General Gordon, been in the highest degree "romantic." This mixture, however, would confuse Mr. Courthope's system. Drayton's 'Agincourt,' Lord Tennyson's 'Revenge' may be regarded at will, perhaps, as

belonging to the poetry of romance, or the poetry of national action. Mr. Courthope does not touch on this fact, but the reader will do well to keep it in mind, for reasons which will appear later.

The fortunes of the two streams of poetry have been different. The romantic stream was lost in the sands of Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, and the rest, but welled up again in the beginning of our own century, in Scott, Coleridge, and others. The poetry of manners, on the other hand, had its great time when men, revolting from the conceits of degenerate romanticism, took, with Pope, Dryden, Thomson, and Johnson, to "correctness," to working under the "ethical impulse." Now the "correctness" and the choice of moral topics which prevailed in the eighteenth century were "Conservative," and the new burst of romantic poetry was "Liberal," and was connected with the general revolutionary and Liberal movement in politics, speculation, and religion. Finally, Mr. Courthope thinks that "the Liberal movement in our literature, as well as in our politics, is beginning to languish." Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are not aware that they are languishing. In the interests of our languishing poetry, at all events, Mr. Courthope briefly prescribes more "healthy objectivity" (the words are mine, and are slang, but they put the idea briefly), and a "revival of the simple iambic movements of English in metres historically established in our literature."

In this sketch of Mr. Courthope's thesis, his main ideas show forth as, if not new, yet, perfectly true. There is, there has been, a poetry of romance of which the corruption is found in the wanton conceits of Donne and Crashaw. There is, there has been, a poetry of manners and morals, of which the corruption is didactic prosiness. In the secular action and reaction, each of these tendencies has, at various times, been weak or strong. At the beginning of this century, too,

Poetry and Politics.

a party tinge was certainly given, chiefly by Conservative critics, to the reborn romantic poetry. Keats cared as little as any man for what Marcus Aurelius calls "the drivelling of politicians," but even Keats, as a friend of "kind Hunt's," was a sort of Liberal. But admitting this party colouring, one must add that it was of very slight moment indeed, and very casually distributed. Therefore, one must still regret, for reasons which will instantly appear, Mr. Courthope's introduction of party names and party prejudices into his interesting essays.

It is probably the author's preoccupation with politics which causes frequent contradictions, as they seem, and a general sense of confusion which often make it very hard to follow his argument, and to see what he is really driving at. For example, Scott, the Conservative Scott, whom Mr. Courthope so justly admires, has to appear as a Liberal, almost a revolutionary, in verse. Mr. Courthope quotes Coleridge's account of the origin of *Lyrical Ballads* as "the first note of the 'new departure,' which I have called the 'Liberal Movement in English Literature.'" Well, but the Tory Scott was an eager follower of Coleridge's; he played (if we are to be political) Mr. Jesse Collings to Coleridge's Mr. Chamberlain. This, by itself, proves how very little the Liberal movement in literature was a party movement, how little it had to do with Liberalism in politics.

Again, when Mr. Courthope is censuring, and most justly censuring, Mr. Carlyle's grudging and Pharisaical article on Scott, he speaks of Carlyle as a "Radical," and finds that "our Radical Diogenes" blamed Scott "because he was a Conservative, and amused the people." Now Carlyle, of all men, was no Radical; and Scott, as a Conservative, is a queer figure in a Liberal movement. Another odd fact is that the leaders of the Liberal movement "steeped themselves" in the atmosphere of feudal romance. Whatever else feudal romance may

have been, it was eminently anti-Radical, and, to poetic Radicals, should have been eminently uncongenial. Odder still (if the Liberal movement in literature was a party movement to any important extent) is Mr. Courthope's discovery that Macaulay was a Conservative critic. Yet a Conservative critic Macaulay must have been, because he was in the camp opposed to that of Coleridge and Keats. Macaulay was a very strong party man, and, had he been aware that his critical tastes were Tory, he would perhaps have changed his tastes. Yet again, Mr. Courthope finds that optimism is the note of Liberalism, while "the Conservative takes a far less sanguine view of the prospects of the art of poetry," and of things in general. But Byron and Shelley, in Mr. Courthope's argument, were Liberal poets. Yet Mr. Courthope says, speaking of Shelley, "like Byron, he shows himself a complete pessimist." For my own part (and Mr. Courthope elsewhere expresses the same opinion), Shelley seems to me an optimist, in his queer political dreams of a future where Prometheus and Asia shall twine beams and buds in a cave, unvexed by priests and kings—a future in which all men shall be peaceful, brotherly, affectionate sentimentalists. But Mr. Courthope must decide whether Byron and Shelley are to be Conservatives and pessimists, or Liberals and optimists. At present their position as Liberal pessimists seems, on his own showing, difficult and precarious. Macaulay, too, the Liberal Macaulay, is a pessimist, according to Mr. Courthope. All this confusion, as I venture to think it, appears to arise, then, from Mr. Courthope's political preoccupations. He shows us a Radical Carlyle, a Conservative Macaulay; a Scott who is, perhaps, a kind of Whig; a Byron, who, being pessimistic, should be Conservative, but is Liberal; a Shelley, who is Liberal, though, being pessimistic, he ought to be Conservative. It is all very perplexing, and, like most mis-

chief, all comes out of party politics. It is less easy to demonstrate, what I cannot help suspecting, that Mr. Courthope's great admiration of the typical poetry of the eighteenth century comes from his persuasion that that poetry, like Providence, "is Tory." This may seem an audacious guess. I am led to make it partly by observing that Mr. Courthope's own poems, especially the charming lyrics in 'The Paradise of Birds,' have a freedom and a varied music, extremely Liberal, extremely unlike Johnson and Thomson, and not all dissimilar to what we admire in the Red Republican verse of Mr. Swinburne. Now, if Mr. Courthope writes verse like that (and I wish he would write more), surely his inmost self must, on the whole, tend rather to the poetry he calls Liberal, than to that which (being a politician) he admires as Conservative, but does not imitate. All this, however, is an attempt to plumb "the abysmal depths of personality." We are on firmer ground when we try to show that Mr. Courthope expresses too high an opinion of the typical poetry of the eighteenth century. Now this really brings us face to face with the great question, Was Pope a poet? and that, again, leads us to the brink of a discussion as to What is poetry? On these matters no one will ever persuade his neighbours by argument. We all follow our tastes, incapable of conversion. I must admit that I am, on this point, a Romanticist of the most "dishevelled" character; that Pope's verse does not affect me as what I call poetry affects me; that I only style Pope, in Mr. Swinburne's words, "a poet with a difference." This is one of the remarks which inspire Mr. Courthope to do battle for Pope, and for Thomson, and Johnson, and the rest. Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, vexes Mr. Courthope by calling Pope and Dryden "classics of our prose." Why are they not poets? he asks; and "Who is a poet if not Pope?" Who? Why from Homer onwards there are many poets: there

are "many mansions," but if Pope dwells in one of them I think it is by courtesy, and because there are a few diamonds of poetry in the fine gold of his verse. But it is time to say why one would (in spite of the very highest of all living authorities) incline to qualify the title of "poet" as given to Pope. It is for a reason which Mr. Courthope finds it hard to understand. He says that Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne deny Pope the laurel without assigning reasons. They merely cry, in a despotic fashion, *stet pro ratione voluntas*. They do not offer argument, or, if they argue, their arguments will not "hold water." But Mr. Courthope himself justifies the lack of argument by his own reply to certain reasonings of Wordsworth's. "Your reasoning, no doubt," says Mr. Courthope to the Bard of Rydal, "is very fine and ingenious, but the matter is one not for argument, but for perception."

Precisely: and so Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne might answer Mr. Courthope's complaints of their lack of argument,—"The matter is one not for argument, but for perception." One feels, or perceives, in reading Pope, the lack of what one cannot well argue about, the lack of the indefinable glory of poetry, the bloom on it, as happiness is, according to Aristotle, the bloom on a life of goodness. Mr. Swinburne, avoiding "argument," writes, "the test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests. Poetry in which there is no element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic instinct may have every other good quality . . . but if all its properties can easily or can ever be gauged and named by its admirers, it is not poetry, above all it is not lyric poetry, of the first water." In fact, to employ the terms of Mr. Courthope's own reply to Wordsworth, "the matter is one not for argument, but for perception." Now this "perceptible and indefinable" element in poetry, is rarely

present in Pope's verse, if it is ever present at all. We can "gauge and name" the properties of Pope's verse, and little or nothing is left unnamed and ungauged. For this reason Pope always appears to me, if a poet at all, a poet "with a difference." The test, of course, is subjective, even mystical, if you will. Mr. Courthope might answer that Pope is full of passages in which he detects an indefinable quality that can never be gauged or named. In that case I should be silenced, but Mr. Courthope does not say anything of the sort. Far from that, he says (and here he does astonish me) that "the most sublime passages of Homer, Milton, and Virgil, can readily be analysed into their elements." Why, if it were so, they would indeed be on the level of Pope. But surely it is not so. We can parse Homer, Milton, and Virgil; we can make a *précis* of what they state; but who can analyse their incommunicable charm? If any man thinks he can analyse it, to that man, I am inclined to cry, the charm must be definable indeed, but also imperceptible. Take Homer's words, so simply uttered, when Helen has said that her brothers shun the war, for her shame's sake—

Ὡς φάτο· τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχευεν φυσίζοος αἶα,
Ἐν Λακεδαιμονίᾳ αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.¹

Who can analyse the subtle melancholy of the lines, the incommunicable charm and sweetness, full of all thoughts of death, and life, and the dearth of our native land?

In Virgil and Milton it is even easier to find examples of this priceless quality, lines like

"Fluminaeque antiquos subterlabentia
muros,"²

or

"Te, Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace,
marino!"³

¹ "So spake she, but them already the mother earth possessed, there in Lacedæmon, their own dear native land."

² "And rivers gliding under ancient walls."

³ "Thee, mightiest Laris, and thee Benacus, rising with waves and surge as of the sea."

Mr. Courthope himself quotes lines of Milton's that sufficiently illustrate my meaning—

"And ladies of the Hesperides that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By Knight of Logris or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."

There is something in the very procession and rhythmical fitness of the words, there is a certain bloom and charm, which defies analysis. This bloom is of the essence of poetry, and it is *not* characteristic of the typical verse of Mr. Courthope's Conservative eighteenth century. He enters into argument with Mr. Swinburne, who quotes, as an example of the indefinable quality—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Mr. Swinburne says that "if not another word was left of the poem in which those two last lines occur, those two lines would suffice to show the hand of a poet differing, not in degree, but in kind, from the tribe of Byron or of Southey"—the Conservative singer of Wat Tyler. As to Byron I do not speak; but certainly the two lines, like two lines of Sappho's, if they alone survived, would give assurance of a poet of the true gift, of the unimpeachable inspiration. Such a line as

Ἦρος ἄγγελος ἱμεροφώνος ἀήδων,⁴

or

ὥς δὲ παῖς πεδὰ μάτερα πεπτερόγῳμαι,⁵

is not a more infallible proof of the existence of a true poet.

Mr. Courthope does not see this in the case of Wordsworth. He says the beauty of the fragment depends on the context. I quote his remark, which proves how vain it is to argue about poetry, how truly it is "a

⁴ "The dear glad angel of spring, the Nightingale."—BEN JONSON.

⁵ "Even as a child to its mother I flutter to thee." Both these passages are fragments of Sappho.

matter of perception." Mr. Courthope says, "The high quality of the verses depends upon their associations with the image of the solitary Highland reaper singing unconsciously her 'melancholy strain' in the midst of the autumn sheaves; detached from this image the lines would scarcely have been more affecting than our old friend, 'Barbara, celarent, &c.'" By an odd coincidence, and personal experience, I can disprove (in my own case) this dictum of Mr. Courthope's. When I was a freshman, with a great aversion to Wordsworth, and an almost exhaustive ignorance of his poetry, I chanced to ask a friend to suggest a piece of verse for Latin elegiacs. He answered, "Why don't you try

'Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.'"

I did *not* attempt to convert the lines into blundering elegiacs. I did not even ask for the context, but the beauty and enchantment of the sounds remained with me, singing to me, as it were, in lonely places beside the streams and below the hills. This is, perhaps, evidence that, for some hearers, the high quality of Wordsworth's touch, "when Nature took the pen from him," does *not* depend on the context, though from the context even that verse gains new charms. For what is all Celtic poetry but a memory

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago"?

In the long run, perhaps, as Mr. Courthope says, Mr. Swinburne "only proves by his argument that the poetry of Byron is of a different kind from the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley, and that he himself infinitely prefers the poetry of the two latter." Unluckily argument can prove no more than that the poetry which we "infinitely prefer" is of a different kind from the poetry of Pope and Johnson, and even from most of Thomson's. One cannot *de-*

monstrate that it is not only of a different kind but of an infinitely higher kind. That is matter for perception. But this one may say, and it may even appear of the nature of an argument, that the poetry of "a different kind," which I agree with so much more competent a judge as Mr. Swinburne in preferring, is not peculiar to any one people, or time, or movement. It is *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. I find this flower on the long wild, frozen plains and steppes, the *tundras*, of the Finnish epic, the 'Kalevala':—"The cold has spoken to me, and the rain has told me her runes; the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea, have spoken and sung to me, the wild birds have taught me, the music of many waters has been my master." So says the Runoia, and he speaks truly, but wind and rain, and fen and forest, cloud and sky and sea, never taught their lesson to the typical versifiers of the Conservative eighteenth century. I find their voices, and their enchantment, and their passion in Homer and Virgil, in Theocritus, and Sophocles, and Aristophanes, in the *volkslieder* of modern Greece, as in the ballads of the Scottish border, in Shakespeare and Marlowe, in Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay, in Cowper and Gray, as in Shelley and Scott and Coleridge, in Edgar Poe, in Heine, and in the Edda. Where I do not find this natural magic, and "element at once perceptible and indefinable," is in the 'Rape of the Lock,' 'The Essay on Man,' 'Eloisa to Abelard,' 'The Campaign,'—is in the typical verse of the classical and Conservative eighteenth century. Now, if I am right in what, after all, is a matter of perception, if all great poetry of all time has this one mark, this one element, and is of this one kind, while only the typical poetry of a certain three generations lacks the element, and is of another kind, can I be wrong in preferring *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*?

The late Rector of Lincoln College (a Liberal, to be sure, alas!) has defined

that which we consciously miss in Pope and Johnson as "the element of inspired feeling." Perhaps we cannot define it, and perhaps it is going too far to say, with the Rector, that "it is by courtesy that the versifiers of the century from Dryden to Churchill are styled poets." Let us call them "poets with a difference," for even Mr. Courthope will probably admit (what he says Mr. Swinburne has "proved" about Byron) that they are poets "of a different kind." Then let us prefer which kind we please, and be at rest. We, who prefer the kind that Homer began, and that Lord Tennyson continues, might add, as a reason for our choice, that our side is strong in the knowledge and rendering of Nature. Wordsworth, in a letter to Scott,¹ remarked that Dryden's was "not a poetical genius," although he possessed (what Chapelain, according to Théophile Gautier, *especially* lacked), "a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear." But, said Wordsworth, "there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works," and, "in his translation from Virgil, wherever Virgil can be fairly said to have had his *eye* upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage." So, it is generally confessed, does Pope spoil Homer, Homer who always has his eye on the object. I doubt if Chapman, when he says—

"And with the tops he bottoms all the deeps,
And all the bottoms in the tops he steeps,"

gives the spirit of a storm of Homer's worse than Pope does, when he remarks—

"The waves behind roll on the waves before."

Or where does Homer say that the stars—

"O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain head?"

Πάντα δὲ εἶδεται ἄστροπα,²

says Homer, and it is enough. The "yellower verdure," and the silver,

¹ Lockhart's 'Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott,' ii. 89.

² "And all the stars show plain."

and the rest of this precious stuff come from Pope, that minute observer of external nature. Mr. Courthope numbers Dryden, with Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Scott, among poets with "the power of reproducing the idea of external nature." It may be my unconscious Liberalism, but I prefer the view of that eminent Radical, William Wordsworth. Mr. Courthope elsewhere asserts that the writers of the best poetry of the eighteenth century (meaning Pope, I presume, and the rest), "faced nature boldly, and wrote about it in metre directly as they felt it." Probably, by "nature," Mr. Courthope means "human nature," for I cannot believe that Pope, boldly facing Nature on a starlit night, really saw a "yellower verdure" produced by "that obscure light which droppeth from the stars."

Before leaving the question of the value of typical eighteenth century poetry, one would recall Mr. Courthope's distinctions between the poetry of manners and national action, and the poetry of romance. I said that there was much romance in our national actions. Now, outside the sacred grove of Conservative and classical poetry, that romance of national action has been felt, has been fittingly sung. From the Fight of Brunanburh, to Drayton's 'Agincourt,' from Agincourt to Lord Tennyson's 'Revenge,' and Sir Francis Doyle's 'Red Thread of Honour,' we have certain worthy and romantic lyrics of national action. The Cavalier poets gave us many songs of England under arms, even Macaulay's 'Armada' stirs us like 'Chevy Chase,' or 'Kinmont Willie.' The Conservative and classical age of our poetry was an age of great actions. What, then, did the Conservative poets add to the lyrics of the romance of national action? Where is *their* 'Battle of the Baltic,' or their 'Mariners of England'? Why, till we come to Cowper (an early member of "the Liberal movement,") to Cowper and the 'Loss of the Royal George,' I declare I know not where to find a poet who

has discovered in national action any romance or any inspiration at all! What do we get, in place of the romance of national adventure, in place of 'Lucknow' and 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' from the classical period? Why, we get, at most, and at best,

" Though fens and floods possessed the middle
space
That unprovoked they would have feared to
pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's
bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their border
stands."¹

I recommend the historical and topographical accuracy of the second line, and the musical correctness of the fourth. Not thus did Scott sing how—

" The stubborn spearsmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,"

and I doubt if Achilles found any such numbers, when Patroclus entered his tent, *ἀείδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν*.² The Conservative age, somehow, was less patriotic than the poets of "the Liberal movement."

Space fails me, and I cannot join battle with Mr. Courthope as to the effect of science on poetry, and as to the poetry of savage times and peoples, though I am longing to criticise the verses of Dieyries and Narrinyeries, and the *karakias* of the Maoris, and the great Maori epic, so wonderfully Homeric, and the songs of the Ojibbeways and Malagasies. When Macaulay said, "as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines," I doubt if much Dieyri or Narrinyeri verse was present to his consciousness. But this belongs to a separate discussion.

I have tried to show that, by intro-

¹ Of course there are better things than this in the 'Campaign' of the inspired Mr. Addison.

² "And he was singing of the glorious deeds of men."

ducing political terms into poetical criticism, and by having his eye on politics when discoursing of poetry, Mr. Courthope has not made obscure matters clearer, and has, perhaps, been betrayed into a strained affection for the Conservative and classical school. His definition of what gives a poet his rank, "his capacity for producing lasting pleasure by the metrical expression of thought, of whatever kind it may be," certainly admits Pope and some of his followers. But, as a mere matter of perception, I must continue to think them "poets with a difference," different from Homer, Sappho, Theocritus, Virgil, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Heine. This is the conclusion of a romanticist, who maintains that the best things in Racine, the best things in Aristophanes, the best things in the Book of Job, are romantic. But I willingly acknowledge that the classical movement, the Conservative movement, the movement which Waller began and Pope completed, was inevitable, necessary, salutary.

I am not ungrateful to Pope and Waller; but they hold of Apollo in his quality of leech, rather than of minstrel, and they "rather seem his healing son," Asclepius, than they resemble the God of the Silver Bow. As to the future of our poetry, whether poets should return to "the simple iambic movements" or not, who can predict? It all depends on the poets, probably unborn, who are to succeed Mr. Matthew Arnold and Lord Tennyson. But I hope that, if our innumerable lyric measures are to be deserted, it may be after my time. I see nothing opposed to a moderate Conservatism in anapæsts, but I fear Mr. Courthope suspects the lyric Muse herself of a dangerous Radicalism.

ANDREW LANG.

ON LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST is one of the earliest of Shakspeare's dramas, and has many of the peculiarities of his poems, which are also the work of his earlier life. The opening speech of the King on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron, have something of the monumental style of Shakspeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression. This connection of the play with his poems is further enforced by the insertion in it of three sonnets and a faultless song; which, in accordance with Shakspeare's practice in other plays, are inwoven into the action of the piece and, like the golden ornaments of a fair woman, give it a peculiar air of distinction. There is merriment in it also, with choice illustrations of both wit and humour; a laughter often exquisite, ringing, if faintly, yet as genuine laughter still, though sometimes sinking into mere burlesque, which has not lasted quite so well. And Shakspeare brings a serious effect out of the trifling of his characters. A dainty love-making is interchanged with the more cumbrous play; below the many artifices of Biron's amorous speeches we may trace sometimes the "unutterable longing;" and the lines in which Katherine describes the blighting through love of her younger sister are one of the most touching things in older literature.¹ Again, how many echoes seem awakened by those strange words, actually said in jest!—"The sweet war-man (Hector of Troy) is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man"—words which may remind us of Shakspeare's own epitaph. In the last scene, an ingenious turn is given to the action, so that the piece

¹ Act v., scene ii.

does not conclude after the manner of other comedies—

"Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill:"

and Shakspeare strikes a passionate note across it at last, in the entrance of the messenger, who announces to the Princess that the King her father is suddenly dead.

The merely dramatic interest of the piece is slight enough—only just sufficient, indeed, to be the vehicle of its wit and poetry. The scene—a park of the King of Navarre—is unaltered throughout; and the unity of the play is not so much the unity of a drama as that of a series of pictorial groups, in which the same figures reappear, in different combinations, but on the same background. It is as if Shakspeare had intended to bind together, by some inventive conceit, the devices of an ancient tapestry, and give voices to its figures. On one side, a fair palace; on the other, the tents of the Princess of France, who has come on an embassy from her father to the King of Navarre; in the midst, a wide space of smooth grass. The same personages are combined over and over again into a series of gallant scenes—the Princess, the three masked ladies, the quaint, pedantic King—one of those amiable kings men have never loved enough, whose serious occupation with the things of the mind seems, by contrast with the more usual forms of kingship, like frivolity or play. Some of the figures are grotesque merely, and, all the male ones at least, a little fantastic. Certain objects reappearing from scene to scene—love-letters crammed with verses to the margin, and lovers' toys—hint obscurely at some story of intrigue. Between these groups, on a smaller scale, come the slighter and more

homely episodes, with Sir Nathaniel the curate, the country-maid Jaquenetta, Moth or Mote the elfin-page, with Hiems and Ver, who recite "the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo." The ladies are lodged in tents, because the King, like the princess of the modern poet's fancy, has taken a vow

"To make his court a little Academe,"

and for three years' space no woman may come within a mile of it; and the play shows how this artificial attempt was broken through. For the King and his three fellow-scholars are of course soon forsworn, and turn to writing sonnets, each to his chosen lady. These fellow-scholars of the King—"quaint votaries of science," at first, afterwards, "affection's men-at-arms"—three youthful knights, gallant, amorous, chivalrous, but also a little affected, sporting always a curious foppery of language—are throughout the leading figures in the foreground; one of them, in particular, being more carefully depicted than the others, and in himself very noticeable—a portrait with somewhat puzzling manner and expression, which at once catches the eye irresistibly and keeps it fixed.

Play is often that about which people are most serious; and the humorist may observe how, under all love of playthings, there is almost always hidden an appreciation of something really engaging and delightful. This is true always of the toys of children; it is often true of the playthings of grown-up people, their vanities, their fopperies even—the cynic would add their pursuit of fame and their lighter loves. Certainly, this is true without exception of the playthings of a past age, which to those who succeed it are always full of pensive interest—old manners, old dresses, old houses. For what is called fashion in these matters occupies, in each age, much of the care of many of the most discerning people, furnishing them with a kind of mirror

of their real inward refinements, and their capacity for selection. Such modes or fashions are, at their best, an example of the artistic predominance of form over matter; of the manner of the doing of it over the thing done; and have a beauty of their own. It is so with that old euphuism of the Elizabethan age—that pride of dainty language and curious expression, which it is very easy to ridicule, which often made itself ridiculous, but which had below it a real sense of fitness and nicety; and which, as we see in this very play, and still more clearly in the Sonnets, had some fascination for the young Shakspeare himself. It is this foppery of delicate language, this fashionable plaything of his time, with which Shakspeare is occupied in 'Love's Labours Lost.' He shows us the manner in all its stages; passing from the grotesque and vulgar pedantry of Holofernes, through the extravagant but polished caricature of Armado, to become the peculiar characteristic of a real though still quaint poetry in Biron himself—still chargeable, even at his best, with just a little affectation. As Shakspeare laughs broadly at it in Holofernes or Armado, he is the analyst of its curious charm in Biron; and this analysis involves a delicate raillery by Shakspeare himself at his own chosen manner.

This "foppery" of Shakspeare's day had, then, its really delightful side, a quality in no sense "affected," by which it satisfies a real instinct in our minds—the fancy so many of us have for an exquisite and curious skill in the use of words. Biron is the perfect flower of this manner—

"A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight"

—as he describes Armado, in terms which are really applicable to himself. In him this manner blends with a true gallantry of nature, and an affectionate complaisance and grace. He has at times some of its extravagance or caricature also, but the shades of expression by which he

passes from this to the "golden cadence" of Shakspeare's own chosen verse, are so fine, that it is sometimes difficult to trace them. What is a vulgarity in Holofernes, and a caricature in Armado, refines itself in him into the expression of a nature truly and inwardly bent upon a form of delicate perfection, and is accompanied by a real insight into the laws which determine what is exquisite in language, and their root in the nature of things. He can appreciate quite the opposite style—

"In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes;"
he knows the first law of pathos, that—

"Honest plain words best suit the ear of grief."

He delights in his own rapidity of intuition; and, in harmony with the half-sensuous philosophy of the Sonnets, exalts, a little scornfully, in many memorable expressions, the judgment of the senses, above all slower, more toilsome means of knowledge, scorning some who fail to see things only because they are so clear—

"So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes"—

as with some German commentators on Shakspeare. Appealing always to actual sensation from men's affected theories, he might seem to despise learning; as, indeed, he has taken up his deep studies partly in play, and demands always the profit of learning in renewed enjoyment; yet he surprises us from time to time by intuitions which can come only from a deep experience and power of observation; and men listen to him, old and young, in spite of themselves. He is quickly impressible to the slightest clouding of the spirits in social intercourse, and has his moments of extreme seriousness; his trial-task may well be, as Rosaline puts it—

"To enforce the pained impotent to smile."
But still, through all, he is true to his chosen manner; that gloss of dainty

language is a second nature with him; even at his best he is not without a certain artifice; the trick of playing on words never deserts him; and Shakspeare, in whose own genius there is an element of this very quality, shows us in this graceful, and, as it seems, studied, portrait, his enjoyment of it.

As happens with every true dramatist, Shakspeare is for the most part hidden behind the persons of his creation. Yet there are certain of his characters in which we feel that there is something of self-portraiture. And it is not so much in his grander, more subtle and ingenious creations that we feel this—in Hamlet and King Lear—as in those slighter and more spontaneously developed figures, who, while far from playing principal parts, are yet distinguished by a certain peculiar happiness and delicate ease in the drawing of them—figures which possess, above all, that winning attractiveness which there is no man but would willingly exercise, and which resemble those works of art which, though not meant to be very great or imposing, are yet wrought of the choicest material. Mercutio, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' belongs to this group of Shakspeare's characters—versatile, mercurial people, such as make good actors, and in whom the

"Nimble spirits of the arteries,"

the finer but still merely animal elements of great wit, predominate. A careful delineation of little, characteristic traits seems to mark them out as the characters of his predilection; and it is hard not to identify him with these more than with others. Biron, in 'Love's Labours Lost,' is perhaps the most striking member of this group. In this character, which is never quite in touch with, never quite on a perfect level of understanding with the other persons of the play, we see, perhaps, a reflex of Shakspeare himself, when he has just become able to stand aside from and estimate the first period of his poetry.

WALTER PATER.

IRISH SHOOTINGS.

IN the month of November, 1883, I was on a visit to a relative who lived in a remote district in the south-west of Ireland; and as my host was an invalid and his two sons were at school I was thrown pretty much on my own resources for amusement.

One morning I started after breakfast with a couple of dogs to explore a distant *coom*, or mountain valley, where I was promised the chance of five or six brace of woodcock, and the certainty of a fine view of the surrounding hills and distant sea.

The morning was dark and lowering, but the barometer stood high, and there did not seem to be any danger of rain. I found the *coom* more distant than I had expected, and also lost a good deal of time in looking for snipe in a promising bog which lay a little off my road. The birds were wild, and the bogs so full of water after recent rains that I could not get near them; as a countryman whom I met informed me, "Ye won't get widin the screech of a jackass of them, for ye makes as much nize as a steamer paddlin' through all that wather;" so I abandoned the chase after securing three or four couple. The man was friendly, and seemed inclined for a talk.

"Where are ye goin' now, yer honour? if I might make so bould," he asked as I turned away.

"I'm going up to Coomeana," I replied.

"Why thin? What to do there, yer honour, might I ax, if it's plazin' to ye?"

"To look for a cock. Are there any about?"

"Cocks is it, why wouldn't they? Begor, it do be crawlin' wid them sometimes. Ye wouldn't have the laste taste of tibbacky about ye, yer

honour? I hadn't a shough (pull) of the pipe wid three days, and I'm just starved for the want of it."

"All right," said I. "Here you are," and I pulled out my tobacco pouch and gave him a couple of ounces of cavendish. He bit it with the air of a *connoisseur*, and his not very attractive countenance brightened.

"Oh, glory!" said he, "why thin long life to you!" and he "let," as he would have expressed it, "a lep out himself," and sitting down on a stone, proceeded to charge an almost stemless *dhudheen* without loss of time. I wished him good morning, whistled to the dogs and went my way.

Presently I heard the steps of one running behind me, and turning back was aware of my friend pursuing. When he overtook me, he civilly removed his pipe, which was now all aglow, and after eying it lovingly, said,

"Whisper, yer honour. Ye'll be the sthrange gintleman that's stoppin' wid Misther Bourke over yondher?"

"Yes," I replied. "What of that?"

"Oh, nothin' at all, sir. I thought so meself. The byes (boys) were tellin' me that ye was the civil gintleman to the poor people, and that ye has great nature, and so I finds ye, be Job. And"—after a pause, "ye're goin' up Coomeana afther the cocks? Well, good sport to yer honour—" another pause. "Don't ye be out too late. Them mountains is lonesome about nightfall," he added musingly.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of the fairies," I replied.

"Whisht, sir," said he, this time with real concern. "'Tisn't looky (lucky) to be talkin' of the good people," touching his hat, "out in these bogs. 'Tisn't thim I manes at

all, only ye know," said he insinuatingly, "the little mountain paths is crass (cross, difficult) to a stranger, and ye might lose yer way or fall into a bog-hole. That's a purty gun ye has," said he admiringly; "does she scatter well now?"

"No, I should hope not," said I.

"Och, that's a pity," he replied; for an Irish peasant not being generally a good shot, except at landlords, policemen and such big game, his ideal of a shot-gun is a weapon which will scatter well, and give him most chances.

"Well, good evenin' to yer honour, and good look anyways," and as I was turning away he added carelessly, "don't ye be out too late."

I thought his manner strange, but did not attach any significance to his warning. Mr. Bourke was on fair terms with his tenants, and though the times were troublous he had never even received a threatening letter; besides I was known to be a stranger, with no stake in the country, and was also, as my friend said, a favourite with the boys.

It was a weary way up the mountain side and the afternoon was well advanced before I reached my destination. The view down the mountain gorge was very fine, and under a fair sky, with the hill sides in alternate light and shadow, must have been magnificent. But as I saw it then, range after range stretched away in gloomy loneliness to the ocean, which lay dull and leaden some miles away, with a hooker or coasting craft, dark and solitary, lying becalmed or at anchor close in shore. I did not, however, waste time in studying the view, for I soon came upon the birds, though this was certainly not one of the days quoted by my friend below, when the place was "crawlin' with them." They lay close too; and as Irish dogs are generally better at snipe than cock, and there was no wind, they often got up behind me, making me lose much time in following them; so that the evening was closing in before I had shot more

than four couple, and as my host had told me not to show my face with less than six, I determined to bestir myself, and calling the dogs I started for a little valley about half a mile away into which I had marked several birds, and which I had been told before starting was the surest find on the mountain.

This valley was not more than half a mile away as the crow flies; but then I am not a crow, and I had to go up one little hill and down another, and to make a long circuit round a shaking bog, so that by the time I had got to my hunting ground, and had shot one bird, the night was coming on apace; and to make matters worse, a mist came sweeping up from the sea, which grew thicker every instant, so that when I at last made up my mind to turn my face homewards, I was at a loss which way to turn it.

The hill-tops were by this time hidden in mist, so that in the fading light I could make out no landmarks. I knew that the wind had sprung up from seaward, but it was very light, and seemed shifty and uncertain. I hit at last upon a path, which seemed like that by which I had come up; but after following it for more than a mile, it led me to a brawling stream, which I had not met before, and I began to suspect that I had been following it away from home instead of homewards.

I then tried back for a mile and a half or more, by which time it was nearly dark, and then I lost the path altogether. I took a pull at my flask, and ate the remains of a piece of oat-cake which I had brought with me in the morning. I called the dogs and spoke to them, and encouraged them to make a show of their wonderful instinct and lead me home; but they only sat on their tails, and whimpered and shivered, looking at me sadly, as though to ask why I had got them into such a mess.

I shouted and shouted, but no answer came back upon the wind. I was tired and wet and wretched; so I

lit my pipe, which gave me some little comfort, and made up my mind to walk on till I came somewhere, or till I found a convenient heap of stones, which would give me some shelter from the wind and now thickly falling rain, till morning.

The moon would not rise for some hours, so there was no use in waiting for her. I therefore plodded on slowly, taking comfort from the thought that things could not be worse, as I brought to mind the great poet's words, "the worst is not, as long as we can say, This is the worst." But soon I found my mistake; for after walking about another mile I put my foot into a hole and fell and wrenched my ankle, so that walking, which was before only tiring, now became painful, and having come to a good high cairn of those great ice-borne boulders so common in the south and west, I crept into a hollow between two of them and, with the dogs lying close beside me for warmth and company, soon dozed off to sleep, being very weary.

I may have slept for an hour or more, when I was awakened by the barking of one of the dogs. He was seated on a hillock outside, barking, and looking into the distance, where I could see nothing, though the rain had ceased and the stars were now shining. But I soon discovered that he was answering another dog, for after listening intently I heard in the distance, far below me, that measured *yap, yap, yap*, followed by intervals of silence, which is so hard to bear when one wants to sleep, and the watchdog's dishonest bark either "bays the whispering wind," or holds distant converse with a neighbour. So I got up, and though my ankle was swollen and painful, I girded myself and went my way, guided by the sound. After stumbling wearily along, and falling many times, I at last arrived at what seemed to be a farm-house of the better sort, through the window of which I saw with great joy a cheerful fire blazing.

The dog who had led me thither was seated on a dunghill outside the door, and was soon waging fierce battle with both my dogs, and the noise which they made, and my cries whilst striving to part them, soon roused the inmates. The door was opened, and a girl's voice was heard calling, "Taypot, Taypot, ye blaggard, come in out of that!" whilst a deeper voice in the background asked—

"Who's there? Come in whoever ye are, in the name of God."

The girl who was standing at the door started back on seeing the gun, but being aware of "the smell-dogs," as our American cousins call them, and noting my sporting gear, she said in a pleasant voice, "Come in out of the could, sir, sure it's late ye're out. Och! 'Tis destroyed with the wet ye are. He's lame too, the crayture," she added kindly. "Is it the way ye hurted yerself, sir?"

"Put a chair for the gentleman, Mary. Have ye no manners?" said an old man who was crouching on a settle in the ingle nook. "I can't stir meself, sir," he added; "I'm fairly bate wid the rheumatism. Maybe 'tis the way ye got lost on the mountain, sir? I seen the fog comin' up and 'tisn't the first time I seen that same to happen to a gentleman in that very shpot. That mountain is very vinimous to them that isn't well acquainted wid it."

So I told him my tale and asked him if I could stop for the night, for he let me know that Mr. Bourke's house was "a matther of seven Irish mile away," and he replied,

"Why then to be sure! and welcome, only it's a poor place for the likes of yer honour, but if ye're any relation of Mither Bourke ye can't help bein' a rale gentleman, and ye won't mind it. 'Tis only them half sirs and the likes that's conthráry in themselves, and that the divil himself couldn't plaze; and Mary, sure his honour will be hungry, small blame to him! We'll have the praties biled in a brace of shakes, and a rasher of

bacon, and a basin of milk; sure that's better than the hunger anyways, though 'tisn't what ye're used to."

Here I may remark that the Irish peasant is essentially a well-bred person, and might set an example of good manners to many who look upon themselves as his social superiors. An Irishman, even of the poorest, will give you the shelter of his roof and all that his poor house contains with perfect hospitality, and with a true welcome, and having once and for all apologised for the shortcomings of his *ménage*, will not (as he considers it) insult your good feeling by further excuses; but will take it for granted that you will accept the best which he can give you, be it good or bad, in the same kindly spirit in which he offers it.

It was not very long before I was sitting down to a smoking dish of excellent potatoes, and an appetising rasher, which Mary deftly cooked, having learned (as she informed me) cooking and other accomplishments at the convent school. Now that I had time to look at her, I discovered that she was an uncommonly handsome and attractive girl, about nineteen years of age, dark-haired, with large merry blue eyes, "put in with a dirty finger"—a distinctly Spanish type of face and figure, such as you meet now and then in the west and south, in remarkable contrast to the aboriginal type, which it must be confessed, is the reverse of attractive. It is strange how traces of the old Spanish connection crop up, and how the young people sometimes "throw back" to the southern ancestor. One also lights upon other links of the broken chain now and then, in out-of-the-way places. Thus to my great surprise I happened on a little boy not long ago in a southern county whose Christian name was Alfonso, though his surname was only Egan. His parents told me that he was called after his great-grandfather, but they had no tradition of any Spanish connection, and of a truth they bore no

outward token of any such strain of foreign blood.

Mary's father, too, was to all appearance a Celt. He was a big, black-bearded man, well past middle age. He must have been a strong able man in his day, but he now seemed bowed down with pain and sickness. The family consisted, in addition to these two, of an active, bright-eyed boy about thirteen years of age, two younger children, and a stout, red-legged servant maid.

After I had finished a hearty meal, seasoned with the best of sauce, I produced my flask, into which I had dipped but modestly, and Mary having brought glasses and the "matarials," I proceeded to mix a couple of stiff tumblers for her father and myself; and having persuaded him after due apology to join me in a pipe, we drew round the blazing fire of turf and bog-deal into the cosy ingle nook, and laid ourselves out for a chat.

The old man seemed delighted to break the monotony of his life by conversation with a stranger, and I interested them all by giving them an account of the United States, where I had been travelling a short time before, and to which many of their relations and friends had emigrated. Then we began to talk about the state of the country, concerning which they were much more reticent.

"It was purty quiet in these parts, glory be to God!" said the old man, "though I'm tould there's bad work elsewhere."

He said his own farm was a good one, with "the grass of fifteen cows," for the extent of farms in the wild west is measured by their grazing capabilities, not by the acreage. His rent was fair, and the times he admitted were pretty good.

"Were there any bad characters about?" I asked.

"Well, no, not many; barrin' wan, and he was on the run (flying from justice), and a good job too."

"Who was he, and what had he done?"

"He was wan Murty O'Hea, a broken farmer, and a bad mimber everyways, and there was a warrant out agin him, along of a dacent boy of the O'Connors that he kilt, and that swore informations agin him accordingly."

"Yes, and there's no fear he'd bate him—no, nor two like him—only he got a vacancy on him (got inside his guard) by chance, and gave him a contráry (foul) sthroke, wan dark night," said Mary.

"Oho!" said I, "you seem to know all about it, Mary. It wasn't about you that they were fighting, was it?"

At which Mary blushed and hung her head and showed her long eyelashes, and looked quite pretty enough to have been the cause of one of those dreadful wars which we are told did not begin with Helen.

"But was that the only reason he was for running away?" I asked.

"Och, no," replied the father. "He owed five years' rent to the masther, and his credit was bate wid all the shopkeepers, and what he owed for whiskey is unknownst; and the masther ejected him a year ago, and nobody would take the farm for fear of him and of his faction, that's sthrong in these parts, till meself tuk the grazin' of half of it for six months, for I has more cattle than I can feed; but nobody will go to live there."

"Yes, and sorry I am ye ever had anything to say to it, and 'twould be betther for ye a dale if ye tuk my advice and left it alone. 'Tisn't looky," said Mary.

"Why thin, maybe ye're right, and I'm thinkin' I'll be said by ye, Mary, and give it up next week, for ye has a dale of sinse—sometimes—for a shlip of a girl. Come hether to me. Whisper," said he; and after a short colloquy Mary lighted a candle and went out.

"I sees ye're sleepy, sir," said the old man. "Ye had a long day. Is the fut bad wid ye now, yer honour?"

"Oh, no," said I. "It's a little

swollen, but I can walk all right, at any rate with my boot off."

"Well, Mary will have the bed ready in the room for ye prisintly, and though it's a poor place for the likes of ye, ye're young, God bless ye, and ye're tired; ye'll get a good sleep. Och hone! 'tis many's the night since I had the good sleep, wid me joints, and a toothache in every knuckle of them!"

Here we were interrupted by the loud barking of the house-dog, to which my two pointers responded with growlings. The latch was raised, and a countryman burst in. He had neither coat nor hat, and he looked wild and distraught, his clothes dripping with water as though he had fallen into some dyke or bog-hole.

"Oh, Paddy," he cried, "ye unfortunate crature! Run! Run for yer life! They're comin' to ye to-night, and if they ketches ye, ye're a dead man. Didn't I tell ye how 'twould be, when ye was so covations and couldn't let that farm alone?"

Poor Paddy trembled visibly, whilst Mary, who had joined us, turned very white, and the children clustered round us, crying.

"Run is it!" answered Paddy. "That's a quare story! How would the likes of me run, when I can only crawl across the flure, about as quick as a dhrucktheen? (a slug). Run? Moryah! (forsooth). 'Tis aisy to say run, and where would I run to? Ye knows as well as me that none of the neighbours would lave me in if them 'is comin' that you knows of. Och ullagone! If they'll kill me out of hand 'tis little I cares, only for Mary and the childher. Well, 'tis the will of God, I suppose. Glory be to his name: Amin!"—a response in which all the others, even the little children, joined.

"Who's coming?" asked I, "and what's it all about?"

"Who's this?" asked the new comer, in whom I recognised my friend of the morning. "Och! 'tis the gintleman from Misther Bourke's.

Come away, yer honour, this is no place for the likes of you. What did I tell you this mornin'?"

"Yes, but what's the row?" said I. "I don't understand."

"'Tis the Land Layguers," he replied in a low voice, and pointing to my host. "He's broke the rules, and 'tis the ordher, I'm tould. They'll kill him to-night. There's no fear of the childher, they won't touch them. Do you come away wid me, yer honour; I'll see ye safe."

"Indeed I won't," said I. "They took me in when I was wet and hungry, and gave me food and shelter, and I won't desert them now at a pinch. Besides, look at my foot. I couldn't walk if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. Will you stay yourself and help to fight?"

"Is it me?" he said, turning pale. "Och, no, I darn't; and what could the likes of me do?"

"Will you go and warn the polis, then?" asked Mary, who seemed to be recovering her courage and her colour.

"No, I'd be afeard," he replied. "Sure, all the counthry would know 'twas me that sould the pass. Them polis wouldn't keep it saycret; there's no thrusting them."

"Dinny," cried Mary, turning to one of the boys, "you go."

"I will," said Dinny, jumping up and snatching his cap.

"How far is the police station?" I asked.

"'Tis a matther of four Irish mile, and meself is afeard the polis is sent away wid false news to the wesht."

"Dinny," said Mary, whilst her cheeks were dyed with a bright blush, "call down first to Darby O'Connor's. Tell him that we're set, and to carry the car and the mare, and to dhrive like the divil afther the polis, and to bring them back wid him."

"Good!" said I; "you're a brave girl, and we're not dead yet;" and I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote on it an urgent message.

"Give this to the sergeant, Dinny,"

No. 314.—VOL. LIII.

said I, "and tell him, when he comes within hearing of the house, to fire a shot, and to let a screech out of himself, and we'll hold out as long as we can."

"How soon will they be here, James?" asked Paddy.

"They won't be here before an hour, anyways, and maybe not till the latther ind of the night. They're comin' from the say. Murty O'Hea is the head of them, and there's seven or eight black (surly, determined) boys wid him, sthrangers from the islands I'm tould; but they're waitin' for some sinther (centre) from the County Limerick. Well, God help ye all this night! Come away, Dinny. I'll see ye safe as far as Darby's. God bless yer honour! Ye're a brave gintleman. I said to meself this mornin' that ye was the right sort." And they went out and shut the door.

"Now, Mary," said I, "come along; you and the girl. We must make the house as secure as we can. We have plenty of time, and we're not going to be killed like sheep."

First I turned out my game bag, and found, to my horror, that I had only seven cartridges left, and three of them were snipe shot, whilst the remainder were only No. 6. I had taken fewer than usual with me, not expecting much sport, and of these I had wasted too many in wild shooting. "Never mind," said I; "the greater reason for shooting straight now."

First I inspected the fortress. The dwelling-house consisted, as is usual in the houses of the peasantry, of two living-rooms only, separated by a partition, with the chimney at one side and a high gable at the other. The kitchen had two doors directly facing each other, and was lighted by a single window in the front. The bedroom was also lighted by one window, which looked to the rear; and communicating with the bedroom by a small door, and running at right angles to the rear of the dwelling-house, was a third room or

store-house, with a second door opening on the back yard. This room was now half full of potatoes and turnips.

The front door was as strong as I could desire, being made of solid oak (the spoil of some wreck), firmly bolted and bound with iron. The back door, however, was weak; both were fastened by ricketty locks and good stout wooden bars. I found that there was good store of suitable timber for barricading both doors and windows; the loft, which extended as usual from the fire-place to half-way across the living-room, being altogether floored with "treble deals," also from some wreck. These deals were not nailed, but were laid loose across the joists, each deal being about fifteen feet long by eighteen inches wide, and three inches thick. I also found some shorter pieces, which, placed against the door panels, served as backing; and having buttressed them firmly with rows of deals secured by wedges to others, which I laid flat upon the floor from wall to wall, and fastened with stout nails, or rather spikes, of which I found a goodly bag, I felt pretty sure that my doors could stand a siege, if the enemy were unprovided with a battering train. The windows I secured in a similar fashion with mattresses, leaving a loop-hole in each.

I then, with the assistance of the women and the eldest boy, made the store-room's outer door safe by piling up all the turnips and potatoes against it, thus making a most effectual barricade. By the time this was done I found that it was a quarter past eleven, and the boy had been gone just three-quarters of an hour. "He ought to be nearly at the police station now, Mary," said I.

"He ought so," said she, "if he tuk the horse. She cango, niver fear, and Darby won't spare her. Only if the polis was sent away afther a red herring, 'twill be a bad job."

"Well, maybe they've found out their mistake by this time. We can

hold out for an hour at any rate, unless they burn us."

"I don't think there's much fear of that," said the father. "The thatch is ould and rotten, and 'tis soaked wid the wather for the last week. I'm goin' to have it renewed wid two years. 'Tis looky now I didn't;" and he evidently hugged himself upon his foresight, and became a little more cheerful.

"Now," said I, "put out the fire, and put the candle behind the door in the room, so that 'twill just give us light to move about by, and no more. By the way, you haven't got a crow-bar, have you?"

"Why wouldn't we?" said Mary. "Here it is, and a bill-hook too, a good sthrong one."

"Oh, it's not to fight with that I want the crow-bar, but that bill-hook is a good weapon at a pinch. Put it behind the door, Mary. Is it sharp?"

"'Tis, sir. I put a great edge on it meself yestherday, in the way I'd cut down some furze wid it."

"Good," said I; "now bring the light," and going into the store-room, after a good deal of labour (for all the walls were over two feet thick) I knocked out two loop-holes, whereby I could command the back door. I only wished that I had a similar coign of vantage from which to enfilade the front; in which case, if we were fire-proof, as the old man thought, I might set the gang at defiance, or at any rate as long as my cartridges should last. Unfortunately the relative positions of the front door and window were such that any one standing close to the former could not be touched from the latter.

I left the maid-servant and the eldest child, a sharp boy of eleven, on guard at the loop-holes, and returned to the kitchen. The old man was crooning over the scattered embers; Mary was standing by his side, pale and quiet. We waited long. No sound broke the stillness, save the occasional smothered whine of one

of the dogs who was hunting in his dreams, and the old man's laboured breathing, broken sometimes by a stifled cough. Mary had sunk down upon the settle, and covered her face with her hands.

The servant girl stirred uneasily, and knocked down a heap of potatoes which rolled along the earthen floor. The shrill whistle of a red-shank, flying overhead, startled us for an instant. I looked through the loop-holed window; the sea lay calm and still in the moonlight, darkened towards the horizon by a light breeze, which was creeping in. The light was dim, for the air was full of vapour, but there was enough to shoot by.

"Mary," I heard the old man whisper, "ye'll bury me, agragal, in Kilcolman churchyard by the mother, and ye'll give me a decent funeral; and maybe when I'm dead thim that looked black on me of late will forget it and come to me wake. Yer mother had a great wake, and there was a power of people at her funeral, though maybe ye doesn't remember it; and me father aiqually so. God rest their souls this night!"

"Whisht, father, whisht!" replied Mary. "The tibbacky isn't sowed yet that will be smoked at yer wake."

"It's ten minutes past twelve now," said I; "surely the police at any rate ought to be showing up."

Just then the dog, which we had turned out of doors, began to growl. Then came a few short barks, as he jumped behind a hedge some thirty yards to the front, after which he was suddenly silent, and I heard some one saying, in a low and insinuating voice, "Taypot, poor Taypot! doesn't you know me?" followed by the sound of a dull stroke and a sharp yelp, which instantly ceased.

"Tell Judy to keep a sharp look-out, Mary," said I, "and don't you stop in front of the door."

"All right, sir," said she.

Then there was an interval of silence, lasting for at least ten

minutes; nothing stirred in front, and the tension of our nerves was becoming painful.

"What *can* they be waiting for?" said I.

"Maybe the whole of them isn't come yet," replied Mary.

"Well, the longer they wait the better. 'Twill give the police more time to come up. When they come, Mary, do you answer them; but don't speak for some minutes, just as if you were getting out of bed, and stand close to the wall."

"They'll thry the back dure first, sir; 'tis the wakest."

"So much the better. If they do, I'll mark one of them, at any rate, and maybe two. Oh, if I only had a bullet!"

Just then Judy rushed in. "They're coming to the back dure, sir!"

"How many?" I asked.

"Oh, a power of them. How can I tell how many? Isn't their faces black? Murty O'Hea is there for wan. I'd know the voice of him if his head was off his shoulders."

I lost no time in getting to my loop-hole in the store-room. The boy was squatted eager-eyed at the other. They were eight in all. Four were armed with guns, the others had only Olé-alpines (or black-thorn sticks). Brave fellows, they were not afraid even with such slight weapons to face a rheumatic old man! All their faces were blackened. As I got into position, a powerful, undersized, red-bearded savage, whom I recognised by the description given me as Mary's quondam lover, was in the act of knocking at the door. He knocked three times before there was any answer. All the others remained drawn up in line, with their backs to the wall, at the side farthest from the window.

At last I heard Mary ask, in a sleepy tone, "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the reply, evidently in a disguised voice.

"Well, friend, what does ye want at this hour?"

"I wants to see the man of the house. I has a message for him."

"Well, keep it till the mornin'. I'm not goin' to open the dure at this hour of the night, and bad mimbres about too, as maybe ye knows. To the divil wid yerself and yer message!"

But though poor Mary spoke so bravely, I noted that her voice trembled. Then came a low curse in Irish.

"Come on, boys," cried the ruffian, "ye knows what we has to do. There's no use in waitin'."

Just then the moon shone out from behind a veil of mist. I levelled my gun, took a steady and careful aim at the fellow's eye, and pulled the trigger; but, as bad luck would have it, just at that instant he stooped to put his eye to the key-hole, and the shot glanced over him, but caught his next neighbour (who was a tall man) in the shoulder. He staggered and yelled but did not fall; and as the whole mob turned to fly, I let drive at the lot of them, peppering more than one, as the chorus of yells which followed the shot bore witness; but I apparently left their leader untouched, and before I could reload, they had all taken refuge behind a hedge some distance to the rear.

"Well done, yer honour!" cried the little boy in wild delight. "Begor, ye warmed them anyways. Did ye see that last fellow scratchin' himself as if bees was swarmin' about him?"

"Go back to your hole, you young scamp, and don't take your eye off it, or I'll warm *you*, where I warmed him. And you, Judy, come back too."

"Did ye kill *him*?" cried Mary, excitedly. "Oh, if ye only kilt *him*, I don't care what would happen to us."

"No, Mary, I'm afraid not. Better luck next time."

"Och! 'tis a pity," said she.

"They'll try the front door next," said I. "We must keep a sharp look-out." But we waited long. At last I said to my companion, "I think they've had enough."

"No fear," she replied. "If that

one is alive they'll be back." But we waited and waited, and though I thought I heard a confused murmur, still no one appeared. At last Judy came stealing in.

"I'm thinkin'," said she, "there's wan on the roof."

"Where?" asked I.

"The room."

I stole in gently, and after listening for a moment, I could distinctly hear some one above, fumbling as it seemed with the thatch.

"He's thryin' to set it a-fire," said Judy. "I think 'twill bate him. Ye might as well thry to light a wather-fall wid two matches."

"Well," said I, "'tis a pity to waste No. 6 at such close quarters," so I slipped in a cartridge of snipe shot, and putting the muzzle of the gun close to the sound, I fired. There was the noise of a body slipping down the steep roof, a heavy thud followed by a deep groan, and all was still.

"That's three cartridges gone, and two fellows disabled at any rate. Stand back!" I cried, as I saw a flash from the hedge in front, followed by a volley, which struck the front door, apparently without penetrating.

"That's good," said Mary, "bark away! Maybe ye'll wake the polis in time."

After this we had another and a longer respite, but we could hear a confused murmur of voices, apparently in altercation, from the direction of the haggard (hay-yard or hay-guard).

"I think they must have got more help," said the old man, who had regained his courage and was now to all appearances enjoying the fight.

"Keep a good look-out, Judy," I cried to our sentry.

"Never fear, yer honour. They're buzzin' like bees behind there."

"I think," said I, "they must have some one with them who has smelt powder before, or they would have had enough by this time."

"Most like," replied Mary. "Tim Healy, a Yankee Irishman that was in the war, wid two more sstrangers,

was seen at the crass-roads on Sunday."

"Here they come," said I. "What devilment are they up to now?"

I might well ask. They had got a cart and piled it with sheaves of oats, and lashed bundles of straw to the axle so as to protect their legs; and as the haggard was unfortunately on a higher level than the house, they had no difficulty in running this *testudo* down the road which led to the latter.

"'Tis the way they're goin' to burn us!" cried Mary.

"I don't think so," said I, as I saw them directing the engine straight for the window at which I was posted. "They want to block our loop-hole and then force the door. Oh, why didn't I make one in the door?"

"Ah! you've got that!" I added, as the cart-wheel swerved over a stone, exposing a fellow's legs, which I promptly dosed with shot, though at too long a range to do him much harm, although I made him yell.

"Ye hit him!" cried Mary. "Well done! Ye're a fine man at a pinch. God bless ye! What would we do widout ye this night?"

Here the cart came bang against our only loop-hole. "What will be their next move now?" I wondered; "this is becoming serious;" and like Wellington I prayed for morning, or the police. We were not kept long in doubt. Judy cried out from behind, "They're takin' round the laddher, a lot of them," and at the same time a voice was heard from behind the front door.

"Open the dure. Ye'd betther. If ye forces us to dhrive it in, we'll kill every wan of ye, man, woman, and child."

"We will not," cried Mary gallantly. "I know ye, Murty O'Hea, and I'll live to see ye swing for this yet."

"Ah! ye knows me, does ye, Mary? So does Darby O'Connor too. I left me mark on him, and I'll lave it on you to-night. He may marry ye to-

morrow mornin' if he likes. I'll not hindher him, never fear."

At this horrid threat poor Mary fairly broke down. She threw herself on the ground and flung her arms round my knees. "Promise me, sir, promise me, that ye'll kill me before ye lets him touch me. You're a gintleman and you'll keep yer word."

"Nonsense, Mary," said I. "Never mind the ruffian. He'll never get in here while I'm alive."

"He will, he will. Well I knows him. Promise me quick that ye'll keep wan shot for me! Oh, man!" she cried, as I still hesitated, "had ye niver a mother?"

"All right, Mary, I promise."

"God bless ye," said she, getting up. "I don't care now, and maybe I'll lave me mark on some of them yet;" and she seized the bill-hook, and stood ready behind the door. The bill-hook was a handy and most efficient weapon, somewhat like the old Saxon bill, with a curved steel blade about eighteen inches long, rivetted to an ashen handle some three feet in length.

"Begor," said the old man, upon whose face the light of battle was stealing, and who now looked quite cheerful, "I'll have a sthroke for me life too. We're not bate yet. 'Tis the heaviest showers that clears away the quickest," and seizing an old scythe blade, he hobbled over and planted himself against the wall.

"Well done, Paddy," said I. "Never say die."

Here we were interrupted by a tremendous blow on the front door, which shivered the lock and shook the fastenings, but failed to start the struts or backing with which I had braced it. They were using the ladder as a battering ram.

"At it again, boys!" cried the voice of the arch-ruffian, and the blows were repeated once and again with increased force, but still the backing stood fast. After a fourth blow however, a panel gave way between the props, leaving a hole of about one foot by ten inches; but the

supports above and below were as strong as ever. A shot was promptly fired through this hole which smashed some crockery on the dresser, but the assailants, no doubt recollecting that one shot could go out where another could come in, drew back for consultation, and did not care apparently to renew the attack. After a few minutes Judy rushed in, "Come quick, sir," cried she; "they're stalin' round wid the laddher, while you're watchin' the front. They knows the back dure is wake."

I was just in time. They were coming up with a rush, seven of them, bearing the ladder, and as soon as I got them nearly end on I fired, and evidently peppered more than one, judging from the chorus of yells which they set up as they dropped the ladder. I could have got a beautiful flying shot at the last man, but I had now only two cartridges left, and as one of them was promised to Mary, I desired to keep the other in reserve. Startled by a cry from her I rushed back into the kitchen, and saw her by the dim light, with her white teeth set, bringing down the bill-hook with the full swing of her nervous young arms upon a hand which had stolen in through the hole and was trying to undo the bar. The blow was followed by a fearful howl, and something dropped upon the floor.

"More power to ye, Mary!" cried the old man. "You done it well. Put in the other hand, ye spalpeen, till she'll thrim it for ye to match that wan. Here's the polis at last. 'Tis a'most time for thim," as a shot was heard a long way down the road, followed by a faint shout, and in about five minutes the rattling of car-wheels was heard up the stony ascent, whilst outside the house we could hear the rapid flight of hurrying feet as our assailants at last withdrew.

In a few minutes the police were at the door, led by a stalwart young peasant, who, as soon as we undid the fastenings, rushed in and threw his arms around Mary. "Ye're not hurt,

acushla?" said he. "The Lord be praised! I niver thought I'd see ye alive agin."

"Small thanks to you," said she, pushing him away. "Ye may thank this gintleman here that stood to us: I suppose 'tis the way ye was polishin' yer boots or ilin' yer hair, befor ye'd come to help us."

"No," replied he, "but the polis was sint away wandherin' as far as Ballinhassig Bridge, a matther of six mile, and we tuk the wrong road. We'd never be here only for the mare. She's kilt outside, the crayture. She haven't a shake left in any hair of her tail: if she went on another mile she'd dhop before she got half way."

"'Tis true for him, sir," said the sergeant. "We went on what we thought was sure information, and we wouldn't have come back only for your note. But we mustn't waste time. Which way did they go?"

"They came from the say," said Mary.

"Oh, thin they've gone back the same way. I saw a hooker standing in before dusk. Who warned you, sir?"

"Don't tell," whispered Mary eagerly. "The people would kill him."

"I don't know," said I. "He was a stranger to me."

"It's no use askin' any of ye, I suppose," said the sergeant, looking round at the stolid faces of his hearers. "Come on, boys, we're only wasting time. Will you come with us, sir?"

"No, I can't," said I. "I've hurt my foot."

"I'll come wid ye," said Darby. "I'd like to have a sthroke at the villain. What's this?" added he, picking up three bloody fingers and a portion of a hand off the floor.

"That's Mary's work," said I. "Only a gentleman's hand which he offered her and which she accepted."

"'Tis Murty O'Hea's finger," said Darby, dancing with delight. "I'd know that crook in it if it was biled, and the red hair."

"Aye, he left the mark of it on ye more than once," said Mary, spitefully.

"Oh, Mary, ye're a grand girl! There isn't the likes of ye undher the canopy. Ye gave him a resate for me, anyways."

"Come along, men," said the sergeant, "we have no time to lose. They have the start of us. Hallo! Here's a pool of blood, where somebody fell. Did ye warm many of them, sir?"

"About half a dozen, I think," said I; "but I had only small shot."

"This fellow got a good dose at any rate. We're bound to ketch *him*."

So away they went, but came back about day-break tired and crest-fallen. Whilst they were searching the bay in front, the gang escaped over the shoulder of the hill to another creek half a mile to the southward; and the police were only in time to see the hooker rounding the further point and running fast before a north-easterly breeze which had sprung up towards morning. The gang was apparently strong-handed, for they took away their wounded with them.

About three weeks after the night of the siege I was packing up my traps on the eve of my departure from Ireland, when a servant came in and told me that a person wanted to see me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Oh, she didn't tell me her name, but sure, what matter? She's the purtiest girl ever ye see. She's purty enough to frighten ye."

I went down stairs, and in the hall I found my friend Mary, blushing like a rose in June.

"I hear tell that ye were goin' away to-morrow, sir," she said, "and I was in a terrible fright I wouldn't have thim done in time, but I finished them to-day, glory be to God!"

"Finished what, Mary? If you

only did it as well as the last piece of work you had a hand in you made a good job of it, whatever it is."

"Och, no," said she smiling, "'tis the fut this time;" and she pulled out from under her cloak six pairs of beautiful black lamb's-wool stockings which she had made for me.

"Oh, thank you, Mary," said I. "It was really very kind of you to take so much trouble for me. I shall value them very much, and you may be sure that I'll never put them on without thinking of you."

"Throuble?" said she. "What's throuble? Where would I be to-day, only for you that night? I hear you're goin' a long journey, and I'll think of you when the nights is dark and the says is high. And oh, I pray to God Almighty," she added, falling on her knees, "that he'll carry ye safe, wheriver ye goes; and that the holy Jasus may put his shoulder to ye when ye are in danger, as ye did to us that night; and that he may open a gap for ye, and shlip ye inside the walls of heaven someways, when ye die. Amin."

"Thank you very much, Mary," said I. "I hope to hear good news of you and Darby, and if ever I come back you may be sure I won't be long in paying you a visit. Did you ever hear what became of that scoundrel Murty?"

"Yes, yer honour," said she lowering her voice. "I hear that he died of the lock-jaw a week afther, but sure I couldn't help it, and the priest himself said I sarved him right. Ye kilt that other one dead yerself; and I hear another of 'em is run away to America; and a dale of 'em has the small-pox wid the small shot that ye scathered about 'em. Divil mend 'em! Well, good-bye to yer honour," holding out her hand whilst her bright eyes were dimmed with tears, "be sure we'll remimber ye and pray for ye—always."

A TRANSLATOR OF SHAKESPEARE.

MORE than half a century has passed away since Carlyle first reflected in England Goethe's vision of a world-literature—a literature not of this or that people, nation, and language, but of all peoples, nations, and languages; and on this, as on many other occasions, took the opportunity to commend the work of German over English translators. There can be no doubt but that the idea took far stronger hold of German than of English men of letters, and that the Germans have far outstripped us in the advance to its fulfilment. It is acknowledged that the German love for Shakespeare falls little short of our own, while Dickens and Scott are familiar names in German households, and Molière, Gozzi, and Goldoni, no less than Shakespeare, find constant welcome on the German stage. In England, however, the case is very different. It may of course be urged that if Germany can show such names as Goethe, Schiller, Schlegel, and Tieck among the ranks of her translators, we too can adduce Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Shelley, and Coleridge; and some may feel disposed, at the mention of Pope's name, to ask whether no less a person than Swift did not write and congratulate Pope, at the conclusion of his version of Homer, on having done with translations, and secured his freedom from the necessity of misemploying his genius, under which a "rascally world" had laid him. To this it can but be answered that Swift, himself the prime instigator of the rascally world to the exactions which he reprobates, did so write; and it must also be admitted that translations of Homer continue almost annually to be produced, and that the Odes of Horace and Goethe's 'Faust' are almost equal

favourites with English translators. But conceding this much, and also the fact that English versions of many foreign works, from the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus to the latest novel of M. Zola, appear and disappear in the course of each year, it still seems that permanently valuable reproductions of the masterpieces of foreign literature are remarkably scarce. Englishmen of ordinary education can generally name three or four translations of Homer, but not one of Molière.

The reasons for this difference between ourselves and the Germans are for others to show. Many Englishmen will doubtless plead that the existence of a national theatre gives a stimulus to German translators, which in England is unknown; many more will be led by insular prejudice to affirm that the Germans have more to gain than ourselves from foreign literature. But it is not proposed to discuss such questions here. It is, however, possible that a short account of the life of a German translator may not be without interest as throwing some light on the process whereby Germany contrives to make the world's literature her own. The name of this man is, we believe, quite unknown in England; and perhaps even in Germany, for reasons that will presently appear, hardly honoured according to his deserts. None the less, however, did he find at the hands of one whose name has reached England, Herr Gustav Freytag,¹ a brief but affectionate biography, from which the story here told has been, by permission, derived.

Wolf, Count Baudissin, then, was born on the 30th of January, 1789.

¹ 'Im Neuen Reich,' 8th and 15th January, 1880.

He came of one of the many families which had fought their way to distinction in the Thirty Years' War; the founder thereof having served in the Swedish, Danish and Saxon armies, and received as reward the estate of Rantzau, close to Kiel in Holstein. The grandfather of Count Wolf also was a major in the Saxon army, but being compelled, through no fault of his own, to quit that service for the Danish, abandoned the profession of war for diplomacy, and became Danish ambassador at the Court of Berlin, finally dying as governor of Copenhagen in 1815.

Wolf's father likewise entered the Danish diplomatic service, and being from this cause continually absent from home, his children, four sons and a daughter, of whom Wolf was the eldest, were left almost entirely to the care of their mother. Wolf was a lively, affectionate boy, with, from the first, an insatiable thirst for knowledge; indeed, when but six years old he wrote a piteous letter to his father, begging him to come home soon, as his mother knew so "dreadfully little." For all this, however, the boy was neither forward nor superficial; he was naturally shy, and this shyness was increased to a painful degree by physical weakness and defective eyesight. Hence, driven in some measure to isolation, he found his dearest companions in his books, and his unwearied industry enabled him to turn that isolation to good account. Further, his mother, even if she knew "dreadfully little," took care that her deficiencies should be supplemented by others; an enthusiastic scholar had charge of Wolf's classical education, and inspired him with a love of Greek and Latin which never perished. Then again, though German systems were followed and German sympathies carefully fostered in the training of the children, yet, according to the fashion of the time, French was the language alike of conversation and correspondence in the family circle—a fashion which, as will be seen, was many

years later not without advantage even to Germany.

Up to the year 1802 the family spent its life between Rantzau and Copenhagen, the former being the summer, the latter the winter residence. For Copenhagen was now substituted the embassy at Berlin—a change of the highest importance to Wolf. True, Berlin had as yet no university, but A. W. Schlegel was delivering his lectures on literature; Iffland had charge of the theatres, and the plays represented were those of Goethe and Schiller; further, in 1803, Fichte began his philosophical lectures, which, as well as those of Schlegel, Wolf constantly attended. He now devoted himself to the study of English, and completed, at the age of fifteen, a translation of 'King Lear,' which was read and approved by Schlegel himself, and even used by Both in his new version of the same play, wherein Wolf's share of the work was not the least successful. Meanwhile he was working, to his father's great satisfaction, at the office of the embassy, copying and even drafting despatches; and for his reward was taken by him from time to time among the great men then assembled at Berlin—Fichte, Schlegel, and even Schiller. Here also he made the acquaintance of Zelter, of no small value and delight to Wolf, who was passionately fond of music.

In 1805 Wolf went with his classical tutor to the University of Kiel, there to study jurisprudence preparatory to a diplomatic career; and in 1806 left Kiel for the University of Göttingen. The journey was a remarkable one. On the road the travellers first met the news of Jena, soon confirmed by the appearance of a herd of fugitives from the field, unarmed and demoralised. To the fugitives succeeded quickly a regiment of French cuirassiers, and the carriage was stopped till the column had passed. Still the travellers pushed on; the sympathies of the Baudissins were with Prussia, but Wolf cared little yet for politics, and

his only fear was lest the course of study at Göttingen should be interrupted by the invasion. This fear, however, was not realised, for Göttingen had a champion in Christian Gotlob Heyne, who, by skilful management and good fortune, contrived not only to save the University and the surrounding district, but even to reap active benefit for it from the war. So Göttingen shook her head gravely at the tumult without, and took no further notice. The lectures went on as usual; the students made long excursions on foot as usual; Wolf Baudissin worked with book and pen, if possible, harder than usual. Why not? Are not dons dons all the world over? and is not an university, be it Göttingen or Oxford, the very centre and *omphalos* of the universe?

"Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidam ferient ruinæ."

But very soon, Göttingen's placidity notwithstanding, Wolf Baudissin became uncomfortable and restless. What business had he studying quietly there with Europe seething round him, and what profit was he to his country or to any one? The thought preyed upon him, and he had at one time serious thoughts of enlisting as a private in a hussar regiment. The news of the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807 rallied these scattered notions of discontent, and concentrated them into ardent patriotism and intense hatred of England. He found vent for his restlessness in political excitement; concerned as yet only for the plight of his native Denmark, and feeling only as a Dane; but soon to feel as, in the widest sense, a German.

In 1808 he went to the University of Heidelberg for the summer, and returned, after a tour in Switzerland, to Göttingen, in the autumn of the same year. His attention was now given mainly to the study of jurisprudence, but he found time for his beloved music, and for a thorough mastery of Spanish, the fruit whereof was a translation of *Don Quixote*, made solely for

his own improvement. In the spring of 1809 he paid a visit to Jena, where he had the good fortune to become personally acquainted with Goethe. The latter appears to have treated Baudissin very kindly, and to have inspired him with an admiration even more than Teutonic. One remark Goethe made in speaking of the German nation, which his young visitor had good cause to remember many years later. "We have a noble pile of fuel," said he, "but we want a good grate to hold it all together." For sixty-two long years was this "grate" making, till its completion was proclaimed from the palace at Versailles.

In the autumn of 1809 Baudissin finally left Göttingen and entered the Danish diplomatic service. He was able to begin his new career among friends and relations; all the higher posts, both of the court and of the government, being then in the hands of the Schleswig-Holstein nobility. Indeed, it was something quite out of the common that the ministry of foreign affairs should be, as it was just at this time, in the hands of a Dane—Rosenkrantz. Baudissin was nominated secretary of legation at Stockholm, where a Count Dernath, his uncle, was ambassador, and arrived in that city in January, 1810. Those were troublous times for Sweden. Little more than a year had passed since Finland had been ceded to Russia; less than a year since a bloodless revolution had deposed King Gustavus and placed King Christian the Thirteenth on the throne; and now, only a few months after Baudissin's arrival, the Duke of Augustenburg, appointed heir to the childless King Christian, was seized with apoplexy while reviewing his regiment, and died in a few hours. Report spread among the people that their favourite had been poisoned; and Baudissin was one of those who saw a leading minister of state, suspected, as one of the obnoxious party of the nobles, to be the murderer, dragged from his coach

in the funeral procession, and torn to pieces by the mob. Intrigue after intrigue followed the death of the heir. The right of electing a new one was vested in the States of Sweden, but with France and Russia both deeply interested in the matter, it was clear that the Swedes would have little chance of exercising a free choice. The majority of the people favoured the election of the deceased prince's brother; the Danish ambassador worked with might and main to bring the crown of Sweden to Denmark; but a subtle French agent was also busy with misrepresentation and other tools of his trade. In a word, Marshal Bernadotte was elected; the French took the oyster, Swede and Dane took each a shell, and the Prince of Ponte Corvo became crown prince and practically regent.

Meanwhile, poor Baudissin was not happy. The frivolous society of Stockholm suited him but ill, his uncle's methods of proceeding little better; he was lonely and miserable, and but for his beloved books would soon have resigned his appointment. In time, indeed, he found congenial friends; but also, which was not so welcome, great cause for anxiety in the political projects of his government and the personal status of his uncle. This latter was not ill disposed to his nephew, and a man of more than average ability; but gifted with a fatal love of intrigue, and a still more fatal habit of undervaluing realities, and hearing and seeing those things only which tended to the furtherance of his own projects. Hestill schemed, notwithstanding Bernadotte's election, to win Sweden for Denmark, basing all his hopes of success on Napoleon, and feeling confident of the support of his own government. The result was an eloquent warning to young Baudissin against excessive diplomatic subtlety. By the autumn of 1811, Count Dernath's longer stay at Stockholm became impossible, and Baudissin was nominated *chargé d'affaires* in his place, remaining, as such, the diplomatic

representative of Denmark at Stockholm, until March, 1813. His position was not an easy one. On the one hand his own government, still in possession of Norway and the Duchies, had not relinquished the hope of becoming the great Scandinavian power, and, encouraged by Count Dernath, was strongly inclined to trust to Napoleon's invincibility. On the other, Sweden, equally with Russia and England, earnestly sought the alliance of Denmark, Bernadotte's ambition being the leadership of a Swedo-Danish army; while Russia went so far as to offer a bribe of German territory as Denmark's share in the spoil. It so happened also that Stockholm became the channel through which the powers of the Great Eastern Alliance sought the adherence of Denmark. The Russian ambassador chose to make his offers to Baudissin rather than through his emissary at Copenhagen; and Bernadotte said plainly that he distrusted his own agent at Copenhagen, and preferred to treat with the Danish government through the young *chargé d'affaires* at Stockholm. Thus, from the autumn of 1812, Swede and Russian bid against each other to gain the Danish Alliance; every offer being made in strictest confidence to Baudissin. A curious position this for a diplomat of but two years' standing and no more than twenty-three years of age, rendered perhaps more easy by the fact that in the main he agreed with those who were pressing him most closely. Already becoming more German than Danish he shrank from the project of Danish opposition to a real German rising, and, in direct contradiction to his uncle, expressed to his government his firm conviction that Denmark's real salvation lay in alliance with the powers of the East. It was possibly from a knowledge of his opinions that the Swedish and Russian agents alike determined to address themselves mainly to him; possibly also from a hope that one so young and inexperienced would be more easily man-

ageable. In this last hope, at any rate, they were deceived, for Baudissin, young as he was, possessed all the best qualities of a diplomatist. To unswerving probity he joined a simple straightforwardness which won him a confidence denied to more tortuous spirits; while a silent attention, innate perception of character, and an extraordinary memory enabled him to appraise that confidence at its true value. And it is sufficiently evident that his worth was duly appreciated even by those who held views diametrically opposed to his own; for the Danish government, heedless though it was of his recommendations, did not fail to compliment him on the manner in which he performed his duties. It was this infatuation at Copenhagen, however, which made his position so difficult and so anxious; and it was a day of relief and rejoicing to him when the news of the retreat from Moscow reached Stockholm. Moreover, as if to complete his satisfaction, there arrived about this time August Wilhelm Schlegel and Madame de Staël, both of whom admitted him to intimacy. Of the latter, indeed, he wrote home with hardly less enthusiasm than he had written of Goethe.

But this was not to last long. In March, 1813, the Danish ministry decided finally to rest the destiny of Denmark on Napoleon; and Baudissin at once destroyed the archives of the embassy and returned to Copenhagen. Here he was well received by his employers; the foreign minister commended him highly, and the king himself, after admitting that every one had the right to his own opinions, expressed great satisfaction with his despatches. This done, Baudissin retired to his relations in the country, not knowing how soon the correctness of his judgment was to be vindicated. No later than in May of the same year he received suddenly a secret message from the foreign minister to repair at once to Copenhagen. Arriving wearied by a long journey at express speed, he learnt from Rosen-

krantz that he was to start at once with Minister Kaas on an extraordinary mission to Dresden, there to conclude an alliance with the Emperor Napoleon. This order came upon him like a thunderclap. In vain he adduced every argument against his employment in the matter, and earnestly begged that the duty might be intrusted to another. The minister answered that it was the king's order; the matter was already settled, and the appointment made by his majesty for particular reasons. In despair Baudissin sought the king himself, and said straight out that his convictions unfitted him for so important a mission. The king's reply was short: "You must go, sir, and I wish you a pleasant journey." Not yet convinced, Baudissin turned to his father, who, as he knew, shared his own opinion as to the policy that should be pursued. But the old diplomatist had been trained in a school of strict discipline: "You have made your protest and can do no more. You must go."

So in another hour he started, crushed and tortured by the feeling that he was little else than a traitor to his country. A dull silent journey must that have been to Minister Kaas, with his young colleague fretting his heart out by his side—at every stage more rebellious against the duty thrust upon him, and more conscious that such rebellion, after yielding so far, had forfeited all claim to be deemed honourable. Nevertheless, the determination that go to Dresden he would not grow stronger on him, so strong at last that even stratagem seemed justifiable to give it effect, and insincerity a virtue when used to uphold a righteous cause. Arrived at Holstein, Baudissin obtained leave to go for one night to the house of his friend, Count Fritz Reventlow, promising to rejoin his chief the next morning. Count Fritz received him with open arms, and full compassion for his misery; and thus encouraged, Baudissin finally made up his mind to let Minister

Kaas perform his mission alone. But how was it to be done? for the Reventlows must not be implicated. All night long he pondered, and early in the morning sought a young doctor, one Franz Hegewisch, who, like himself, was on a visit to the Reventlows. "Would Herr Doctor," he asked, "be good enough to lay my arm on a couple of chairs and break it with a hammer?" Herr Doctor was, both politically and professionally, an enthusiast; he would break Herr Graf's arm for him in so good a cause with the greatest pleasure. "But stay," added the doctor, "before breaking an arm in a friend's house, should we not first ask his permission?" Certainly we should; so first to Count Fritz and then to business. But Count Fritz had very different advice for his friend. "Resign your appointment on this mission by all means, but do an honourable duty like an honourable man, not like a refractory conscript. Your duty is to write from here to the king that you cannot obey his orders against your own convictions; that therefore you repeat once more in writing the request you made by word of mouth, and are ready to take the consequences. Await the result here, and do not be afraid of getting me into trouble, for I shall be proud to suffer in such a cause." Such brave honest words fell gratefully on Baudissin's ears. He wrote forthwith to Minister Kaas and the king, and, with arm unbroken and mind unburdened, cheerfully awaited the answer. In due time it came, offering a choice of two alternatives: one year's confinement in the fortress of Friedrichsort as second class state prisoner, or a judicial inquiry into the matter. A confidential note from Rosenkrantz recommended the first, and the first was accordingly chosen. So now to Friedrichsort, having first obtained privilege of books, a piano, and two hours' daily exercise under custody of a sentry on the ramparts.

So Baudissin passed the summer of

the great year, his imprisonment lightened by work at a translation of Dante, by his beloved music, and by occasional visits not only of relations but even of sympathisers from among the people. Not for a moment was he shaken in the opinion for which he suffered, and he determined that, unless things at Copenhagen were altered at the expiration of his year of imprisonment, he would sever himself from Denmark and enter the German army. His whole heart was with the German rising, and conflict against Napoleon with sword or pen he held to be a sacred duty. He now stood on high ground; he had, it is true, sunk almost to the ridiculous, but he had risen again to the sublime: the opposition of king, official, chief, and father had almost made him a malingerer; the sympathy (in its most literal sense) of a friend raised him from that to a prisoner for conscience' sake.

By October, 1813, however, Copenhagen did change its opinions. Ten days after the battle of Leipsic arrived most opportunely the birthday of the queen, under cover of which redress of injustice was made to seem a favour, and Baudissin was set at liberty. Being pressed by his father he re-entered the diplomatic service, and was appointed secretary of legation at the head-quarters of the allies, with whom he entered Paris. Thence he went with his chief, Count Christian Bernsdorff, to the Congress of Vienna; but even the excitement of operations in the field, and the preparations for the Congress could not reconcile his dislike for the Danish service. His former misdeeds were apparently not forgotten in Copenhagen, and he longed not unnaturally for quiet life at home. He left the service for the second and last time, now completely in disgrace with Danish royalty.

In the autumn of 1814 he married his cousin, Countess Julia Bernsdorff, and shortly after he had brought his wife home his father died, leaving him the property of Rantzau. But

even in retirement his quarrel with the court was destined to be embittered, for now came the first rising of German opposition to Denmark. Political feeling was strong among the landed proprietors of Schleswig Holstein, and Baudissin took a leading part in their protests against the invasion of the laws of the Duchies, and the illegal exactions imposed by Denmark. But the time was not yet ripe: Danish reaction came, and the movement was suppressed and died away. So Baudissin, who had given up much of his time to political meetings and contributions to a new journal started by his party, now returned to his favourite work. He took Shakespeare in hand and translated 'Henry the Eighth,' the last of the historical plays that had been left untranslated by Schlegel. This, his first book, appeared in 1818.

About this time he carried out a project which had been a favourite with him, as with most Germans, since his university days, namely, a visit to Italy. His immediate object was the restoration of his wife's health, but other circumstances prolonged his stay beyond the time that he had intended. With his love for all that was beautiful in nature and art he could not be otherwise than happy there; and especially in Rome where a circle of distinguished men, Thorwaldsen among them, gladly received him. But the resentment of the court at Copenhagen was still alive, and in 1821 he received an anonymous warning that he had better not return home for the present. Certain letters, which he had written in the course of a friendly correspondence from Stockholm, had been seized, and for some reason, probably on account of their German proclivities, had given offence in high quarters. Again, two years later, on his leaving Rome, he received a letter from Rosenkrantz, whom he had sounded on the subject, that he had still better keep out of the way; the seized letters, though

free, as Baudissin knew, from indiscretion, were not yet forgotten. Nor was it until ten years later, on the accession of King Christian the Eighth, that his reconciliation with the court was effected. He was then invited to Copenhagen and asked to re-enter the Danish service—indeed, there was some talk of making him director of the museums; but it was then too late, for he had already fixed his home elsewhere.

Finding on his departure from Italy that, though not hindered from paying a short visit to Rantzau, permanent residence in Denmark was denied to him, he finally, after some wandering, decided to migrate to Dresden, whither he accordingly went with his wife in 1827. The old connection of his family with the Saxon service no doubt influenced his choice, and he had the satisfaction of finding that the royal family, true to its hereditary principles, was not unmindful of services rendered to its house in former generations. Nevertheless, it was no part of his plan to seek office anew, and he never appeared, except on formal occasions, at court, though in later years honoured by the friendship of two of the kings of Saxony. Far more important to himself, and not to himself only, was the friendship he contracted with the poet, Ludwig Tieck, which was destined to turn his talents to the task best suited for them—to the task of translation.

Tieck was at this time burdened with the weight of an unfulfilled obligation. August Wilhelm Schlegel had, between the years 1797 and 1801, translated sixteen of Shakespeare's plays, including the historical plays (with the exception of 'Richard the Third' and 'Henry the Eighth'), 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'The Tempest,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Hamlet,' and 'As You Like It.' To these he added 'Richard the Third' in 1810, and then declined to proceed with the work any further. The publishers had accordingly

to turn to Tieck, who had frequently been consulted by Schlegel, and was otherwise best qualified for the duty. But on taking over the task in 1824, Tieck was no longer in a position to carry out his engagement; not one single play did he translate; and his daughter, Dorothea, a woman of remarkable character, prepared, by earnest study of English, to help him through it. During the years 1825 and 1826, the plays translated by Schlegel were duly published, with occasional corrections by Tieck; but throughout the four succeeding years no further volume appeared, for the very sufficient reason that Tieck furnished no manuscript. So matters stood when Baudissin arrived in Dresden; and the advantage of willing help from one who had already proved his capacity by a translation of 'Henry the Eighth' was too great to be overlooked. Accordingly, in the summer of 1829, Baudissin took the work upon himself. First giving his attention to revising his former version of 'Henry the Eighth,' he was able, in 1830, to incorporate it with the last plays translated by Schlegel, and furnish another long-delayed volume. Then throwing all his strength into the work he succeeded in less than three years in completing the translation of twelve more plays: 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Othello,' 'King Lear,' 'Taming of the Shrew,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'Love's Labours Lost,' 'Titus Andronicus,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'All's Well that Ends Well'; whereof the first five were finished in the course of the single year 1831. Dorothea worked with him industriously, and to her are ascribed the remaining six plays: 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Timon,' 'Cymbeline,' and 'Macbeth.' How far she was aided by the others is a doubtful question, which nothing but an examination of her manuscript can solve. There are in Baudissin's

manuscript some different renderings of passages translated by her, and some pages where the lines are marked alternately with *D* and *I*, as though the two had amused themselves by such alternate work. One thing, however, is certain—that Dorothea relied in the course of her translation more on her fellow-labourer than on her father. She, like Baudissin, worked with extraordinary diligence, and zeal in the common cause knit a strong bond of friendship between them. Nevertheless, while honouring her energy and undoubted talent, Baudissin was sometimes not wholly satisfied either with the language or the rhythm of her translations.

So the great work was finally accomplished and published in a complete form, whereof Tieck, after a few words of thanks to his coadjutors, announced himself to be sole editor and finisher. The claim to this honour, so casually made, was never questioned by Baudissin, but has, nevertheless, not been allowed latterly to pass unchallenged. The copies made for the press were taken from Baudissin's manuscript, which include a mass of corrections in his hand. Further, it appears from his diary that he first finished his own translation, and then read it aloud to Tieck, who added notes to certain individual lines which, when intended to clear up the sense of obscure passages, were not always looked upon by the translator as improvements. Tieck's share in the business therefore, as Herr Freytag points out, can hardly be accounted more important than that of any literary friend to whose judgment such work might be submitted; and it would seem that the notes supplied by him were inserted mainly as proofs of his own industry. The same method of proceeding was adopted when a revision became necessary in 1839: Tieck gave an hour every day to the task, but Baudissin had prepared everything beforehand, and it was he who had the alterations

and improvements ready for Tieck's "yea" or "nay."

Nevertheless, Baudissin left all honour and fame arising from this great undertaking to Tieck, and made over his share of the profits to Dorothea. Tieck, observes Herr Freytag, was an amiable man, but not over scrupulous in literary matters, and his casual appropriation of another's labour was thoroughly characteristic. But Tieck's obligations to Baudissin were not ended yet. Over and above the plays usually ascribed to Shakespeare, he held that some ten more were from his hand. Of these he had already translated, and published in his 'Altenglisches Theater,' the following six: the older 'King John,' 'The Pinner of Wakefield,' the older 'King Lear,' 'Pericles' (now generally included), 'Lochrine,' and 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton.' He now left the translation of the remaining four, namely, 'Edward the Third,' 'Oldcastle,' 'Cromwell,' and 'The London Prodigal,' to Baudissin; and in 1836 they appeared in a separate volume under the title 'Four Plays of Shakespeare, translated by Ludwig Tieck.'

In later years Baudissin suffered not a little from new translators and critics. Schlegel's literary fame forbade any depreciation of his share of the work, but it became the fashion to criticise Baudissin's pretty severely. No doubt both translations were susceptible of improvement, the more so as in the course of years a closer study of Shakespeare by experts, both English and German, has cleared away many of the difficulties which beset the earlier translators. But Baudissin laboured under exceptional difficulties. He worked against time to save the honour of Tieck, whose engagements he had undertaken to make good. Hence not only was the labour excessive, but the translations were swept into the press as fast as they were completed. Nevertheless, observes Herr Freytag, if Schlegel shows in certain respects greater command of language and vigour of expression,

his rival need not shrink from comparison with him in the happy reproduction of humour and epigram. Moreover, Baudissin frequently heard, with a quiet smile, laudatory comments on passages ascribed to others, but in reality his own work. Yet another trial awaited him concerning this translation. In 1867 a new and complete revision of the old version was made, and executed, it would seem, like our own revised version of the New Testament, in a somewhat narrow and pedantic spirit. Once again Baudissin's name as the coadjutor of Tieck was omitted, and some young translators had the hardihood calmly to publish his text, with alterations that were not always improvements, as their own. This Baudissin bore, as usual, in silence. Schlegel had protested against Tieck's alterations in his text, and insisted on the restoration of the original; but Baudissin, though he knew that this translation was the pride of his life, was content to leave the credit thereof, as from the first, to others; yet, while rejoicing in any real improvements, he could not but regret variations which altered without amending his own text. Tieck at least had the excuse that his friend from the first connived at the misappropriation of his labour; but others can plead no such defence.

It may be asked whether Baudissin's behaviour to Tieck was not generous to a fault. To this Herr Freytag is able to reply, that Baudissin actually felt himself greatly beholden to the man who thus, without acknowledgment, used his talents for his own advantage. It must be remembered that being no longer in the diplomatic service, and forbidden moreover by royal displeasure to attend to his duties as a landowner, he had now no employment for his indefatigable industry. We have seen how, even at Göttingen, the sense of unprofitableness weighed heavily on him; and that sense would naturally be much increased after the taste of activity and responsibility at Stockholm. He had

already occupied his leisure with translation for his own enjoyment, but till chance threw him with Tieck he had no idea that his genius could be turned, not only to the assistance of a friend, but also to the enjoyment of a nation; and, without a thought for his own aggrandisement, he hailed the prospect with delight. Even now, notwithstanding Herr Freytag's endeavour to secure justice for his friend, it would seem as if comparatively few, even in Germany, know or appreciate the share that Baudissin took in the translation of Shakespeare. Dr. Kluge, in his 'History of German National Literature,' does indeed set forth the fact that the nineteen plays which pass under Tieck's name were but revised by him, and really translated by Baudissin and Dorothea. But in truth, where lesser names are mingled with greater in a work of this kind, they must surely be absorbed and forgotten in them. Pope's Homer is a familiar word enough; but the names of Fenton and Broome, who translated twelve books of the 'Odyssey' for Pope, are forgotten. For this they have, perhaps, only themselves to thank, for, as Johnson remarks, readers of poetry have never been able to distinguish their work from Pope's; and the same perhaps holds good of Baudissin in relation to Tieck. But it is to be noticed that, whereas Tieck made no word of acknowledgment to his partner, Pope, on the other hand, took particular care to immortalise Broome in the 'Dunciad' (marking "very distinctly" in a note the payment made to him for his help), and Broome and Fenton alike in the oft-quoted letter on Fenton's death.

Shakespeare completed for others, Baudissin now began to work for himself. He had determined to translate for his own use all that were to be found of the works of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries; and a publisher having expressed his readiness to make the translation public, there appeared, this time in his own name, two volumes entitled 'Ben Jonson and

his School' (1836), containing the following plays: 'The Alchemist' and 'The Devil is an Ass' of Ben Jonson; 'The Spanish Curate' and 'The Elder Brother' of Fletcher; 'The Fatal Dowry' of Massinger and Field' and 'The Duke of Milan,' 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and 'The City Madam,' of Massinger. For this work he received for the first time money earned by his pen, which greatly delighted him. His skill is fully displayed therein, not only by the masterly way in which he has overcome the many difficulties of language and of obscure references to contemporary events, but also by the distinction which he has maintained between the style and language of the different poets. And his triumph was the greater, inasmuch as Schlegel had declared a translation of Ben Jonson and the dramatists of his school to be impracticable. But very shortly after, the death of his wife destroyed all pride and pleasure in his work, and for the next few years prevented any new undertaking. He sought relief in a long journey through Greece, and in 1840, having married again, he began his literary labours anew.

He had at various times made careful study of the language of the German poetry of the Middle Ages (*mittel hoch deutsch*), and in 1845 and 1848 he published translations into modern German of two old chivalric poems, the 'Iwein' of Hartmann von Aue, and the 'Wigalois' of Wirnt von Gravenberg. The peculiar difficulty of such a translation lies in the different signification attached to the same word in the two dialects, and this he was able successfully to conquer. Then the work was again interrupted by the tumults of the year 1848. Holstein rose against the Danish headship, and Baudissin, whom an anticipation of this struggle had severed from Denmark thirty years before, took up the cause with warmth. His brother Otto was one of the leaders of the armed revolt, and he himself could spare no time from political correspondence and journalism

for his beloved music and the more important work which was his chiefest delight. The times were full of anxiety for him, and called for great sacrifices; but none the less were they of true gain and advantage. Hitherto inclined to view every democratic movement with distrust, he read the lesson aright, and became henceforth a staunch and enlightened Liberal.

It was not until the year 1857 that he betook himself again to his translations, when he published his first and only work in prose, 'The Biographical Essays of Don Manuel Josef Quintana, rendered from the Spanish.' This done, after first translating Ponsard's 'L'Honneur et l'Argent,' in order to test his powers, he began in 1865 the translation of Molière. It was at first his intention to publish one volume only of selected plays, but even in his seventy-fifth year delight in the work carried him away, and by 1867 he was ready with his second great gift to the German theatre—a complete translation of Molière. Of this it is sufficient to say that it is the standard text of the German stage; but it is curious to note that some German critics have found fault with it on the ground that the iambic of the German drama is employed throughout instead of the alexandrines of the original. The result that would follow from the admission of the principle implied in this criticism may easily be seen; but the criticism is especially remarkable as coming from a people which has but comparatively recently freed itself from the bondage of French literary canons, and has not yet ceased to rejoice in its freedom. In any case there can be little doubt that the German actors are thankful for being spared the necessity of declaiming in a metre utterly unsuitable to the genius of the German language.

Molière thus happily completed, Baudissin went on next to the 'Proverbes Dramatiques' of Leclerq, publishing in 1875 two volumes—'Dramatische Sprichwörter' von Carmontel

und Th. Leclerq. From this he passed on with enthusiasm to the translation of three plays by François Coppée—an enthusiasm increased by personal knowledge of the French poet who had spent some time with him as his guest at Rantzau. Baudissin's last printed work was a single volume, 'Italienisches Theater,' containing translations of plays by Gozzi, Goldoni, Giraud, and del Testa. These had been his delight in youth, and now at the age of eighty-eight he was able not only still to enjoy them himself, but to give others a share in his enjoyment.

Thus the years passed away in quiet earnest work; the summers spent at Rantzau, the winters at Dresden. Nor did literary labours make him forgetful of his duties to his tenants in Holstein. Towards them and his other dependents his relation was almost patriarchal; and though in times of trouble and excitement (whereof so long a life could not but have its share) he did not escape experience of ingratitude, yet in the main his friendliness met with its due reward of thankfulness and love. Once, in a bad season, he refused to take from a farmer his full rent, but the latter would not hear of such a thing. "A bargain is a bargain," he said, and paid in full. Another farmer lost by fire a large barn, well stored, and, the fire being no fault of his, the loss (over one thousand pounds), which was only partially covered by insurance, fell on the landlord. One day this farmer came to Baudissin, and said, "This won't do, Herr Graf; perhaps the hay was a bit damp. I must pay my half of the loss, for I cannot rest till I do." Yet another tenant, on the renewal of his lease, made the suggestion (usually left to landlords) that, as times were improved, his rent should be raised; and one old peasant wrote to Dresden and begged the Herr Graf to come a little earlier than usual to Rantzau, as he was going to celebrate his golden wedding. Whereupon, needless to say, Baudissin

altered his plans on purpose to be present.

Such being the terms on which he lived with those inferior to him in station, it is not difficult to conceive the respect and affection which his friends in Dresden had for him. It was natural that a younger generation should be attracted to one who had lived among the giants of old time; who had listened to Schiller and Goethe, and been the friend of August Schlegel and Madame de Stäel; who had met the fugitives from Jena, and lived to see the triumph of Sedan; who had entered Paris with the allies in 1814, and hailed the news of the German entry in 1871; who when first he set out for Dresden, knew it as the head-quarters of the first Napoleon, and saw it at last, after Königgrätz and Sedan, the capital of a province in a united German Empire. Yet there was greater attraction than this in the extraordinary amiability and modesty of the man. Highly cultivated, gifted with keen perception of artistic and scientific excellence, he could be appreciative without being patronising; and though he shrank from all that was base and wrong, he had the widest sympathy for human failing and human misfortune. He was not one of those who thought that each generation was inferior to that which preceded it; but at the age of seventy or eighty years, his mind unfettered and unexhausted by the thought and action of an earlier time, he watched the creation and development of new

things with as lively an interest as at twenty. His conversion to Liberalism in politics has already been noticed, and in respect of art and literature his feelings were the same. No one more readily recognised the merit of rising young poets or painters, with whom he sympathised, as one of their own age, in the struggle for success; and this without losing one jot of his love for the masterpieces of the past. He could wander through the Dresden Gallery for the hundredth time with ever-increasing delight, and in the very last year of his life a quartette of Mozart's exercised the same entrancing influence as of old.

So this gentle life, so stormily begun, drew peacefully to its close. Almost to the last his health, his faculties, his capacity for enjoyment, his power of work, nay, his very handwriting, remained unshaken and unchanged. Even at the last, the growing infirmities of age could not impair his cheerfulness and amenity. Only a few weeks before his death, his eyesight beginning to fail, he sought for one well acquainted with French and English through whose help he might continue the work in which he delighted; but a choice was hardly made when his work was closed for ever by death.

He died on the fourth of April, 1878, leaving a name which will ever hold an honourable place among the greatest of those who have laboured to bring home the poetry of foreign nations to the great German people.

CHURCH AUTHORITY: ITS MEANING AND VALUE.¹

LET us try and clear the ground a little. We will therefore first ask: "The authority of the Church on what subjects?"

Setting aside exploded ideas, such as the authority of the Church to enforce discipline or moral laws on the world, these subjects may be divided, as a first approximation, into three classes.

There may (or may not) be an authority which deals with (1) disputed questions relating to the history of the Bible and of Christianity: for instance, the criticism and historical veracity of the Bible; the history of the canon; the study of the remains of Christian antiquity; in a word, the nature of the materials for the history of our religion.

(2) Disputed questions relating to what we may call the more or less formulated doctrines of Christianity, inferred from, rather than explicitly stated in, the Bible.

(3) All that relates to Church government and discipline, and ritual and finance.

We will briefly refer to these divisions as *criticism*, *theology*, *business*. It is plain that these subjects are so different that it is mere confusion of thought to class them together.

Next, "What do we mean by authority?" Here there is an obvious ambiguity.

There is (1) the preponderant weight we assign to the learning and judgment of men whose veracity and impartiality we trust. We speak of the authority of a scholar like Lightfoot. It is not, however, an authority in the sense that it demands obedi-

ence; it only demands respect and consideration.

There is (2) another sort of authority. There are men with an unrivalled genius for holiness; men refined by prayer and unflinching devotion to duty, and therefore gifted with a singular delicacy of touch and insight, with a true inspiration of God's Holy Spirit. We feel in them our best selves: we feel that they are nearer to God than we are: their words have an authority. Still, this is not an authority which commands obedience: it silently appeals for respect and love. It is compatible with error.

There is (3) yet another authority which does command obedience, which has the power of enforcing itself. The Church, acting through its defined powers, has authority. The Bishop may suspend for defined offences in virtue of his "authority."

Once more, these kinds of authority are so different that they can only be taken together by confusion of thought.

Let us call them the authority of *learning*, of *holiness*, and of *law*.

Happily, it is not necessary to define what we mean by the Church for the purposes of the present essay. One meaning we can point out in passing. The Church of England, "as by law established," has unquestioned authority in certain matters of discipline and ritual. The disciplinary functions of Church Courts and Bishops are not wholly suspended. The Church has the authority of *law* in matters of *discipline*.

So far is easy. The more difficult question is, "Has the Church, whatever the Church is, an authority of

¹ A paper read at a clerical meeting in Bristol, July 6, 1885, as a basis for discussion.

learning to decide matters of criticism; or of holiness and inspiration to pronounce authoritatively in matters of doctrine or of conduct?"

Do not let us confuse these two—the authorities of *learning in criticism*, and of *holiness or inspiration in theology or conduct*.

There are many questions before the world which are purely matters of learning. When was the Book of Deuteronomy written? By what route did Israel come out of Egypt? What is the origin of the Gospels? What was the relation of the agape and the Eucharist? What is the value of Codex B? These, and an infinite number of such questions, are questions of learning and criticism; they are questions as to matters of fact; they are not questions of religion or conduct.

Now, the question is an intelligible one, and admits of a positive answer: "Has the Church, in any sense of the word, authority to decide these questions? Is it possible that matters of fact can be decided by authority?" Now, it is a matter of fact, one way or the other, whether, for example, the Masoretic text of Samuel is as old as the LXX.; whether an axehead ever floated on water; and whether St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. Could any past consensus of opinion on these points decide them? Might it not have been wrong? These are as much matters of fact as whether the earth is round or flat. Let us never forget that there was a time when it was pronounced to be "a shame in a Christian man even so much as to mention the antipodes." St. Ambrose and St. Basil were, I believe, exceptions among the fathers in the liberality of their views on this point. They were brave enough to defy public opinion, and to declare that a correct belief in the antipodes was not necessary to salvation. Men made the mistake then, which confused thinkers make now, of asserting on *authority* about *matters of fact*.

The Copernican theory, the Darwinian theory, the Straussian theory, most of our disputed questions, are questions as to matters of fact. Now, the result of the last four hundred years of growth of the human mind is that we now at last know that matters of fact are not decided by authority. They are settled by evidence, and by reason. Can this be seriously disputed? The scientific mind is unable to conceive how a question as to a matter of fact can be settled by authority.

The Church, therefore, has no authority to decide questions of learning and criticism, or matters of fact.

Now remains the other less explored region into which we must penetrate. What do we mean by saying that "the Church hath authority in controversies of faith"? Here we seem to be on solid ground, for this is one of the Thirty-nine Articles.

No doubt most of my hearers know the history of these famous words, as given by Bishop Browne. I suppose we owe them to no less profound a theologian than Queen Elizabeth herself. She is said to have refused to sign the articles as drafted and signed by the two Houses of Convocation until these words were added. Convocation seems to have submitted to her will, and accepted the authority for the Church. Some may think it is a slightly Erastian origin for the power claimed; others may think it defines those powers. But we will not look a gift-horse in the mouth.

The words, however, are not free from ambiguities. There is not only the plain difference between the *fides quæ creditur* and the *fides qua creditur*; but even when we agree that it is the first of these that is intended, an ambiguity remains.

The words may mean, "There is a perennial association of men, in legitimate possession of the property bequeathed to the Church, charged with the duty of teaching and preaching God's Word, and of administering the Sacraments and other Christian rites.

This association has, under certain limitations, the power of deciding from time to time on the qualifications for membership. These qualifications consist in the profession of certain beliefs, and the conformity to certain customs. This association or Church can define those beliefs and prescribe those customs subject to the limitation that nothing shall be contrary to God's Word written."

This is one meaning. The Church can declare, not that this or that is true, but that to believe this or that, to act thus or thus, is the condition of membership, and of enjoying the emoluments and immunities it brings, or professes to bring.

We will call this authority *declaratory of the terms of membership*. The Church has this authority.

Now this is probably what Elizabeth meant, and what Convocation accepted, if they did accept this clause; but it is not the sense in which we ordinarily now quote the words. We think of a Church older than the Thirty-nine Articles; and we mean by its authority a power resident somewhere, not to declare conditions of membership, but to ascertain and declare theological truth. This is a totally different thing.

The real question then at last is this. We believe—I suppose we all believe—that there is disseminated among all individuals, and all branches of the Church of Christ, some illumination in spiritual truth, as the result of the influence on us of the Holy Spirit. At any rate, this is my firm conviction. I have no belief more fundamental than that God guides the reason and spirit of His faithful servants.

Does there, then, exist—did there ever exist—any means for so focussing this illumination as to produce a perfect light? If any method existed for collecting, if I may use the expression, the sparks of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of all Christians, till they combined into a perfect and heavenly

flame; any celestial chemistry which should separate the fragments of the divine in us from the masses of the earthly, the result would be an "authority" for ascertaining and declaring spiritual truth.

The ages have made several answers to this question. They have frequently said that Œcumenical Councils were such a focussing, such a chemistry. They have said that it was possible once before the great schism, but is impossible now.

If any one thinks that it was possible once, and is impossible now, let him read Church History in some detail; let him read the Acts of the Council of Chalcedon.

The truth is, that such a process is impossible. There exists no such method of focussing, no such celestial chemistry. We cannot separate the human from the divine in man.

It is the old fallacy. On *à priori* grounds, men think that God must govern the world and the Church as they themselves would govern it, by giving them an infallible Pope, a verbally inspired Bible, an unerring voice of the Church. We had better study what is, instead of deciding what must and ought to be. There *are* spots on the sun, though it was declared to be impossible there should be: the earth *is* round: the earth *does* move. When a man argues that so and so must be the case—that it stands to reason it must be the case—it always means that he averts his eyes from facts. He prefers to tell us what he thinks God ought to do. I prefer patiently to try and find out what God has done and is doing. This is the method of science, and is adopted by those who desire, above all things, to see things as they are. I think it is the reverent method.

But perhaps some one will say, there *is* an authority; but it resides not in Pope, nor Councils, nor letter of the Bible: it resides in the consensus of Catholic antiquity; and he will quote the Vincentian rule. This is equally

illusory, and specially so if applied only to the past. I do not deny, as will be seen presently, the enormous moral weight of widespread and long-lasting agreement, but that such moral weight is *ejusdem generis* with a final authority from which there is no appeal, this I deny. Not only did no such consensus ever exist; not only, if it did exist, would it fail to indicate more than the opinion that prevailed at the time; not only would all sorts of errors and crimes find in the Vincentian rule a strong support; but it is fundamentally opposed to the charter of the Church. That charter is, that the Church is alive, a living body with Christ as its head, and subject to the laws of life and growth. The Vincentian rule, if limited to the past, unintentionally strangles that life. It says, You shall not be led into all truth; you shall not advance beyond such and such a century. Now, to one who, like myself, believes that the Holy Spirit is training and guiding and shining on the whole Church of Christ, that the whole world of man is growing and shall grow to the stature of the fulness of Christ, that the very best of us has but imperfectly grasped the meaning of Christ's words and life, and that the Spirit of God will make that life and those words better understood—to one who holds this faith, any such notions as that growth is to be strangled by an imaginary consensus of the past, the living heart stopped by the dead hand, are monstrous, and a falsehood to be repudiated with all his might.

But a belief widely held always has some truth in it. What is the truth in this?

The truth is that there exists a diffused and daily growing illumination in a Christian society; on the whole, the verdict of a Christian community is not far wrong—what they bind or loose on earth, is bound or loosed in heaven.

These verdicts are not only on questions of right and wrong. On these

the Christian conscience, give it time enough, will pronounce right. It has pronounced against impurity, against slavery, against religious persecution; it is slowly making up its mind on other subjects. There is a slowly working divine chemistry which finally crystallises out the truth.

But even on questions of criticism and doctrine, within certain limits, *securus judicat orbis*. The formation of the Canon—that is, the selection from the fragments of early Christian writings of such as should be deemed Canonical—was such a popular judgment. The *vox populi* sifted the literature; the *vox concilii* did but confirm the verdict of the people. The real authority was the diffused voice of Christian men. Our Prayer Book is similarly the result of the verdict of a later Christendom: it is the concentrated essence of the devotion and the inspiration of fifteen Christian centuries.

The moral authority of an approximate consensus in the past is a real and great thing: it resides in the fact of some opinion having prevailed in the struggle. It was the fittest for the human mind then; it does not follow that it is the fittest now. The heterodoxy of one age sometimes becomes the orthodoxy of another. It may have been but the schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. But the proved fitness of any opinion in the past, or in another level of thought in the present, will make us hesitate long before we abandon it, still longer before we denounce it. We can only abandon it for a wider application of the Vincentian rule, when, as in the phrase *sine dubio in æternum peribunt*, it conflicts with the moral sense of Christendom. We can only denounce it when it poisons as well as weakens spiritual life.

I can now briefly sum up:

Authority, in the sense of *power to transact business*, is possessed by every Church.

Authority, in the sense of *declaring the tenets and other conditions of*

membership, is possessed by every Church.

Authority to decide questions of learning or of fact in the past, there is none anywhere ; and further it may be added that such matters of fact and of learning are not and cannot be religion, though for a time men may think they are.

Authority to ascertain dogma—that is, to give a divinely inspired and final decision on a speculative question, not as a condition of membership, but as an absolute truth—there is none, and has been none. The diffused illumination of the Christian world cannot be so focussed. The growth of pious thought cannot be anticipated. But there is a power resident in the Christian world

as a whole to decide right at last. Misconceptions of God do not last for ever.

Authority on questions of right and wrong—absolute there is none, approximate there is, in the growing consensus of the total Christian society, and especially of those who have the gift of holiness and the graces of the Spirit. This absolutely adds to the known ethical and spiritual truths of the world.

Such seem to me to be the facts. Thus God sees fit to educate His Church. It is vain to wish it were otherwise, to dream that it is otherwise. We must look at the facts.

J. M. WILSON.

A WALK IN THE FAROES.

"ME not much Engelsk. Money this, and grub this. Other thing, so!"

I had engaged a man to guide me over the hills to the old seat of ecclesiastical rule in the Faroe Islands, and the above speech was in answer to my inquiry about his linguistic capacity. He was a little man with much eyebrow, a short beard that curled in the front as decidedly as a fish-hook, and a nose somewhat suspiciously rubicund. On the strength of his engagement by "the Englishman" as walking companion for a certain number of hours, he had assumed a dignity of manner that made him look ridiculously conceited, and had, moreover, put on his best clothes, and washed himself at an unusual hour of the day. They had told me that his English was quite phenomenally good, and that I should be as much at home with him as with my own brother. But, for the former, I found he had little more vocabulary than the words above-mentioned, which he pronounced diabolically: while, for the rest, I felt not very fraternally towards him at first sight. He illustrated his utterance by producing a five-øre copper coin; by opening his mouth and pointing down his throat with one of his thumbs; and by jerking his head like one habituated to dram-drinking. Still, I had no right to think evil of my friend, Olaus Jackson, merely because he seemed to have bibulous propensities; and, without more delay than was exacted by the need to take a ceremonious farewell of some Thorshavn acquaintance who thought my projected walk only another proof that all Englishmen were conundrums, Olaus and I set forth, he leading, with his head very high, and holding his alpenstock as gracefully as if he had been born a beadle instead of a Faroe man.

A word about my man's dress, which was the characteristic Faroe costume. On his head (to begin at the top) he wore a red and black striped turban, about a foot in height, which fell to his left ear. His body was swathed in a copious brown woollen tunic, too large for him, yet padded with underclothing so as to make him look almost formidably robust. Faroe pantaloons of blue cloth covered his legs to the knees, where they were attached by four or five gay gilt buttons. His calves were shown in all their symmetry by the brown hose which ended in his moccasins of untanned cowskin tied round the ankles by strings of white wool. Lastly, to protect his precious throat, Olaus wore a woollen scarf of red, green and blue, which, having circumvented that part of him an indefinite number of times, stuffed the rest of its long length within his tunic, where it helped to swell the magnitude of his chest.

Truly, he was a majestic object compared with those others of his compatriots who, not being so fortunate as to know English, had no chance of such an engagement as his, and were therefore compelled to crawl along the rugged track out of the town, in their dirtiest rags, bent double by the loads of peat upon their backs. But Olaus was too wise in his generation to risk conversation with me in the presence of his neighbours; he strutted ahead, and quickened his pace whenever I came within six feet of him.

Thus we proceeded through Thorshavn, an attraction for all eyes. As we climbed the rude rock stairs, stained black with the ooze of much drainage matter, little children with bronzed cheeks, flaxen hair and Saxon blue eyes clasped each other's hands, and stood aside on the tips of

their wooden sabots, while they whispered among themselves "*Engelsk-mand!*" Housewives threw their brooms into a corner, or left the rolls of *bygbrød* to grill by themselves, and flew to the window or door to see us pass; the word had gone along the street that we were coming half a minute ago. One old crone, whose ninety years were opposed to hurry, but not to the curious instincts of her nature, had herself supported to the glass, behind which her yellow face, with its sunken black eyes, gleamed at me like something spectral, not human. Artisans, straddled across the skeleton beams of a house half built, stopped their hammering and stared, until I was near enough for a display of courtesy; then off came their caps, and a civil "*God dag*" whispered from the roof. Ladies, clattering down to the stream, laden to their noses with clothes for the wash, dropped their burdens to the ground and sat upon them, that they might see us at their ease, and, with the freedom of their sex, commented glibly on my peculiarities, and audibly. School-boys conning their lessons as they trotted to the royal school, shut their books and gaped, until we had passed, when they shouted. In brief, we had the honour of causing a five-minutes' ferment of excitement in those parts of Thorshavn which we traversed. No English gentleman had visited the place for a couple of years, and I was a recent arrival. Conspicuousness is odious to a man of sensibility and sense; I was therefore delighted when the last "*God dag*" was exchanged, the last house of the town was left behind, and there was nothing more animate in front than Olaus and the brown mountain tops, their sides strewn chaotically with countless white boulders, among which the white sheep browsed almost unperceived. As for Olaus, no sooner were we out of the town than he seemed to shrink; and in a little while he had sobered his pace until he was abreast with me. Then, with a squint of hu-

mility, as if in apology for his late exhibition of pride, he informed me, in an irregular mosaic of three languages, that he was not very well, but that he hoped to get something to eat at the conclusion of our walk.

The weather at the outset was not bad for Faroe. There was cloud on the hills, but the blue spaces aloft, and their blue counterparts on the sea to our left, were augury of good. Naalsøe Island, four miles away, lying straight some seven or eight miles, and rising to a peak of twelve or thirteen hundred feet, was clearly defined, and the white church of its one town shone like a snowball in the distance. The sea too was quiet, though breathed over by a north-easterly wind just strong enough to admonish the clouds on the hills that they had better go up higher. But, ere we had walked a mile along the road, which runs out from the town perhaps twice as far, a sudden change came about. The wind shifted to the rainy quarter, to the south-west. In ten minutes Naalsøe disappeared from sight. The fog on the hills descended and surrounded us. And Olaus and I were soon treading dismally over wet bogs, through the soaked and soaking heather, and rained on by the clouds into whose very hearts we were methodically attempting to climb. Nowhere is weather more fickle than in the Faroes. And it is not every one who can console himself, in the midst of a Faroe fog, with the reflection that it is a salubrious if unwelcome visitation.

Not a soul lives between Thorshavn and Kirkeboe, though the distance is some six English miles. In the first place it is an inland route, and there is no inland habitation throughout the Faroes. All the people are born, as it were, face to face with the sea. And the nature of the country, sown as it is almost everywhere with innumerable boulders, offers little inducement to farmers. If the sheep and small horses, which are turned loose hereabouts to take care of themselves, can find herbage enough to sustain them,

this is as much as can be expected from the interior. While, secondly, our track was mountainous from beginning to end. From one terrace of shingle and hard rock—the uniformity of which was broken by occasional tufts of vivid green, whence clear spring water gushed towards the valleys—we passed to another similar terrace, and thence across miniature desert plateaux of inexpressible bleakness and aridity; until we had gone from the east of the island to the west, and could see, far down, when the fog lifted, the dull, lead-coloured sea between Stromo and the islets of Hestoe and Kolter. A little later, and the black rocks of these isles were visible; their bases rose straight from the water, but their summits, hidden in the clouds, were as high as the imagination pleased to make them.

It was an all but soundless walk. True, Olaus, thanks to his cold, was frequently obliged to clear his throat, and he made plenty of noise in the exertion. But the echoes of his efforts, exaggerated and bandied from rock to rock, soon died away, and left the stillness yet more still. Now and again an oyster-catcher would rise with a scream, and his scarlet and white plumage flash brightly through the dim atmosphere about us. But no other birds were about that day. The fog seemed to have sent all living things to sleep, save only Olaus and myself. Yet, though the air was about half as thick as that of London in November, there was a subtle element of exhilaration about it which made the walk quite enjoyable and enlivening. I chanced to have my small five-chambered revolver with me—a most useless weapon in Faroe by the by, where murder is an unknown term. This I was tempted suddenly to fire, after a rather long spell of complete silence. The next moment Olaus was by my side, clutching at the thing, and peering open-mouthed down its barrel, careless of the fact that one of his fingers in his excitement was pressing the trigger of the yet loaded pistol; and it was only after much trouble

that I persuaded him to let me put him out of reach of danger.

“Had I brought it to shoot him with?” Olaus inquired, in heated Danish, his red nose fiery with perturbation and anxiety. And I could only soothe him into complete tranquillity by surrendering the revolver to him and bidding him use it himself at anything he pleased, except myself. But henceforward, until we were close to the green patch of cultivated ground between the perpendicular rocks of the mainland and the sea itself, which represented the old church town of Kirkeboe, I was questioned about “the little gun,” whose fellow he had never yet seen; its cost, its maker, the number of men I had killed with it, the degree of its fatality, my object in bringing it to Faroe, &c. The report seemed to have a most stimulating effect upon the man’s intellect, for, in quaint enough Danish, he began to tell a tale about the only man of his acquaintance who had ever meditated a deed of violence.

“There was one man, and he was one very angry man, and he got in a passion one day and swear he kill somebody. He go to his home, and first thing he see is his woman at the quern—she a meek thing with no spirit; and he run at her, and without one word he knock her down flat, and she lie without moving, her nose upstanding to the roof. Then this one man shocked with himself, to think how near he was to being a slayer of his wife. No man has yet killed his wife in Faroe, and he so near being the first! And all his anger go out of him like the wind from a bladder when you untie the string. And he bethink himself how to keep himself from being so wicked. He run to the cupboard and pour brandy down his woman’s throat. And then when, after a time, she breathe freely and open an eye, this one man run off, and down to the rocks, and throw himself, all in one instant, into the sea, where he drown. He not kill his woman after that.”

Master Olaus’ tale may stand on the

merits of its moral; for its truth I do not vouch.

From the higher rocks, still wrapped in dark fog, we could see Kirkeboe below in the bright sunshine. It was like looking at a pretty face from under the photographer's cloth. Soon we reached the first parallelogram of rye within the parish. Then a dog began to bark from a neighbouring strip of grass meadow. A second dog, nearer the knot of buildings, took up the cry. One man, cutting grass with a short-bladed scythe, looked up from his work, saw us, whistled to another man similarly engaged, who, taking the signal, waved his hand towards the farm, and having secured attention and done his work, crossed his legs and scrutinised us. The first man, in the meantime, striding like a giant, had come alongside Olaus and me, and opened a rapid conversation with the former, of which I was the object and illustration, judging from his stare and Olaus' gestures.

"What is it all about?" I asked Olaus, at length. They had been talking Faroese, which is a spoken, not a written, language, and therefore a sad stumbling-block for foreigners.

"He have never seen an Englishman before; he is an ignorant fellow," said Olaus, at first beginning in a tone quite loud enough for the other to hear, but ending in a whisper. Not that the Kirkeboe man seemed likely to resent depreciatory reference to him. He was in the throes of an excited desire to understand the composition of an Englishman, now that Providence had put such a creature in his way. Having examined the texture of my clothes, and shaken his head over the quality of my Scotch tweeds, he fell on his knees in a fervour, and, ejaculating tremulously, "Me—shoemaker!" seized one of my feet, and began pinching and thumbing the leather of my boot. Here, at any rate, was something that he approved; for, having done with my foot, and set it tenderly upon the ground again, he

raised towards me a face full of depression, and shook his head mournfully, while he murmured, "Brilliant!"

It was the homage of an artist towards his ideal. What were untanned cowskin moccasins, tied round the ankle with common strings, in comparison with the elegant thick-soled production of a scientific bootmaker? And we left this man still gazing at my feet as they receded from him.

The cultivated part of Kirkeboe is like all the other cultivated parts in the Faroe Isles. From the sea it would be a green patch, or patch of patches, on the hem of the grey or purple swelling mass of land—green in summer that is; for later, when the hay is stacked and the grain carried, the tiny fields take a golden colour which almost dazzles the eyes in the bright sunshine. The land is cut up into numerous sections by the shallow ditches necessary to carry off the heavy rains which pour down from the high overshadowing rocks. A Norfolk farmer would laugh a Faroe man's husbandry to scorn. So poor is the soil, so rude the implements, so uncertain the weather! And so trifling the results! He would ask wherein lay the use of cutting a field of rye some fifteen yards by five, the heads of irregular height and separated from each other by inches. And, indeed, if time were as valuable in Faroe as in England, there would be reason in his inquiry. But when Olaus and I traversed the parish, its grass, full of flowers and knee deep, was uncut; and thanks to the mountain mist and the warm sun which now seemed to shine from under the mist, as strong and sweet of perfume as any English meadow in June. Kine were tethered here and there, and peered at us with mild questioning eyes. A milk girl, with one pail of milk slung on her back, one on each of her arms, and knitting withal as she went swinging and singing down to the farm, gave us cheerful greeting. The sea, placid silver to the horizon,

or until obscured by the frowning rocks of Sandoe and Hestoe, just broke into white foam against the gnarled and iron strand of the village.

Close to the white church and the beach is the one ecclesiastical ruin in Faroe. It stands picturesquely with its four chief walls uncovered to the sky, grass within them and grass without, and its large pointed east window filled with a near panorama of black perpendicular cliffs with grassy edges of velvety green inaccessible even for the nimble Faroe sheep. Centuries ago, before Protestantism trod the life out of architecture, here at Kirkeboe was a bishop's residence and a school for priests. But with the Reformation the importance of the place ended. A Protestant bishop was appointed to Kirkeboe, it is true; but certain of the sea robbers, who from the earliest times had ravaged these thinly-peopled islands, soon frightened this gentleman out of the country. Since then no bishop has held sway in Faroe; and the ruins at Kirkeboe are the only remaining witness of the early power of the Church in the isles. Once in six or seven weeks the provost or dean of the clergy holds service nowadays in the place where, five hundred years ago, prayers were said daily by a bishop.

The hospitality of Northmen is proverbial. Though, save for one or two government officials, there are no rich men in Faroe, a stranger is everywhere received with open hands and, better still, with open hearts. Olaus was for taking advantage of this immediately. He would introduce me to the farmer there and then, and I could begin eating and drinking within the minute. But I saw through his pretext, and bid him go and fill his own stomach while I examined the cathedral walls. I had no excuse for pressing myself upon strangers, it seemed to me; if he as a native had less conscience, so much the better for him. This he refused to do, however; and he sulkily followed me into the cathedral precincts. But here there was really nothing of interest to see.

The walls are of hard trapstone, the irregular blocks connected with a mortar of extraordinary adhesiveness. By the eastern window are some stone decorations, and outside the same window is a sculpture of the crucifixion, not more artistic than the bulk of other similar work three centuries ago. In fact, the most curious object in the cathedral was something secular—a plough. The Kirkeboe bonder had introduced this novelty into his district only the other day; and, though by no means remarkable in its make or size, it was to a Faroe man transcendent in interest over the cathedral and all its history. It was to this that Olaus pointed triumphantly when we walked into the long grass of the aisle. And it was to explain this to me that another man in a blue nightcap came headlong after us and plunged straightway into an incomprehensible discourse, one word in ten of which was English. But it was delicious to mark instant enmity towards this interloper printed upon Olaus' face. He tried to out-talk him, and, failing in this, assured me that the plough was not good for much after all, let that other man say what he might about it; and, as if he were my sworn bodyguard, he constantly interposed himself between the man and me, his face red with indignation, and his eyes flashing. The stranger man drew me aside towards a bit of decorated work of which he seemed to know the history, and as the ground in the vicinity was swampy he exerted himself to put stepping-stones for me in the kindest and most self-sacrificial manner. At this Olaus seemed beside himself with anger; he stood apart and writhed, working his lips like a lunatic, and he took it hardly when I laughed at him. Eventually, he stole towards me, and getting on the side farthest from the obnoxious interloper whispered, with dramatic tremulousness, upturning an anguished eye of assurance at the same time—

"Sir, this man *lille* (little) drunk; I swear he *lille* drunk."

But I am afraid Olaus derived no

comfort from the accusation, for I felt impelled to tell him that the new arrival "a little drunk" was more entertaining than himself, perfectly sober. At this juncture the farmer himself opportunely appeared at the west end of the aisle, smiling and extending his hand in greeting. And behind him came his sons, two broad-shouldered brown young men, as honestly genial of expression as their father. They all shook my hand with a vigour that made me wince, and I was invited into the house without delay.

It was an ordinary-looking Faroe farm building, with the usual number of smaller houses attached, for the bedding of the labourers, the drying of the mutton and beef for winter use, the storing of grain and wool, both raw and manufactured; black in the body, with a roofing of bright turf, amid which pink achillea and yellow buttercups bloomed profusely. But at one time its foundations had supported an episcopal residence. Where now farm-refuse littered the yard and cods' heads stared ugly in death, shaven monks had walked to and fro, with the swirl of the sea on the rocks hard by dinning their ears. No whitewashed Lutheran church, surmounted by its lozenge-shaped belfry tower, had then stood between them and the sea horizon.

Not that I was allowed time for any such old-world reflections as these. Divorced from Olaus, who, though a consequential man, was not fit for a drawing-room, I surrendered myself wholly to my new friends, exchanged bows and hand-shakings with the lady of the house, and seated myself by the table, with a vase of blue and crimson flowers under my nose. Then came in the farmer's daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who had just finished her education, as the phrase goes, in Copenhagen, and, after greetings, was commissioned to bring wine and cake and cigars. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes unusual in this land of Northmen, brilliant complexion, and

an elegant figure; but, much as one could not help admiring her, it went against the grain to be waited upon by her with a deference that was yet more humiliating. In Faroe the custom of toasting is general. He were but an ill-mannered fellow who would drink anything stronger than water in company with another without wishing him health and prosperity. Accordingly, glasses were filled with sherry (a great luxury in Faroe), and, one after the other, standing with solemn eyes, the household of the bonder clinked my glass, uttering the monosyllable "*Skald.*" The wine was then drunk at a gulp, smiles were exchanged, and cigars were lit by the gentlemen. Photographic albums were brought forward, and, with kindly simplicity, I was informed of the names and standing of people whom I had never seen and was never likely to know. In Faroe, as elsewhere, photography has proved a social blessing. No house is without its collection of portraits, and these almost invariably serve to break the ice of early acquaintanceship. In Thorshavn I was soon at home with the photographs of scores of people who were strangers to me when I left the place.

I asked the bonder if his farm was prosperous. It was a foolish question, for when, since Adam became a labourer, was a tiller of the ground contented with its fruits? Here, indeed, there was much amiss. The summer had been far too wet. The hay would be late, and the crops refused to ripen. The cows were not too loyal in their tribute. The lambs had met with many accidents; and numbers of the sheep had, at wooling time, shed their fleeces against the rocky edges of the mountains, and presented themselves to their owner naked and profitless. Even the eider ducks, in his rock-island a hundred yards away, had not yielded him more than two pounds of down this season, at twenty shillings the pound. And the cod fishing also had been poor.

But, having voided himself of these legitimate grievances, the farmer ac-

knowledge that he had much to be thankful for. His family were well, his men did their work, and they all had enough to eat and drink. Nor were they troubled with anxieties about war and such matters, as in England. One of the boys here pricked up his ears and asked if General Gordon was really dead, and when I told him the common opinion, he looked quite sorry. They had heard of Gordon from the Copenhagen papers, and in Faroe, no less than in Denmark, he had been exalted on a pedestal of heroic fame. Moreover they knew something of his features from the almanacs supplied to the local merchants by the traders from Orkney and Shetland. To the farmer, Gordon suggested the royal family of Denmark, and the different members of King Christian's house were enumerated affectionately for me, and their portraits, including those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, arranged symmetrically on one wall of the room, indicated to me. It is a trifle strange, considering how little actual advantage they derive from the Danish rule, that the Faroese should be so warm in their devotion to the Danish Government; and may, perhaps, be explained by the surmise that in the less complex stages of civilisation man can and will venerate and love a master, if he be not positively hateful. I never entered a house in Faroe without seeing a portrait of the Danish king—a steel engraving or a common woodcut daubed with rainbow colours. Loyalty is surely spontaneous in these happy isles.

King Christian's picture recalled to my kindly host another monarch whose memory is held in esteem at Kirkeboe. Centuries ago the people of Norway rose against their sovereign and put him to death; and would also have killed his Queen Gunhild and her little boy-baby had she not fled from the country with him. Kirkeboe in Faroe was the refuge sought by this poor lady with her orphaned child. A relative of hers was bishop here, and gave her shelter.

She assumed a menial character, hid her boy for a whole summer in a cave among the black-beetling rocks over the village, visiting him daily to suckle and tend him, and trusted in the future to atone for the past and present. In due time the boy grew up to manhood. Then, donning his rights as a panoply, he returned to Norway, carried all before him, and secured his father's throne. This tale of King Sverre, Bishop Ro, and Gunhild the Queen, was told me by the elder of the farmer's sons; and he would have shown the site of the cave itself if the fog had not lain too low on the hill sides. Avalanches of stones and snow have in the course of time made the hole harder to attain than once it was, but at the best it must have been a panting climb for the hapless queen, in addition to her other misfortunes of exile and apparent servitude.

Another curiosity of Kirkeboe is a famous old house of Norwegian timber, with as wonderful a history as the Santa Casa of Loretto. It is said to be eight hundred years old, and to have floated deliberately from Norway upon the beach of Kirkeboe, not exactly furnished, but ready for furniture and occupation. Nor is it of flimsy material. Trunks a foot in diameter are dovetailed into similar trunks; and the massy planks of the partitions and flooring suggest the enormous weight of the entire structure. There is rude carving on some of the beams, and the panels also are decorated here and there. Nowadays the chief room of this house serves as the *rygstue*, or kitchen; literally, the smoke-room, as the common kitchen of a Faroe house being unprovided with a chimney, the hearth stands in the middle of the chamber, and over it, in the roof, is a hole for the smoke to go through *when it chooses*. When I entered it a man on his knees was eating fish from a wooden trough, much as a pig feeds in his sty. He had the backbone of an entire cod in his two hands, and was sucking the flesh from it with enthu-

siasm. A woman at the other end of the room was turning the spinning-wheel, keeping an eye upon certain rolls of rye-bread laid upon a gridiron over the lurid sods of turf on the hearth. These cakes were of two dimensions, the greater, representing one man's portion, being perhaps a quarter as large again as the other or woman's portion. It is an old Faroe custom thus to distinguish between the appetite or deserts of the sexes—probably the latter. And yet, apart from the claim of more exacting physique, considering the work done by men and women, one is disposed to think that the men are rewarded over-liberally. A specialist, for instance, thus enumerates the chief duties of a Faroe housewife. She has "to crush corn in the quern, to clean the entrails of slaughtered animals, to cleanse the cow-houses and milk the cows, to dry the corn, to knit, weave, and sew, to knead and bake the bread, to pluck the sea-birds, taken by the thousand in the season, wash the skins and wool, and do all other washing, to spin, dye, cook, &c., &c." Whereas, if we exclude fishing and field work, both of which are much curtailed in winter, when the nights are four times as long as the days, the men are mainly engaged in woolwork, and chattering like the women themselves. But it will be long before the women of Faroe take up the cry of "equality of consideration and a bigger loaf!" Dutiful submission to their lords and masters is inborn with them like the marrow of their bones.

Out of this *rogstue*, the beams of which were grimed with the smoke of centuries, we went into a sleeping chamber. The beds were of hay, new cut, ravishingly sweet, and set in the wood of the wall like the bunks of a ship. Under the floor of this room was a cavity, ten feet, perhaps, in depth, which, if tradition may be credited, was used as a dungeon by the old Northmen who owned the house before it got adrift from the mainland. It were curious to know the exact history of this imported domicile. One thing

is sure—that it is unique in Faroe. As for its trip of two hundred miles across the North Atlantic, one is loth to rebuff the imagination by discrediting such a delicious spectacle.

The good farmer was for returning and drinking more wine after viewing the *rogstue*. But one of the boys suggested that the white church ought to be seen; his father had the reading of the service upon him five Sundays out of six, he said. And so the key was fetched, and, passing through a tangled bit of paddock, notable only for some edible shrub which grew in it, we assailed and opened the door. A less remarkable place of worship cannot be conceived. It was of wood, varnished inside and whitewashed outside; plain to nakedness, with a streak or two of bright colour about its wooden pulpit. A spittoon stood at the foot of the altar, which bore a crucifix and some dirt. But, though so unattractive, familiarity had endeared the edifice to the boys. They prattled about it, and sat on the tops of the pews, lounged against the altar, and paddled their fingers in the font; told how in winter the sea thunders its waves against the sides and drowns the sound of the pastor's voice; the number of the congregation, a bare half dozen at times; the cost of the candles, and so forth. The Lutherans of Faroe are not excited religionists; they take their quota of inspired moral teaching once a week, or once every six weeks, as the case may be, and it suffices them. In truth, however, there can be no more moral community under the sun than this isolated population of eleven thousand human beings.

When we were about to leave the church and re-lock it, my friend and guide Olaus made his appearance in the doorway, with a shining face and an eager expression.

"Dreadful bad weather coming on!" he said to me in an aside, which happily was audible to the elder of the farmer's sons.

"Bad! why, the sun is all over the sea," exclaimed the boy, "and Sandoe

yonder is out of the clouds. It will be soft to-morrow, but all to-day fine."

"Well, *I think*—" murmured Olaus, with a vanquished look of discomfiture at his belly, which was patently swelled, "I am ready to go home!" he continued, in elucidation of his weather wisdom.

But this the good bonder protested against. I had taken only the preliminary refreshment; a substantial repast would be ready by and by; his wife was preparing it.

And so, to pass the time, it was proposed that we should visit the eider-duck island, a good stone's throw from the shore. Accordingly, some men were summoned, and, with a whoop of self-encouragement, these launched one of the bonder's boats. A Faroe boat is as old fashioned a concern as a poke bonnet. It has a curved prow and a curved stern; and both ends are furnished with handles for the seizure of the boat. The oars, moreover, are tied to the sides with thongs of cowskin. But there can be no ground for cavil against boats and men who, like these, can jointly get over twenty-four miles of water-way, and not by any means still water, in four hours or so. Faroe men row astonishingly quick, but for style they care nothing; and though they would soon beat an Oxford crew in a long race, they would not fail also to excite its derision.

During the passage the boys pulled up a quantity of seaweed, and offered me three varieties to taste and determine as to the best. Olaus, who was with us, would have saved me the ordeal of decision; for he filled his mouth by handfuls. But the boys scorned Olaus, esteeming him by another standard than his own, and I had to arbitrate. Two of the kinds were ribbon-leaved and palatable enough; the third, like a rope of amber, was better still. Henceforward I shall consider it no hardship for a community to be forced upon this kind of food—as a supplement to better. Though what consequences would

ensue upon an exclusive diet of seaweed I cannot pretend to say. Olaus, who seemed to be a receptacle for anything eatable, having disposed of many yards of seaweed, began upon the mussels and other shell-fish which incrust the rocks of the bird-island, and we left him at his dessert, in search of nests.

The Holm, as they called it, was hard to walk upon, being composed of irregular heaps of rock overgrown with long rank grass, in which the common sea-birds laid their eggs. Though it was very late in the season, these eggs were under our feet wherever we trod, and many a promising brood was perforce destroyed. As for the more valuable eider broods, these were provided with thatched houses, into which we crept carefully, blocking the aperture so as to leave the female bird no chance of escape. And thus we saw several interesting families in the straw side by side. The female is a rich glossy slate and bronze colour, somewhat larger than our common duck. Ordinarily there were four eggs in each nest. Some, however, were hatched, and the delicate young birds fluttered hither and thither in their excitement. Not one of the more resplendent male birds was at home; they were doubtless whirling about over the seaward end of the islet, screaming their best in company with thousands of other birds. It is from the lower part of the neck and the breast of these precious birds that the down is plucked. And it was from this rock that the bonder derived his revenue of a couple of pounds sterling, as the value of the two pounds weight of down which he had been able to accumulate in the year.

I asked if the common tern's eggs were good to eat, when, to my distress, I had crushed three at one step: and Olaus Jackson, who had rejoined us after his surfeit of shell-fish, for answer bade me watch him. The monster hereupon broke egg after egg upon his teeth, and tipped the hapless contents down his red throat, seemingly quite callous whether the eggs

were good or bad, in an early or a late stage of incubation. But he was summarily stopped by the younger boy, who looked disgusted, and wrathfully told him in Faroese that he was committing an illegal as well as a hideously greedy action; the eggs were protected by Faroe law—unless they were bad. I do not quite know what Olaus said in reply—but I gathered from the boy that he pleaded in extenuation the peculiar flavour of most of those he had eaten. Personally, from what I had seen of him, I could believe the man capable of eating a bad egg rather than nothing at all.

But it was time for me to be eating on my own account; not that the day was darkening, for in Faroe latitudes the sun in summer hardly goes below the horizon at the end of the day. Rain was to be feared, however, and a thickening of the clouds on the hills. The bonder would not join me at my meal; the laws of hospitality forbade such presumption. And, much as I should have liked his company, I did not press it. All the members of the family were present while I ate. They took a quiet unobtrusive interest in my movements, and talked only when addressed. Again I was waited on by the ladies with cheerful zeal; and this was the only embarrassing part of the meal—to myself. The spoons here, as in most Faroe farmhouses, were of silver, heavy and old. Lastly, coffee and cigars were brought forward, and a reluctant permission to start was accorded me. Had I been willing to stay, they would have welcomed me. The guest room, opening from the drawing-room, was shown to tempt me; but it was as nothing compared with their own honest hospitable dispositions. To crown his kindness, the bonder offered me a horse for the return journey. It was a little animal of the Faroe breed, such as the dealers buy in the isles for three to four sovereigns apiece; but it was surefooted and strong. Then, one after the other, these friends of a day said "*Farvel*," almost tremulously, and squeezed my

hand—not even excepting the young lady, who, in spite of her Copenhagen piano and finished education, was as simple of speech and manner as a peasant's daughter dependent for her education upon nature alone. Her fair face was crimson when she said "Good-bye," and her eyes looked down modestly; but she gripped my hand as tightly as a boy. Verily, I could not help feeling sad when I rejoined the lumpish Olaus, and thought that in all human probability I should never see these true gentlefolk again.

We made the first mile or so of our return climb in silence. Olaus seemed sulky, and panted as if troubled by his digestion; while the sharp rock of Kolter Island, five miles across the now glittering sea, enchained my eyes, though not my thought. A little higher, and we were plunged to the neck into the inevitable fog. But, before taking the step, I looked back at Kirkeboe, now a green space no larger than a handkerchief on the level between the mountains and the sea, with its white church no bigger than a common nut; and the sight warmed my heart. Then, for two weary hours, we waded through a mist that hung our beards with dewdrops, and made us limp to the bones.

No sooner were we in the chief street of Thorshavn than my man straightened himself up, and tried to renew the deportment of the morning. But something made him abruptly throw aside all his assumption of importance.

"*Farvel*," he said, with sudden energy, holding out his hand, and his eye was bright.

"Why! what is the matter?" I asked. "You may as well come on! Why not?"

"Because," said Olaus, with decision, though his lip quivered, "it is supper-time. *Farvel*."

And away he sprang towards his own house, soon breaking into a gentle trot, which, ere I lost him, had developed into a tearing gallop of impatience.

THE DEATH OF AMY ROBSART.

It has always been a vexed question how far poets and romance-writers should be permitted to work the course of history to their own will; and it is inevitable that it should be so. It is impossible to deliver the law on any point which must, after all, depend mainly on personal notions of reason and propriety, even in those rare cases where two persons are found to agree on the truth of history itself. Yet the question, like so many much-debated questions, has its simple side—or what at least may seem so to minds not too stubbornly set on finding difficulties. It has one particularly simple side, which indeed seems to offer the very last word to those comfortable souls who are averse to considering too curiously on any matter. When ‘Old Mortality’ was first published there arose much discussion on the author’s treatment of the two parties, the Cavaliers and the Puritans: especially in Scotland it was thought altogether intolerable that the “bloody Claver’sse” of a legend still so firmly believed should be presented as a mirror of chivalry. All this seemed to Jeffrey very much of a storm in a tea-cup. “It is,” he wrote,¹ “a singular honour, no doubt, to a work of fiction and amusement to be thus made the theme of serious attack and defence upon points of historical and theological discussion; and to have grave dissertations written by learned contemporaries upon the accuracy of its representations of public events and characters. It is difficult for us, we confess, to view the matter in so serious a light.” We must for our part own to being very much on the side of Jeffrey, holding that in a professed work of fiction the license of the author should be in proportion to his capacity of using it for

¹ ‘Edinburgh Review,’ March, 1817.

our amusement. However, we do not propose to intrude our own views, still less to attempt to make converts to them; being very well aware how extremely unpopular and altogether absurd they must seem to so eager, curious, and, above all, so exact an age as this. There is, however, another view which we shall offer with less diffidence; a simple view, too, and, as it seems to us, based upon good sense. It is, at any rate, the view of a man entitled to be heard on any question of literature—some will say especially on any question of romantic literature. It is the view of Macaulay, and may be seen in a passage of his journal quoted by Mr. Trevelyan.² He had been reading Schiller’s ‘Joan of Arc,’ and had closed the book in a characteristic tempest of indignation with the last act. “Absurd beyond description,” he calls it; and then he goes on:—“The monstrous violation of history which everybody knows is not to be defended. Schiller might just as well have made Wallenstein dethrone the Emperor, and reign himself over Germany—or Mary become Queen of England, and cut off Elizabeth’s head, as make Joan fall in the moment of victory.” The present is not perhaps the most convenient time for putting Macaulay in the witness-box. He is not in fashion; but fashions do not last. An epoch of change such as, we hear proclaimed, triumphantly or otherwise, on every side, we are now passing through, is often followed by an epoch of restoration; and as the frequent attempts which, despite Mr. Bagehot’s warning,³ have in recent times been

² ‘Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay,’ ch. xii.

³ Ibid. ch. xi.

made to re-write Macaulay have not been uniformly successful, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that another generation may see fit to reverse the decision of this. At any rate in this particular instance Macaulay's verdict is perhaps as satisfactory, certainly as clear as any we are likely to get. It may be said to represent the common-sense of the question; and though common-sense is itself perhaps in no very great favour to-day, it affords at least a good point to start from.

Let us assume then, that the poet or romance-writer, when working with historic materials, times, characters, or scenes, unfamiliar, doubtful, or unimportant, may put them to such uses as his fancy or convenience may dictate. Where his materials are such as everybody, even historians themselves, are agreed upon, he must range himself with "everybody." Starting with this assumption, we propose to inquire what really is the sum of the grave offences against history Sir Walter Scott has been accused of committing in his novel of 'Kenilworth.' There is, probably, by this time a pretty general impression that all is not as it should be in that enchanting tale. But the impression does not seem to be a very clear one, even among those who have been most strenuous to put Sir Walter wrong. Our inquiry is not inspired by any great motives. We are influenced by no abstract love of truth or justice. We have no superstitious reverence for the awful muse of history. Our motive is in truth no higher one than curiosity, the idle motive of an empty day; and especially a curiosity to see how these antiquarians work. Your thorough-going antiquarian is in the very nature of things a terrible iconoclast. Now iconoclasm is an intoxicating pastime; when once the spirit of battle is up, few of its professors are cool enough to see or care on whose head the swashing blow falls, or what it breaks, or to keep in mind the particular

purpose of the fray. Backwards and forwards it rocks, like that famous fight over the dead consul—

"Till none could see Valerius,
And none wist where he lay."

"Captain or colonel, or knight in arms," down they all go: everything that stands in the way of these furious searchers after truth must go, animate or inanimate, prince or peasant, cathedral or cottage. And the present age is one particularly favourable to this free fighting. It is not only an epoch of change, but also an epoch of dissolution. The old shrines must not only be dismantled, they must be pulled down; the old idols not only discrowned, they must be broken up. If we cannot create, we can at least destroy. A Mahomet is not born every day, but we can all of us be Omars; we can all help to burn the libraries. Perhaps not all of this great work of destruction is of such importance as its votaries assume. However, it is, of course, a serious affair to fasten a charge of murder on an innocent man, even in fiction. So we have been minded to see for ourselves how far Sir Walter is really guilty of this grave offence; what it is the antiquarians have really discovered—in short, after a second-hand fashion to play the antiquarian ourselves. We do not, indeed, for a moment profess to have made any discoveries of our own; our present business is merely to sift the discoveries of others.

But before setting to work let us, as briefly as may be, review the rank of Sir Walter's accusers, and the sum of their charges against him. In the year of the publication of the novel, that is in 1821, the errors in Lady Dudley's biography were duly set forth in the 'Quarterly Review,' and possibly in other places unknown to us. But it is clear that at the time, and for many years afterwards, there was no suspicion that any offence against the good fame of Leicester, Varney, or Forster had been committed. The

tradition that the Earl of Leicester's first wife had been done to death at Cumnor Hall by foul means to which he was privy, if he had not literally ordered them, had been common property ever since the Earl's own day. It seems to have been in 1848 that the truth of this tradition was first seriously questioned. In that year Lord Braybrooke published the third edition of Pepys's 'Diary,' and the late Mr. George Lillie Craik, the first volume of his 'Romance of the Peerage.' Both these books contained a correspondence then lately discovered in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, between Leicester, or Lord Robert Dudley as he then was, and his cousin Sir Thomas Blount. The letters are not originals, but copies made, it has been assumed from the handwriting, some twenty years or so after the events they report. Lord Braybrooke contented himself with merely printing the correspondence; but Mr. Craik went farther, as was indeed his business. He pointed out how much, or, as it would be more true to say, how little, these letters really proved. He also pointed out, and, so far as we know, was the first to do so, that Ashmole's version of the affair, on which Sir Walter had based his tale, was really no more than a copy of a notorious contemporary publication known as 'Leycester's Commonwealth.'

In 1850 Mr. Bartlett, of Abingdon, published his 'Historical and Descriptive Account of Cumnor Place.' In it, together with much curious archaeological matter, he amplified Mr. Craik's statements, and added some particulars of Anthony Forster, whom he showed to have been, at any rate intellectually and socially, a different man from the boorish ruffian of 'Kenilworth.' Neither he nor Mr. Craik can be called accusers of Sir Walter. They did their spiriting gently and reverently; above all, they confined themselves solely to facts. By their followers, who have practically been able to add little to the sum of their actual knowledge, they are barely mentioned.

Perhaps, because they were not "thorough" enough to satisfy those Fifth-Monarchy men; because, unlike Butcher Harrison, they "did the work negligently." But, in truth, your red-hot antiquarian is never very prompt to acknowledge his debts. In 1859 the late Mr. Pettigrew, vice-president of the British Archæological Association, published a pamphlet, called 'An Inquiry into the Particulars connected with the Death of Amy Robsart (Lady Dudley),'¹ which he had previously read at the meeting of the Society at Newbury in the same year. A more voluminous work, 'Amye Robsart and the Earl of Leycester,' followed in 1870 from Mr. Adlard, an American gentleman. Six years later, that is in 1876, Canon Jackson read a paper on the same subject at the meeting of the Wiltshire Archæological Society at Salisbury. This paper was privately printed in the following year, and subsequently incorporated in an article published in the 'Nineteenth Century' Magazine, for March, 1882.

Only one voice has been heard on the other side, but that is no feeble one. A short while ago Mr. Walter Rye, known for his researches in the history of Norfolk, published a pamphlet, 'The Murder of Amy Robsart,' which he defiantly styles, "A Brief for the Prosecution." He has introduced too much unsavoury and irrelevant scandal about Queen Elizabeth; but he has also recapitulated with great clearness and precision the charge against Leicester; he has broken down much of the evidence on the other side; and if his new points for the prosecution are not always of paramount importance, he has at least reminded the jury of much which his opponents have naturally done their best to put by or to ignore. If Sir Walter wanted a counsel, he need wish for no better one than Mr. Rye.

Let us now take the points in the story on which Sir Walter has been

¹ Lady, or Dame, Dudley, in the style of the day, not Lady Robert Dudley as we should say now.

proved wrong. Amy's father was not Sir Hugh Robsart, of Devonshire, but Sir John Robsart, of Norfolk. She did not steal from her home to marry Dudley privately; she was married to him publicly at Sheen, in Surrey, on the fourth of June, 1550. It is known from the Privy Council Records that she visited him when he was a prisoner in the Tower, for his share in the attempt to put his brother's wife, Lady Jane Grey, on the throne. A letter, preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, written by her to Mr. Flowerdew, the agent of a Norfolk sheep-farm that she had brought her husband, shows her to have been living some time between 1557 and 1559, at the house of one Mr. Hyde, at Denchworth, about four miles from Cumnor. Therefore, her married life was not the involuntary seclusion of the novel, though she certainly seems to have had but little of her husband's company. She was never Countess of Leicester, and she never was at Kenilworth. The Queen gave Kenilworth to Lord Robert Dudley, in June 1563; and in September of the same year created him Earl of Leicester. Lady Dudley was not found dead in a cellar, but lying at the foot of a staircase leading down into the hall. Her father had died some years previously, shortly after her marriage. Neither was the skeleton of Anthony Forster found lying across his money-bags in a secret chamber. It is not known precisely where he died, but he was buried on the tenth of November, 1572, in Cumnor church, in a sumptuous marble tomb, which stands to this day. On that tomb are inscribed the names of his five children, but among them the name of Janet does not appear. It is also known that he stood much higher in the social scale than he stands in the novel.

This is the sum total of Sir Walter's *proved* blanches from the straight path of history. We will now turn to those other and more serious offences he is *alleged* to have committed. They may be very briefly stated: firstly, there is absolutely no proof that Lady

Dudley was murdered; secondly, if she was murdered, there is absolutely no proof that Dudley, Forster, or Varney were in any way accessories, either before or after the fact; thirdly, there is every possible reason for disbelieving them to have been so. As Canon Jackson is the latest accuser, and as his plaint embraces the whole story begun by Mr. Craik and continued by Messieurs Bartlett, Pettigrew, and Adlard, we will confine our examination in chief to him.

But we must first spare a word or two on—a mistake of his we will not call it—but a slight confusion of ideas. It is not only against the novel that he takes up his parable, but against the "several kinds of public spectacles" emanating from the novel. "There was," he says, "the melodrama of 'Amy Robsart' performed for a whole season before thousands upon thousands." This melodrama the good Canon cannot away with, and particularly the part it assigned to Varney, who seems indeed to have been modelled on the good old pattern of theatrical villainy. "It must," he says, "be exquisitely ridiculous to any person knowing the truth to sit and see such nonsense. An archæologist, looking round upon the spectators, would sigh with pity for the hundreds of simple folk who watch the proceedings with the deepest interest, not having the slightest idea that they are gulled and misled by the whole representation." Well, the archæologist has his revenge now. It is he who "gulls" and "misleads" the "simple folk" to-day by the anachronisms and other absurdities he persuades ignorant managers to perpetrate in their so-called Shakespearean revivals, and other historical spectacles. This, however, is beside the present question. What we desire with submission to point out to Canon Jackson is, that Sir Walter cannot in reason be held to blame for the catch-penny theatrical imitations of his work. Would any sane person venture to maintain that Shakespeare was responsible for the monstrous travesties of

his work that strut across the stage to-day?

"It must be exquisitely ridiculous," says Canon Jackson, "to any person *knowing the truth* to sit and see such nonsense." Let us see then what is the truth; not the conjecture or the inference, the possibility or probability, but the *truth*, the literal matter-of-fact. And first of Forster and Varney.

We may presume the story of 'Kenilworth' to be generally familiar to our readers; and as the preface to all editions of the novel likely to have come into their hands contains the passage from Ashmole's 'Antiquities of Berkshire' ¹ which Sir Walter took for his authority, we need not quote it here. It must, however, be remembered, that all the rest of Ashmole's narrative,—the hasty burial, the exhumation and inquest at the father's insistence, and the subsequent re-burial in Oxford—has no place in 'Kenilworth.' All we are concerned with is Sir Walter's alleged offence in giving countenance to a shameless libel implicating three honourable men in a murder that never was committed.

That Ashmole—though it would be more strictly archæological to say Ashmole's editor, it will be more convenient to say Ashmole, and we must trust that the shade of that learned herald will pardon us—that Ashmole took this story from 'Leycester's Commonwealth,' was, as we have said, first shown by Mr. Craik, and in Mr. Pettigrew's pamphlet the passages he borrowed are printed. The resemblance is certainly very close, being in parts indeed no other than a literal transcript. 'Leycester's Commonwealth' was a famous book in its day. It was printed abroad, and

¹ According to Lysons' 'History of Berkshire,' Elias Ashmole, "that industrious herald and antiquary," is not really responsible for this work. It was published after his death, and all of his own hand contained in it is the church notes copied from those deposited by him in the Herald's College. All else was contributed by the Editor. Mr. Adlard has called attention to this.

the copies sent bound into England with the outside of the leaves coloured green, whence it was popularly known as "Father Parson's Green Coat." The first edition bears the date 1584. The notorious Jesuit, Robert Parsons, has always been credited with the work, but there was a strong suspicion at the time that Cecil had a hand in it. In this suspicion Mr. Rye is much inclined to agree. It is certain, as he says, that Cecil was no friend to Leicester; and it is at least a curious coincidence that in the 'Commonwealth' reference is made to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's report of a rumour current in Paris that "the Queen of England had a meaning to marry her Horse-keeper." This report was made in a private letter to Cecil! The authorship of the book is, however, of no very great moment. There is the book itself, plain enough; and it can be no less plain to any one who reads the history of the time that it does no more than repeat the current scandal about Leicester. A gross and shameless libel it may be; written it may be by an unscrupulous man who had every motive to injure and discredit the professed champion of the Protestant cause; but it is more certain than anything else in this wretched business that 'Leycester's Commonwealth' only put into shape the floating stories against Leicester's good fame. An answer was sent out by Sir Philip Sydney, framed in hot haste at the moment, but never printed till the publication of the 'Sydney Papers' in 1746. Mr. Adlard calls it "a very able answer to the 'Commonwealth,' and refutation of the statements made therein." It is neither one nor the other. Sydney was Dudley's nephew, and the paper is precisely such as a chivalrous man, who hated to hear ill of any one, would write of a defamed kinsman. It is vague, confused, warm-hearted, and somewhat hot-headed; a general disclaimer of all reports against Dudley's good name, partly, indeed,

based on the excellent qualities of his lineage; a particular refutation of none. It proves nothing; it disproves nothing; and it never even mentions the Cumnor scandal by name.

Of Forster and Varney there is no other mention in the book, and Pettigrew, writing in 1859, is obliged to own that of the latter he "can ascertain no particulars." But Canon Jackson, as we have seen, "knows the truth." What then is the truth he knows? Mr. Adlard had already published two letters [which he had discovered in the Lansdowne manuscripts at the British Museum, from Leicester to Cecil, about the lands of a certain "young Varney," grandson of a Sir Richard Varney (or Verney),¹ who was sheriff of Warwickshire in 1562, and died in 1567. To these Canon Jackson has added a letter, found among the papers at Longleat, dated from Warwick, the twentieth of April, 1560, addressed "To the Rt. honourable and my verry good lorde, the lorde Robert Dudley, Mr. of the horses to the Quene's Majestie at Court," and signed "Richard Verney." The letter itself is of no matter, referring merely to the loss of some hawks of Dudley's by the carelessness of one of the writer's servants. But the seal is the thing: like Constantine, the Canon cries, *In hoc signo vincam*. The device of this seal is an antelope, and at the end of the animal's tail is what the Canon calls "a tripartite finish, something like a fleur-de-lis." Antelopes thus adorned support, he says, the coat of arms borne by the Verneys of Compton Verney in Warwickshire, whereof the present Lord Willoughby de Broke is the head. Consequently this Richard Verney must have been a member of that family. As a matter of fact, the Willoughbys and Verneys, of Compton Murdac, not Compton Verney, did not intermarry till the next century. This is, of course, neither here nor there; only, an antiquarian

is clearly nothing if not accurate. However, we will allow that the Richard Verney who wrote to Dudley about some hawks was a perfectly reputable and blameless gentleman. And indeed, as the Canon quotes, though without specifying his authority, a letter from Sir Ambrose Cave, member of Parliament for Warwickshire, recommending Sir Richard Varney to Dudley as a commissioner for that county, we may fairly assume him to have been a personage of some note. But contemporary with this immaculate knight was another Richard Varney. There was a well-known Buckinghamshire family of that name² connected with the Dudleys by marriage and also by misfortunes. Sir Ralph Varney had, with other children, three sons, Edmund, Francis, and Richard. Edmund and Francis had both been concerned in Sir Henry Dudley's conspiracy of 1556. Francis had been Elizabeth's servant when she was in confinement at Woodstock, had been accused of tampering with a letter, and, according to Mr. Rye, had about as bad a name as any young gentleman of that day. Of Richard nothing is certainly known; but in 1572, five years after the death of Canon Jackson's good knight, a Richard Varney was appointed to the marshalship of the Bench for life. He died in November, 1575; on the fifteenth of the month Leicester wrote to beg Shrewsbury not to fill up the place "void by the death of Mr. Varney."

Let us now see what is the sum of this truth Canon Jackson claims to know. He knows that in 1559 Sir Ambrose Cave wrote a letter to Dudley recommending a Sir Richard Verney as a commissioner for the county of Warwick, and that in 1560 a Richard Verney wrote a letter to Dudley about some hawks, which letter was sealed with the device now

¹ The name, as was the fashion of the day, was spelt in all manner of different ways.

² Sir Harry Verney, of Claydon, is the present head of this family, but not by direct descent. See the 'Verney Papers' in the Camden Society, and Mr. Rye's pamphlet.

borne by the Verneys of Compton Verney in Warwickshire. That is what he knows. What he does not know, or did not when he composed his pamphlet, is, that there was at the same time another Richard Verney, one of a family of brothers of notoriously bad character, connected with Dudley by marriage, and in some way or another concerned in his affairs. Canon Jackson says the first Richard, of Warwickshire, is the man whose memory Sir Walter has defamed. Mr. Rye thinks the other Richard, of Buckinghamshire, is the man implicated by the author of 'Leycester's Commonwealth' in Lady Dudley's death. There is not a tittle of *proof* either way.

When we come to Anthony Forster we get on firmer ground. We really *know* something about him. Possibly it is this comparative fulness of knowledge that has so confused Canon Jackson as to cause him on the same page to place Forster's death in 1569 and his election as member of parliament for Abingdon in 1572.¹ Anthony came of a respectable Shropshire family. His wife was Anne, daughter of Reginald Williams, of Burghfield in Berkshire, the eldest brother of Lord Williams of Thame, Mary's Lord Chamberlain. He held Cumnor Place as tenant of Doctor Owen, one of Elizabeth's physicians, whose wife was present in the house at the time of Lady Dudley's death. In the following year, 1561, he bought the place from his landlord. In 1570 he was returned to parliament as member for Abingdon. In 1572 he died, and was, as has been already said, buried in Cumnor church. His tomb, an elaborate structure, is adorned with a long Latin epitaph, in which he is described as wise, eloquent, just, and charitable, learned in classic literature, in music, architecture, and botany; in short, as a man possessed of every virtue and every accomplishment.²

¹ See Mr. Rye's pamphlet, and the 'Nineteenth Century' Magazine for March, 1882.

² See Mr. Pettigrew's 'Inquiry.'

Moreover, he was, according to Canon Jackson, "highly esteemed as a most honest gentleman by his neighbours at Abingdon," and "was sometimes sent for by the University of Oxford to assist in settling matters of controversy." But it happens that in the correspondence between Blount and Dudley, which is the witness for "the most honest gentleman," there is also, though the Canon seems to have forgotten it, a particular allusion to Forster's unpopularity with his neighbours. Some of the jury, Blount says, are "verie enemies to Anthony Fforster"; and again he assures Dudley they are certain to be careful in their inquiry, but, "whether equitie is the cause or mallice to Fforster do forbyd it, I knowe not." As for his great reputé at the University, the sole instance of his connection with it is that his name appears as a companion of Henry Norris of Wytham, when the latter went, in 1562, to demand admission for Doctor Man, when the Catholic members of Merton College had shut the gates against their new Warden;³ which proves, if it prove nothing else, that he had abjured the faith of his fathers, and become, in all outward seeming at any rate, a zealous Protestant. That Forster was in some way a dependent of Dudley's is clear from a letter, found at Longleat, in which the latter gives the former orders concerning the preparations at Kenilworth for a visit from Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, signing himself, "Your loving master," and addressing the letter to "my loving servant."

³ This is the Man who was sent as ambassador to Madrid, in return for Don Guzman da Silva's appointment to London. "Of which ambassadors," Anthony Wood tells us, "Queen Elizabeth used merrily to say, that as her brother the King of Spain had sent to her a Goos-man, so she had sent to him a Man-goose." Man's subsequent conduct seems rather to have justified the royal jest. See Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' i. 367 (ed. 1813), and his 'History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford,' i. 285 a; also Mr. Froude's 'History,' ix. 327.

Also in a sarcastic paper on Leicester's qualifications to be the Queen's husband, Cecil notes, as a point in his favour, that he would enhance his particular friends to wealth and office, naming Forster and Appleyard as instances.¹

Thus, separating the literal facts which history furnishes concerning Varney and Forster from the conjectures which, probable or otherwise, the antiquaries after their fashion would insist on our taking with equal seriousness, how little appears our real knowledge! How certain also is it that our knowledge does not include a single *proved* fact which precludes the possibility of Varney's and Forster's complicity in the death of their patron's wife. With the balance of conjecture we are not concerned. It has, we say again, no place in our present inquiry.

Let us now turn to the circumstances of Lady Dudley's death, so far as they are really known.

The date when the lady took up her residence at Cumnor cannot be fixed, but it cannot well have been before 1560. Canon Jackson has made a great point of a paper found at Longleat from her to her tailor. It shows, he says, that she was "liberally supplied with the finery of the day," that there is at least "no sign of parsimony in her apparel," this last piece of evidence being considered by him so important as to deserve the distinction of italics. But who has said anything to the contrary? Certainly not Sir Walter, as his novel stands most strenuously to testify. This, however, is beside the question. The whole business is, indeed, overlaid with so very much that is beside the question, that it is extremely difficult, even with the best intentions, to keep always clear of the pitfalls that beset our laborious steps.

Elizabeth came to the throne in November, 1558. Early in the next

year rumours were abroad that she was likely to marry Robert Dudley, whenever his wife's death should leave him free for a second marriage. In May, 1559, De Feria, the Spanish minister in England, wrote to Philip, that he hears the Queen "is enamoured of my Lord Robert Dudley, and will never let him leave her side. . . . It is even reported that his wife has a cancer on the breast, and that the Queen waits only till she die to marry him." Dudley had then been married to Amy Robsart nearly nine years, but no children had been born of the marriage. It is vain work trying to guess Elizabeth's real feelings, nor are we concerned with them. All that is certain, and all that is necessary for us to bear in mind, is, that from the time of the Queen's accession to the time of Lady Dudley's death, it was common talk, both in England and on the continent, that Lord Robert Dudley was one day to be the husband of the Queen of England. On the eleventh of September, 1560, De Quadra, then Spanish ambassador in London, sent off to the Duchess of Parma at Brussels a long account of a conversation he had held on the third of the month with Cecil. The secretary, who was then disgraced, owing, it was supposed, to Dudley's influence, after lamenting the Queen's folly and the injury she was doing to herself and the realm, said that "they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill; but she was not ill at all; she was very well, and taking care not to be poisoned." The next day, that is on the fourth of September, four days before Lady Dudley's death, the Queen told the ambassador "that Lord Robert's wife was dead or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy." And the letter concludes with a paragraph evidently penned in haste at the last moment:—"Since this was written the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The Queen said in Italian,

¹ See Mr. Froude's 'History,' vii. 283 note, and Mr. Rye's pamphlet, both referring to the Hatfield Manuscripts.

'*Que si ha rotto il collo.*' It seems that she fell down a staircase."¹

Dudley was then with the court at Windsor. The news of his wife's death was not generally known till the eleventh of September; but it is clear from his first letter to Blount, that on the ninth he was aware that something had happened at Cumnor. He at once sent off Blount to inquire; but while Blount was still on the road, the news arrived at Windsor by a messenger named Bowes. Dudley remained quietly at Windsor, contenting himself with sending a letter after Blount, to the effect that he had learnt of his wife's death "by a fall from a pair of stayres," and praying his cousin earnestly to do all that he can to sift the matter to the bottom, and to see that the coroner and the jury did their part likewise, "honorabile and duellie by all manner of examynacions." He said also that he had sent "for my brother Appleyarde, because he is her brother." Then Blount tells his tale. He had stayed his journey at Abingdon, to hear what the folk said. The landlord of his inn was discreet. He allowed that some people were disposed to say evil of the matter, but for his own part he would say no more than that it was a misfortune, because it had happened in Forster's house, and he had a good opinion of Forster. Next he reports a conversation with Pinto, Lady Dudley's maid. Pinto was vague, as is the wont of her class. She said she thought it "verie chance, and neither done by man nor by herself;" then owned that she had often heard her lady pray to God to deliver her from desperation; and finally said that she meant to imply nothing. The most important, however, of Blount's news is that the servants had all been sent off to Abingdon fair early on the fatal day—Sunday, the eighth of September—by Lady Dudley's own orders, leaving her alone with Mrs. Odingsell, a daughter of the Hyde whose seat in parliament Forster succeeded to, and

¹ See Mr. Froude's '*History*,' vii. 277–81, also a note, p. 290 on the *Simancas Manuscripts*.

Mrs. Owen, wife of Forster's landlord. Of Forster and his wife there is no word. The servants returned in the evening, to find their mistress lying dead in the hall. Nothing more is known. Of Mrs. Odingsell's evidence, or Mrs. Owen's, we have no record. There is no report of the proceedings at the inquest, nor of the verdict. The only authority for the former is the correspondence between Dudley and Blount; we know, from various sources, that the latter, after a long and uneasy inquiry, was one of accidental death; and that the public were not at all satisfied with the result. One or two other things have, however, to be noted. Mention has been made of one Appleyard, sent by Dudley to attend the inquest. John Appleyard was Amy's half brother. He was concerned in some way with the Dudleys in the affair of Lady Jane Grey, after which he disappears till he turns up again at Cumnor. Seven years after the inquest, when the old rumour of the Queen's marriage with Dudley blazed out again, people began to revive the Cumnor scandal. Blount and Appleyard were both summoned before the Council, and notes of the latter's examination exist among the Hatfield manuscripts in Cecil's own handwriting. From these it appears that one of the witnesses swore that, "bringing answer from the Earl of Leicester to Appleyard that he could not help him in his requests as he desired, Appleyard used words of anger, and said amongst other things that he had for the Earl's sake covered the murder of his sister." Appleyard himself swore that he did not believe the Earl to be guilty, but "thought it an easy matter to find out the offender"; he further swore that he had often pressed Dudley to let him take the matter up, but had been always refused on the ground that the jury thought otherwise, although at the time he made his request the verdict had not been given. Subsequently Appleyard, lying in the Fleet prison, withdrew his words, and pro-

fessed himself satisfied with the verdict, a copy of which had at his own request been sent to him. Also, there exists in the same volume of manuscripts from which the famous correspondence was extracted, the fragment of an original letter from Blount to Dudley referring to this very examination. In this he much regrets that they could not have spoken together first. This letter appears to be in Blount's own handwriting; it is at any rate in an earlier handwriting than the other letters. Mr. Froude thinks it possible that the latter may be copies garbled for Blount to take before the Council. It is certainly possible, but we are not just now dealing with possibilities. He also says that if Appleyard spoke truth there is no more to be said. Canon Jackson says very triumphantly that Appleyard did not speak truth, because of his recantation, and because of a letter found at Longleat from Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne, in which Appleyard is said to have confessed before the Star-Chamber that he had spoken falsely and maliciously. But Canon Jackson must have read history somewhat dimly if he does not know that a man brought before the Council for speaking ill of a monarch's favourite was very apt to change his tone. But again there is no *proof* either way. Mr. Froude has really put the case in a nutshell: "If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said." For close upon three hundred years the general opinion has been that Appleyard did speak the truth.¹

Here, then, all our real knowledge of the case ends. That the shadow of his wife's death, as of so many other evil deeds, never passed away from Robert Dudley during his life, every one with the merest smattering of history knows; that it has hung over his memory since, every one knows. That Messieurs Pettigrew, Adlard, and Jackson have

¹ Mr. Froude's 'History of England,' vii. 283-9.

removed one jot or tittle of it, every one capable of distinguishing between proof and conjecture may, if he choose to read their evidence, know equally well. The suspicion may be cruelly unjust, but that is not the question. Lady Dudley may have taken her own life in a fit of despair, or have died by sheer accident; but again, that is not the question. The charge of these gentlemen—all as honourable as Brutus was, or as they wish to make Leicester and Forster and Varney to have been—is that Sir Walter has grossly falsified history to the prejudice of honest men. Have they proved their charge? That is the question. They have not proved it in a single instance. They have not proved that Lady Dudley was not put out of the way to further her husband's ambition; nor that he was not at least a consenting party; nor that Forster and Varney were not in some way or another partners in their patron's guilt. Where Sir Walter went wrong was known long before any one of them put pen to paper. Of all their more serious charges not one has been verified. They may conjecture, but so might Sir Walter. Like Lucetta, they may think it so, because they think it so; but so might Sir Walter. He may be altogether wrong, but so may they be. It is a sheer question of fact against theory. They have piled up tons of theories to mount up to Sir Walter's throne, but the little ounce of fact wanting to shake him down they have not found. The truth has never come to light, and in all human probability now it never will come. Mr. Pettigrew, it may be, has by this time learned it. But Mr. Adlard and Canon Jackson are with us still. Let us pray them, in all good meaning, to turn, not to 'Kenilworth' again, but to another novel of Sir Walter's; to turn to 'The Antiquary,' and from that delightful book to learn once more the lesson taught on the Kaim of Kinprunes to all antiquaries, *not to publish their tracts till they have examined the thing to the bottom.*

MRS. DYMOND.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN AN EMPTY APARTMENT.

THE house was at the corner of the boulevard and the Rue Lavoisier, near the mortuary chapel which Madame du Parc had once promised to visit with Susy.

In this strange house, with the occasional roar and rush in the boulevard close at hand, the hours passed like some strange nightmare; so slowly, so long, so stifling in their silent oppression, that Susy could scarcely believe that another hour was gone when the gilt clock struck. The apartment belonged to unknown people who had fled hastily, leaving their clothes and their possessions in confusion; shoes and papers, packing cases half packed, a parcel of silver spoons lying on the table. The linen cupboards were open, with the neat piles disordered and over-turned; the clocks were going, but the beds were not made. At first Susy set to work straightening, making order in the confusion, preparing a room for herself, and another for Jo in case he should arrive. She swept and folded and put away, and made the rooms ready for the night. She put by a lady's smart bonnet, a child's pair of little boots. Had she been in any mood to do so, she might have pieced together the story of those to whom the home belonged; but she was dull, wearied out, only wanting news of Jo. As Mrs. Dymond worked on the time passed; then, when the work was done, when she had established herself in one of the two bedrooms, when all was straight, and the linen piled afresh and the doors of the cupboard closed, though the clocks still ticked on, time itself seemed to

stop. She was quite alone now, neither Jo nor Adolphe rejoined her, nor did Max come as he had promised.

The rest of the house was also empty; the *concierge* was down below in his lodge, but except for him no one remained in the sunny tall building lately so alive, so closely packed.

"There was one lady still remaining of all the inhabitants," the *concierge* said, "an English lady—a *dame de charité*, who would not leave her poor; but she was gone away for a day to visit a sick friend."

Susy went down stairs towards evening to ask if no letter had come for her. She even went out, at the porter's suggestion, bareheaded, as people do in France, and bought some milk and some food from an adjoining shop, and then came back to the silent place.

It was a most terrible experience; one which seemed so extraordinary that Mrs. Dymond could hardly believe that it was not all some dream from which she would presently awake. She waited till long past midnight on her bed, and fell asleep at last; but towards four o'clock the sound of the cannon at Montmartre awoke her, and she sat up on the bed listening with a beating heart. There was a crucifix at the foot of the bed; in her natural terror and alarm it seemed to her that the figure on the crucifix looked up in the early dawn. There was a picture beneath the crucifix of a Madonna with a burning heart. A longing, an unutterable longing came to poor Susanna for her own mother Mary's tender, comforting, loving arms round her own aching heart—surely it was on fire too. How lonely she felt, how deserted. Max might have come

last night, as he promised. It seemed to Susy that she understood now for the first time what the secret of Mary Marney's life had been; a secret that Susy herself had learnt so unwillingly, so passionately, so late in life's experience. If she had had any one to speak to, everything might have seemed less vaguely terrible. As she was listening with a beating heart came a sound from without, that of a drum beating with a measured yet hurried roll; the rattle came closer and closer, and finally stopped under her very window. She started from the bed and ran and looked out. The dawn had just touched the opposite houses, another shutter opened, then a door creaked, and a man ran out hastily buttoning his clothes; then a second stood in the door-way in shirt-sleeves, but he did not move. Then the drum rolled away again, and with two men only following, passed down the street to the boulevard. The sound came fainter and more hopeless. Then the distant cannon began to boom again, and some carts with soldiers galloped by.

Susy stood helplessly looking from her window. Already the inhabitants of Paris were awake, and receiving the sun, as it at last dispelled the heavy morning fogs, with loud cries of "*Vive la République.*" Drink was being distributed among the National Guards assembled in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Many of the bewildered soldiers, who had been poured into the town all the preceding days, were looking on and sharing in these festivities. Others, who had been out all night, were still wandering about the streets asking the passers-by where they were to go for shelter. A band of armed patriots, crossing the Place de la Concorde, were shouting out "*A Versailles!*" with the same enthusiasm with which their predecessors had cried "*A Berlin!*" a few months before. Others, whom they met along the road, take up the cry; the women assembling in the streets and doorways were uttering fiercer, vaguer threats of vengeance

against tyrants, against Versailles, and the police, and, indeed, before many hours had passed the first of their unhappy victims was being hunted to his death along the Rue des Martyrs. Alas! he was but the first of the many who were to follow, and whose nobler blood was destined to flow upon those cruel stones.

Reading the papers of those days we see that an imposing deputation was preparing to visit the Place de la Bastille, carrying a red Phrygian flag before it; that the new self-elected government was gloriously proclaiming the "Perfect Unity, and Liberty entire and complete," of which we have already heard so much; that the people of Paris had shaken off the despotism which had sought to crush it to the ground. "Calm and impassive in its force, it was standing (so say Billcoray, Varlin, Jourde, Ch. Lullier, Blanchet, Pougeret, &c., &c.) and uncontestedly proving a patriotism equal to the height of present circumstances."

What were all these echoes to Susy at her window, looking out with her heavy anxious heart? Jo! Max! where were they? what were they about? Ah! would these terrible hours never pass?

She dressed very early, lit a fire, and prepared a meal with the tin of milk which she had bought the day before. It was an unutterable relief to hear the door-bell ring about eight o'clock in the morning. She found the *concierge* outside bringing up water from the pump below, and a note which had been left very early in the morning before he was up. Susy tore it open. The note was in Max's writing; it had no beginning nor date, but its news was fresh life to poor Susy. It was in English. "I have tidings of Jo. Marney, by good fortune, heard of him, and sent me word. He is in custody, and I have gone after him, and hope to bring him back safe to you. Meet us to-day at one o'clock at the Station, by which you came. Adolphe will come

presence was but an incumbrance; Max could help Jo; that much she knew; what could she do but add to their perplexities. The fainting woman was already revived as Susy sprang down from the bench with Adolphe's help, and as she did so she heard another shout, a loud cheer. The crowd swayed. Between the ranks of the soldiers came the triumphant procession of Federals with their red scarves, returning from the platform, and at the head of it Caron borne in triumph on some of his own workmen's shoulders. Half-a-dozen liberated prisoners were marching after him, shouting wildly and tossing hats and handkerchiefs.

Caron, who had been a prisoner among the rest, was smiling, undisturbed and quiet as ever, and bowing and softly waving his hat. To be safe mattered little to him, but his heart was overflowing with grateful pride and pleasure at the manner of his release; the rally of his friends, the determination with which his workmen had united to defend him against his enemies filled his heart with peaceful content.

Mrs. Dymond, speechless, open-eyed, was still looking after him with breathless interest and surprise, when her own turn came, her own release from cruel suspense. A hand was laid on her shoulder, she was hugged in two strong arms and fairly lifted off the ground, and Jo, grinning, delighted, excited and free, was by her side once more.

"I am going back with you, Mrs. Dymond," said he; "it's all right. I've got my return ticket."

"He has given us trouble enough!" cries Max, coming up behind him breathless and excited too. "For heaven's sake carry him off at once now you have got him. It is time you were in the train. The troops may be upon us again."

"I was safe all through," said Jo, "but we know, Mrs. Dymond, Caron has enemies. Lucky for us, Max remembered the danger signals."

All the time Jo spoke du Parc was hurrying Susanna along towards the platform from which the Rouen train was starting. It was approached by a turnstile, where they were met by an excited functionary who let Jo and his return ticket through the turnstile, but angrily opposed the passage of Adolphe and the parcels. It was no use waiting to discuss the matter; the man was terribly excited, and time was pressing.

"Take the bag and find some places," Max cried, handing the things over the barrier to Jo.

Susy paused for one minute. "Good-bye, Adolphe," she said; "I shall never forget your kindness—never, never." Then she raised her eyes, looking steadily into du Parc's face. All the passing flush of success was gone from it. He was drawing his breath heavily; he looked anxious, harassed. Susy, too, was very pale, and she held by the wooden barrier.

"I—I can't leave you in this horrible place," she said passionately. "How *can* I say good-bye?" and as she spoke she burst into uncontrollable tears.

He took her in his arms, then and there, before them all—who cared?—who had time to speculate upon their relations?

"I shall come to you; don't say good-bye," he said; "we are not parting," and he held her close and breathless to his beating heart, and then in a moment more he had put her away with gentle strength, and pushed her through the gate. The wooden turnstile was between them, his pale face was immediately lost in the sway of the crowd; she found herself roughly hurried along; thrust into the first open carriage. Jo leapt in after her; the door was banged. There were other people in the carriage—some sobbing, some talking incoherently, all excited, exasperated, incoherent. "*C'est trop! c'est trop! c'est trop!*" one man was shrieking over and over again. "I can bear no more. I am going—yes, I am

him down with the butt-end of their guns."

There was a murmur of horror all round, as the narrator, a natural dramatist, as most Frenchmen are, threw up his arms and re-acted the dreadful scene. Susy turned sick with horror.

"Your train will be starting in about ten minutes," Adolphe was beginning to say, when suddenly his tone changes. "Take care! take care! this way, madame," cries Adolphe, suddenly thrusting himself before her. "Up! up! on the seat!"

With a sudden cry the crowd began to sway, to fly in every direction; the great centre door of the station trembled under the blows which were being struck from without. There was a brief parley from a window, a man standing on a truck began to shout—

"Let them in! They want to deliver the prisoners! They will hurt nobody."

A woman close by screamed and fainted. As Susy was stooping and helping to pull her up upon the bench the two great folding doors suddenly burst open, letting in the light, and a file of Federal soldiers marching in step and military order. Adolphe, who had thrust Susy into a corner of the *salle*, now helped to raise the fainting woman, with Susy's assistance, as she stood on the bench out of the rush of the crowd, while Adolphe and his *hotte* made a sort of rampart before them.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "no one will fight; the prisoners' escort will see it is no use making a stand against such numbers. Pardie, they are off!" he cried excitedly, for as he spoke the engine outside gave a shrill whistle and started off upon the lines. Susy, from her place by the window, could see the train slowly steaming out of the station. There was a wild shout from the spectators. What was it that Susy also saw through the barred window by which she stood (half a dozen other heads below were crowding against the panes which looked to the platform)? She saw a figure, surely

it was familiar to her, it could be none other than Max who was flying down the lines to the signal posts, and in another minute the train, still snorting and puffing, began to slacken speed, then finally stopped, then backed, then stopped again.

"The danger signals are all up. They don't dare advance!" cried some of the men at the window.

"That is it, *bien trouvé*. Look out, madame. What do you see?" cried Adolphe eagerly from below.

Meanwhile the detachment of Federals, still in good order, still advancing, came on, lining the centre of the hall, spreading out through the door on to the side of the platform along which the Versailles train had started. There was a second platform on the other side of the station from which Susy's own train to Rouen and Havre was also making ready to start. It was curious to note how methodically common life went on in the midst of these scares and convulsions. Suddenly Susy, with a sinking, sickening heart, realised that the moment for her own time of departure had almost come; again she thought of Max's note and of its promise. Alas! alas! it was not carried out—no Jo was there. If she went, she must go alone! It was all too rapid for her to formulate either her fear or her hope. Presently there was a fresh stir among the crowd, and a functionary's voice was heard shouting "Passengers for Rouen and Havre *en voiture*!"

"You see it is all right!" said Adolphe, cheerfully. "You had better go, madame; I will wait here in case your son should come, to send him after you. He is big enough to travel alone," said the young man, nodding to reassure her, though he looked very pale, and his face belied his words.

She was in utter perplexity; she knew not what to do—what to determine; of one thing and one only was she sure, Max had promised to find Jo, to save him, and he would keep his word. Yes! it would be better to go on; her

presence was but an incumbrance; Max could help Jo; that much she knew; what could she do but add to their perplexities. The fainting woman was already revived as Susy sprang down from the bench with Adolphe's help, and as she did so she heard another shout, a loud cheer. The crowd swayed. Between the ranks of the soldiers came the triumphant procession of Federals with their red scarves, returning from the platform, and at the head of it Caron borne in triumph on some of his own workmen's shoulders. Half-a-dozen liberated prisoners were marching after him, shouting wildly and tossing hats and handkerchiefs.

Caron, who had been a prisoner among the rest, was smiling, undisturbed and quiet as ever, and bowing and softly waving his hat. To be safe mattered little to him, but his heart was overflowing with grateful pride and pleasure at the manner of his release; the rally of his friends, the determination with which his workmen had united to defend him against his enemies filled his heart with peaceful content.

Mrs. Dymond, speechless, open-eyed, was still looking after him with breathless interest and surprise, when her own turn came, her own release from cruel suspense. A hand was laid on her shoulder, she was hugged in two strong arms and fairly lifted off the ground, and Jo, grinning, delighted, excited and free, was by her side once more.

"I am going back with you, Mrs. Dymond," said he; "it's all right. I've got my return ticket."

"He has given us trouble enough!" cries Max, coming up behind him breathless and excited too. "For heaven's sake carry him off at once now you have got him. It is time you were in the train. The troops may be upon us again."

"I was safe all through," said Jo, "but we know, Mrs. Dymond, Caron has enemies. Lucky for us, Max remembered the danger signals."

No. 314.—VOL. LIII.

All the time Jo spoke du Parc was hurrying Susanna along towards the platform from which the Rouen train was starting. It was approached by a turnstile, where they were met by an excited functionary who let Jo and his return ticket through the turnstile, but angrily opposed the passage of Adolphe and the parcels. It was no use waiting to discuss the matter; the man was terribly excited, and time was pressing.

"Take the bag and find some places," Max cried, handing the things over the barrier to Jo.

Susy paused for one minute. "Good-bye, Adolphe," she said; "I shall never forget your kindness—never, never." Then she raised her eyes, looking steadily into du Parc's face. All the passing flush of success was gone from it. He was drawing his breath heavily; he looked anxious, harassed. Susy, too, was very pale, and she held by the wooden barrier.

"I—I can't leave you in this horrible place," she said passionately. "How *can* I say good-bye?" and as she spoke she burst into uncontrollable tears.

He took her in his arms, then and there, before them all—who cared?—who had time to speculate upon their relations?

"I shall come to you; don't say good-bye," he said; "we are not parting," and he held her close and breathless to his beating heart, and then in a moment more he had put her away with gentle strength, and pushed her through the gate. The wooden turnstile was between them, his pale face was immediately lost in the sway of the crowd; she found herself roughly hurried along; thrust into the first open carriage. Jo leapt in after her; the door was banged. There were other people in the carriage—some sobbing, some talking incoherently, all excited, exasperated, incoherent. "*C'est trop! c'est trop! c'est trop!*" one man was shrieking over and over again. "I can bear no more. I am going—yes, I am

going!" Another young fellow sat with his face in his hands, sobbing. Jo was very silent, and sat for a long time staring at his fellow travellers. It was not till they reached Rouen, and the reassuring German helmets came round about the carriage windows asking what had happened in Paris, that he began to talk to Susy—that he gave her any details of his escape and his captivity. He had met Caron that morning after he left them at the villa, and was walking with him from the station, when they were both suddenly arrested, with a young man who had only joined them a few minutes before. They were not allowed a word. They were hurried off, and all three locked up in a guard-house, where they were kept during the two days. Late on the afternoon of the second day they were moved to a second *corps de garde*. On their way from one place to another they fortunately passed Marney in the street. "I shouted to him," said Jo, "for I knew he would let you know, and I knew he had been at work, when Caron received a message through one of the soldiers—they were most of them half Federals—that we were to be rescued. I don't think he or I were in very much danger," Jo added, "but the third man had been a soldier, and would have been shot, so Caron told me afterwards. He was a fine fellow—half an Englishman; they called him Russell, or some such name."

"Oh! Jo, I have got *you* safe," said Susy, beginning to cry again. "I can't think—I can't speak—I can't feel any more."

"Why should you?" said Jo, practically. "Give me your ticket, for fear you should lose it," and then he settled himself comfortably to sleep in his corner, smiled at her, and pulled down the blind. Susy could not rest; she sat mechanically watching the green plains and poplar trees flying past the window. She was nervously unhinged by the events of the last two days; the strain had been very great. She longed to get back to silence, to

home, to the realisation of that one moment of absolute relief. She felt as if she could only rest again with Phraïsie in her arms, only thus bear the renewed suspense, the renewed anxiety. But she knew at the same time, with grateful, indescribable relief, that her worst trouble was even over now, though prison bars, distance, a nation's angry revenge, lay between her and that which seemed so great a portion of her future life.

They reached home on the evening of the second day. The carriage was waiting at the station with Phraïsie in it. The drive did Susy good after all these tragic, distorted days, during which she had been living this double life. Little Phraïsie in her arms was her best comforter, her best peacemaker. A gentle wind blew in her face, a gentle evening burnt away in quiet gleams, the sky was so grey, so broken; the soft golden gates of the west were opening wide, and seemed to call to weary spirits to enter into the realms of golden peace. The hedges on either side were white with the garlands of spring. The dogs, who had been set loose, came barking to meet them, as the wheels turned in at the familiar home gates. The servants appeared eager to welcome. Jo silently gave the reins into the coachman's hand, and sprang down and handed out his stepmother with something of his father's careful courtesy. Little Phraïsie woke up bright, delighted to be in her mother's arms once more and at home; she went running from room to room. It was home, Susy felt, and not only home but a kind tender home, full of a living past, with a sense of the kindness that was not dead.

Phraïsie was put to bed; dinner was laid in the library for the young man and his stepmother. Jo sat still silent, revolving many things in his mind. From a stripling he had grown to be a man in the last few weeks. His expedition, his new experience, Tempy's marriage, his own responsibility—all these things had

sobered him, and made him realise the importance of the present, of conduct, of other people's opinion.

"Here we are beginning our life together again, Mrs. Dymond," said he at last. "We get on very well, don't we?"

"Very well, dear Jo," Susy said, smiling, "until some one who has more right to be here than I have comes to live at the Place."

"What are you talking about!" says Jo, blushing up. "I don't mean to marry for years to come, if that is what you mean."

"Ah, my dear," said Susy, with some emotion, "make no promises; you do not know; you cannot foretell. One can never foretell."

He looked hard at her. He guessed that Susy had not come back to them as she went away. She turned a little pale when she saw his eyes fixed upon her. It seemed to her as if her story must be written in her face. She might have told him—she need not have been ashamed—but she felt as if his father's son was no proper confidant.

Long after Jo had gone to bed she sat by the dying fire, living over and over those terrible days, those strange momentous hours.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CARON.

WE must refer those of our readers who take any interest in the subsequent adventures of Max and his contemporaries to the pages of the *Daily Velocipede* for some account of those days which followed Susy's departure from Paris. Marny's eloquent pen, dipped in dynamite and gunpowder, flashing with flame and sensation, became remarked beyond the rest, and brought readers by hundreds to his paper. He was everywhere, saw everything, so graphic were his descriptions, so minute, so full of enthusiasm, that it was impossible for more experienced newspaper readers than Susy to say how much he wrote

from his own observation, or what hearsay legends he translated into his own language, which, whatever its merits or demerits, did not lack in vividness. Susy scanned the columns day by day with anxious eyes for more and more news. She found so much that she was almost bewildered by it, and scarcely knew what to believe; as for direct intelligence of Max, scarcely any came to her, though Madame sent letters from time to time from her farm at Avignon. But Madame's letters chiefly described her olive trees, her cow, her pig, her eggs, and her tomatoes. Max delayed; he did not rejoin her as she had hoped he might have done; he left her to do it all, to engage the man, to contract with the hotels for her eggs and butter. Susy wrote to Madame from time to time, telling her about little Phraisie and the two boys, who were doing well at their school. In one letter Susy also described a domestic event, of which the news had reached Tarndale soon after her return from Paris. Uncle Peregrine Bolsover had died suddenly from the effects of a snake bite. He had left no will, but Charlie became undisputed heir to the Bolsover estates, and Uncle Bob now transferred to him the allowance which Peregrine had hitherto enjoyed; but this news did not interest Madame du Parc in the least. The price of butter had fallen, and her mind was preoccupied by more present contingencies.

As the events multiplied in France, as the storms raged more and more fiercely, those who had remained, hoping to stem the waves, felt every day more helpless; the sea was too rough, the evil blasts too high—what voice could be heard? What orders could prevail? Captains and leaders were powerless now. For the first time Caron lost courage and confidence. The murder of the hostages seemed like a death blow to the dear old man who could not believe in the wickedness of men whom he had trusted and lived with all his threescore years, during

which he himself, though he did not know it, had been as a hostage for good and for truth among the angry and the ignorant people. He moped, his blue eyes were dim, his steps were slow. Max hardly recognised him one day when he met him coming out of his own doorway in the Rue de Bac. He was carrying some letters to a post-office hard by; he seemed glad to take du Parc's strong arm.

"I am tired; I feel ill," he said. "I feel disgraced and utterly ashamed; this is no liberty, no republic any more. This is tyranny, monstrous wickedness; these crimes of the brutal ignorant have only the excuse of ignorance. If I, if others before me, had done our simplest duty in life, such blank ignorance would not now exist."

Max felt his heart sore for his old friend. He himself had hoped less of his fellow-creatures; he was more angry and less crushed than Caron.

"If these brutes had listened to your teaching," he said, trying to cheer him, "and to that of sensible men, it might have all turned differently. They will still have to learn before they can cease to be brutes."

"I have no more strength to teach," said Caron. "Max, do you know that I have left you all—all my theories, my failures, my ineptitudes, my realities, *mes chères vérités*," he said. "You must make the best use you can of it all. You can ask for the memoranda and papers. I gave them to your friend, *la douce* Susanne. They will be for you and your children, my dear son. If you escape from this terrible catastrophe, go to her. I think that with her you will find happiness."

Max, greatly touched, pressed his old friend's arm. "One can scarcely look forward," he said, "from one hour to another, but you have guessed rightly; if happier times ever come for me, they could only be with her."

Caron's eyes lighted up.

"That is well," he said, with a bright smile. Then, giving him the letters, "I had been about to post

them," he said. "Will you leave them for me? They will be safer if they go by hand. You have done me good," he added. "I shall return home quietly."

Max left him at the turn of the street.

Is it chance, is it solemn fatality—by what name is one to call that flash of fate suddenly falling upon men as they journey on their way, which falls, without warning, irrevocable, undreamt of, rending the veil of life for ever?

While Caron turned slowly homewards to his quiet study, where old Madelaine was at work against his return, a mad crowd had gathered in an adjoining street, and was pursuing with cruel rage a wretched victim who flew along a narrow alley, and came rushing across the pavement upon which Caron was walking.

The victim, a *gendarme*, torn, wounded, bleeding in the temples, ran straight against Caron, and fell helpless at his knees, pursued by the yelling mob.

The old man seemed suddenly roused to a young man's strength of indignation, and flung himself before the victim.

"Stop!" he cried to the mob. "What are you doing? I am Caron. You know me. Let this man pass!"

For a moment, startled by his voice, his fearless, commanding look, they hung back; but out of the crowd a huge, half drunk communist came striding up, and putting out his hand with a tipsy chuckle tried to pull forward the poor fainting wretch.

Caron pulled an official scarf from his pocket, and holding it up in his left hand, struck the man in the face with it.

"That man is drunk," Caron cried, appealing to the crowd; "and you, people—you let yourselves be led by such as he?"

The people looked at the scarf, hesitated, began to murmur and make way, but the drunken leader, still chuckling and stupid, seized the miserable victim again.

"Let him go, I tell you," said Caron. "It is the will of the people."

"Silence! or I shoot you too!" cried the brute, pulling out a pistol, and aiming it at the fainting heap upon the pavement.

With the natural impulse of one so generous, the old man sprang forward to turn the arm, but he was too late. The pistol went off, and Caron fell back, silent, indeed, and for ever.

The murderer, half-sobered, stood with his pistol confronting them all, as Caron had done a moment before, and then began to back slowly. The crowd wavered, and suddenly dispersed.

"Silence!" cry the blasphemers to those who from generation to generation, by love, by work, by their very being, testify to the truth. And the good man dies in his turn, but the truth he loved lives on. "There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them, their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world."

Susanna was spared the shock of reading this cruel story in the paper. Marney wrote to her, telling her of the event as he had heard it, simply, and without the comments he afterwards added in print.

To the papers this was but an incident in those awful times; the readers of M. Maxime du Camp's terrible volumes will find many and many such noted there; they will also find an episode curiously like one in which Max du Parc was (according to the *Daily Velocipede*) concerned, and which happened during the last of those terrible nights in which the flames raged and fought on the tide of madness in furious might and irresponsibility. "Was this the end of it—of the visions of that gentle old teacher of a gospel which was for him, and not for frenzied demons and desperate madmen?" thought Max, as he tried a short cut across the Carrousel, round which the flames were leaping madly.

The gate into the Tuileries, by which he had come with Susanna once, was closed: he had to turn back and fight his way along the crowds and the ramparts of the Rue de Rivoli again, to the Ministère de la Marine, whither he was bound. Some weeks before, Caron's influence had appointed Max to some subordinate place under the Commune in the Ministère de la Marine. In his first natural fury and grief at his old friend's death, du Parc's first impulse had been to wash his hands of the whole thing, the guilt and the wicked confusion, and to come away with the rest; then came the remembrance of that life-long lesson of forbearance and tenacity; that strange sense—which some men call honour only—awoke; that will which keeps men at their guns, fighting for an unworthy cause in the front of an overwhelming force. Was it also some feeling of honest trust in himself which impelled Caron's disciple to stand to his post? He remained; protesting, shrewdly using every chance for right. He had been to the Central Committee now to protest in vain against the destruction of the building; it was full of sick people. He represented the lower rooms were used as hospital wards. "The sick people must be moved," yelled the chiefs; the fiat had gone forth. The Versaillais had reached the Rondpoint of the Champs Elysées; they should find Paris a heap of charred remains before they entered her streets.

Max got back through the wild Saturnalia of the streets, where dishevelled women were dancing round the flames, and men, yelling and drunken, were howling out that the last day had come; he reached the Ministère at last, to find that a band of men were smearing the walls and staircases with petroleum, in readiness for the firing; while down below, with infinite pains and delays, the sick were being slowly moved from their shelter into the street. In vain the communists swore and raged at the

delay ; slowly, and more slowly, did the doctor and his nurses get through their arduous work. Max saw at a glance what was in their minds—to delay long enough was to save the place, for the Versailles were within a quarter of an hour's march, and once they were there all danger would be over. "Good God!" said the poor doctor in an undertone, wiping his perspiring brow; "why don't they come on? Will they wait till Doomsday?"

Max shrugged his shoulders as he went on, looking in for a moment at the band of incendiaries sitting gloomily drinking in a small room or office, where they were awaiting their summons, and the news that the hospital wards were evacuated.

Du Parc climbed on, and went and stood upon a flat terrace on the roof, from which he could see the heavens alight with the lurid glare of the flames now bursting from every side. To the right the Rue Royale was burning; to the left, on the other side of the waters, which repeated the flames, the whole of the Rue de Lille was in a blaze. Close at hand the offices of the Finance were burning; the Tuileries were an ocean of flame. At his feet was the Place de la Concorde, silent, deserted, covered with wrecks, with broken statues and monuments; beyond the Place de la Concorde lay the sombre green of the Champs Elysées, showing here and there some faintly twinkling bivouac fire.

Suddenly, as he looked, his brain reeled, then he put his hands to his head, and tears came into his eyes and seemed to save him. The clock below struck the hour; for a moment he hesitated, then his resolution was taken. He made certain observations, and down the stairs by which he had come hurried back. When he reached the door of the room where the Communists were still sitting, he passed his fingers through his hair; he tore open his shirt; he had deliberately smeared his hands in some black

cinders lying in a heap on the roof, and with his fingers he now blackened his face, and flinging violently open the door, hurried in, crying out the terrible pass-word of those sad times, "We are betrayed! We are betrayed! The Versailles are upon us; they have surrounded us. Stop not; that way I will lead you," he cried, as the men rose half scared, half drunk, looking for an exit. "Follow me," he cried, flying up the stairs once more, and turning by the upper passages to the lofts and back garrets; he left them, promising to return. Shutting a heavy door upon them, he double-locked them in. When he hurried down to the ground floor, he found that three wounded men only were lying on the ground, ready to be carried out.

"You can take your time," he said to the doctor; "the incendiaries are up stairs, under lock and key."

The doctor immediately gave the word to his assistants, and the wounded, who had been carried out with infinite pain and patience, were now brought back again, and were there in their places when the Versailles marched in an hour later.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN A TOY SHOP.

WHEN the flames were extinguished, when the great panic was subsiding, then came the day of reprisals, and the unhappy Parisians, who, after enduring so much with patience, had broken out in their madness, now fell under the scourge once more. Perhaps nothing during the war, not even the crazed monstrosities of the desperate commune, has ever been more heart-breaking to hear of than the accounts of the cold-blooded revenge of the Versailles.

Again we must refer our readers to the *Daily Velocipede*, in the columns of which Max was reported to be among the condemned prisoners, but Susy was surprised and reassured by an ambiguous letter, which reached

her at Crowbeck Place, from no less well-informed a person than Mr. Bagginal of the English embassy.

"I have executed your commission," so it began. (Susy had not given Mr. Bagginal any commission, and she turned the letter over in some surprise.) "I am sending you the photographs of the ruins and of Paris, that you wished for in its present changed aspect. I hope also to have some pen-and-ink etchings to forward at the same time. They are by our companion of last year, who has been doing some very good work lately, though he complains of the light of his present studio; he hopes, however, to be able to remove before long to some more commodious quarters. If you should like any more of the drawings, you can always order them from a toy-shop in the Brompton Road, which I believe you and Miss Phraise are sometimes in the habit of patronising. Pray present my compliments to that young lady, and tell her I shall bring over some bonbons when I next come. They are making them now of chocolate, in the shape of cannon balls and of shells, filled with vanille creams, which I assure you are excellent. Believe me, dear Mrs. Dymond, always most faithfully yours,

"C. E. BAGGINAL."

The photographs arrived by the next post, and with them a sketch of the well-remembered studio in the villa, and another very elaborately-finished drawing of a dark box-room in Mr. Bagginal's lodgings, where the artist must have spent a good many hours; the third drawing was a slight sketch of the little shop front in the Brompton Road, with Mrs Barry's name over the doorway. Susy recognised it at once, for she had been there and had often heard of the place from Max himself.

Two days afterwards Susy, with Caron's packet in her hand, was driving along Knightsbridge towards the little shop in a strangely anxious and excited frame of mind.

It seemed to her as if all the toys were feeling for her as she stood there—the dolls with their goggle blue eyes, the little donkeys and horses, the sheep with their pink and blue ribbons. They all seemed compassionate and to be making mute signs; she saw the little trumpets in their places and the sugar-candy stores; she could have bought up the whole shopful, but the little assemblage would not have seemed the same to her in any other place. Here in the suburban street, with the carts passing and repassing, hospitals, buildings, the quiet little shop haunted by the children's smiling faces seemed to shrink away from the busy stream outside; all the dolls seemed to put up their leather arms in deprecation, crying, "Don't come in here, we belong to peaceful toy-land, we have to do with children only, not with men." The woman who kept the shop had left the parlour door open, and Susy could see the window and the old London garden beyond, the square panes with autumn creepers peeping through.

The woman of the shop came out from her parlour, and Susy with faltering lips asked her if she could give her any news of M. du Parc. "I have some papers which I want to send him," said Mrs. Dymond.

"I will call him, ma'am," said the woman very quietly; "he came last night;" and almost as she was speaking the door opened and Max was there.

Clap your pink arms, oh goggle eyes; play, musical boxes; ring, penny trumpets; turn, cart wheels, and let the happy lovers meet!

Two more people are made happy in this care-worn world; they are together, and what more do they want!

Du Parc had escaped, although his name was on the list of those attainted. Mr. Bagginal could, perhaps, if he chose, give the precise details of the young man's evasion from the box room where he had spent so many dull days. Mr. Bagginal sent him with a letter to Mr. Vivian, that good friend

of art and liberty. I know not if it was Sir Frederick, or Sir George, or Sir John to whom he, Mr. Vivian, in turn introduced du Parc on his arrival, with cordial deeds and words of help and recommendation. He was bidden to leave his toy shop and take up his abode with the Vivians for a time, and work and make his way in the London world. His admirable etchings of Mrs. Vivian and her two daughters first brought him into notice and repute: they were followed by the publication of that etching already mentioned of a beautiful young woman gazing at a statue. Du Parc was able, fortunately, to earn from the very first; later he had more money than he knew what to do with. Mr. White more than once had occasion to acknowledge with thanks communications which passed between Max and Susy and his own particular branch of the society for the organisation of the relief of distress.

The papers, of which he had not at first realised the importance, and which Susanna brought him, contained, besides many theories and verses half finished, a duly signed will which very materially affected Max's future prospects. Caron had left him his heir and executor, his trustee for his works and his men. It is true the old man's fortune had been greatly reduced by late events and by the expenses of his establishment, but his houses were standing still, his machinery and his workshops were still there—most of

the workmen had clung to the enterprise in which they had a personal stake—and though it was not possible for Max, an unwilling exile, to return to France, yet Adolphe was found capable and able to replace him for the time on the spot. Mickey and Dermey, it was hoped, would be in time able to take their share in the management of the works.

When the general amnesty was proclaimed about four years ago Max was once more free to return to France. Susy, most certainly would not like to leave England altogether, but she is glad to go from time to time to the White House among the poplar trees in the little village near the paper mills. "Les Saules" is a happy meeting house for her English friends, and there upon the iron bench by the shining glass ball in the garden sits old Madame du Parc from Avignon admiring her northern grandchildren.

They come up in a little file headed by Phraisie, who is perhaps also dragging a little Bolsover by the hand. They are laughing and singing as they come along—

"Promenons-nous dans les bois,
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas ;"

sing the children's voices taking up that song of childhood and innocent joy which reaches from generation to generation, which no sorrow, no disaster, will ever silence while this world rolls on.

OLD FLORENCE AND MODERN TUSCANY.

“ Florence within her ancient limit-mark,
 Which calls her still to matin prayers and
 noon,
 Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.
 She had no amulet, no head-tires then,
 No purpled dames; no zone, that caught
 the eye
 More than the person did. Time was not
 yet,
 When at his daughters’ births the sire
 grew pale,
 For fear the age and dowry should exceed,
 On each side, just proportion. House was
 none,
 Void of its family; nor yet had come
 Sardanapalus to exhibit feats
 Of chamber prowess. Montemalo yet
 O’er our suburban turret rose; as much
 To be surpast in fall, as in its rising.
 I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
 In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone;
 And, with no artificial colouring on her
 cheeks,
 His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw
 Of Nerli, and of Vecchio, well content
 With unrobed jerkin; and their good
 dames handling
 The spindle and the flax. Oh, happy,
 they!”

Thus writes Dante, in the ‘Paradise’
 about the sobriety and simplicity of
 dress and manners in Florence of his
 day; and nearly a century later
 G. Villani writes:

“The citizens of Florence lived soberly, on
 coarse viands and at small cost; they were
 rude and unpolished in many customs and
 courtesies of life, and dressed themselves and
 their women in coarse cloth; many wore plain
 leather, without cloth over it; bonnets on
 their heads; and all, boots on their feet. The
 Florentine women were without ornament;
 the better sort being content with a close
 gown of scarlet cloth of Ypres or of camlet,
 tied with a girdle in the ancient mode, and a
 mantle lined with fur, with a hood attached
 to be worn on the head. The common sort of
 women were clad in a coarse gown of cambray
 in like fashion.”

Things appear to have changed soon
 after this, as the sage old Florentines
 drew up a series of sumptuary laws in
 1415, directed against the luxury and
 splendour of women’s dress and of
 marriage festivals. They declared

that such magnificence was opposed
 to all republican laws and usages, and
 only served to enervate and corrupt
 the people. If a citizen of Florence
 wished to give an entertainment in
 honour of a guest, he was obliged to
 obtain a permit from the Priors of
 Liberty, for which he paid ten golden
 florins, and had also to swear that such
 splendour was only exhibited for the
 honour and glory of the city. Who-
 ever transgressed this law was fined
 twenty-five golden florins. It was
 considered shameful to have much
 plate; nearly all household implements
 were of brass, now and then beautified
 by having the arms of the family in
 enamel upon them. These sumptuary
 laws were not confined to Florence.
 The town of Pistoja enacted similar
 ones in 1322; Perugia in 1333.
 Phillipe le Bel promulgated sumptuary
 laws in France in 1310; Charles the
 Ninth in 1575; and Louis the Thir-
 teenth in 1614; but with no greater
 success than the worthy old repub-
 licans.

Pandolfini, in his curious book,
 ‘Del Governo della Famiglia,’ inveighs
 against the Florentine custom of paint-
 ing the face. In his counsels to his
 young wife, Giovanna degli Strozzi,
 he says:

“Avoid all those false appearances by
 which dishonest and bad women try to allure
 men, thinking with ointments, white lead and
 paint, with lascivious and immoral dress, to
 please men better than when adorned with
 simplicity and true honesty. Not only is this
 reprehensible, but it is most unwholesome to
 corrupt the face with lime, poisons, and so-
 called washes. See, oh, my wife, how fresh
 and well-looking are all the women of this
 house! This is because they use only water
 from the well as an ointment; do thou like-
 wise, and do not plaster and whiten thy face,
 thinking to appear more beautiful in my eyes.
 Thou art fresh and of a fine colour; think not
 to please me by cheaterly and showing thyself
 to me as thou art not, because I am not to be
 deceived; I see thee at all hours, and well I
 know how thou art without paint.”

The Florentine ladies appear to have held their own against all these attempts to convert them to a simpler mode of life. Sacketti gives an amusing instance of their ready wit, while he was Prior of the Republic. A new judge, Amerigo degli Amerighi, came from Pesaro, and was specially ordered to see that the sumptuary laws were obeyed; he fell into disgrace for doing too little, and his defence is as follows:

"My masters, I have worked all my life at the study of law, and now that I thought I knew something I find I know nothing; for trying to discover the forbidden ornaments worn by your women, according to the orders you gave me, I have not found in any law-book arguments such as they give. I will cite you some. I met a woman with a border, all curiously ornamented and slashed, turned over her hood; the notary said to her, 'Give me your name, for you have an embroidered border.' The good woman takes off the border, which was attached to her hood with a pin, and holding it in her hand, replies that it is a garland. There are others who wear many buttons down the front of their dresses; I say to one, 'You may not wear those buttons,' and she answers, 'Yes, sir, I can, for these are not buttons, but *coppelle*, and if you do not believe me, see, they have no haft, and there are no buttonholes.' The notary goes up to a third, who was wearing ermine, and says, 'How can you excuse yourself, you are wearing ermine,' and begins to write the accusation. The woman replies, 'No, do not write, for this is not ermine but *lattizzo* (fur of any young sucking animal).' The notary asked, 'And what is this *lattizzo*?' And the woman's answer was, 'The man is a fool!'"

The widows seem to have given less trouble; but they always took care that their dresses should be well cut and fit perfectly.

Philosophers, of course, wrote treatises on political economy, and poets satirised the different fashions of their times. Thus, in Lodovico Adimari, we read:

"The high-born dame now plasters all her cheeks
With paint by shovelfuls, and in curled rings
Or tortuous tresses twines her hair, and seeks
To shave with splintered glass the down that springs
On her smooth face and soft skin, till they seem

The fairest, tenderest of all tender things:
Rouge and vermilion make her red lips beam
Like rubies burning on the brow divine
Of heaven-descended Iris: jewels gleam
About her breasts, embroidered on the shrine
Of satins, silks, and velvets: like the snails,
A house in one dress on her back she trails."¹

Cennino Cennini, a painter and pupil of Agnolo Gaddi, the godson of Giotto, says, in his *Treatise on Painting*:

"It might be for the service of young ladies, more especially those of Tuscany, to mention some colours which they think highly of, and use for beautifying themselves; and also certain washes. But as those of Padua do not use such things, and I do not wish to make myself obnoxious to them, or to incur the displeasure of God and of Our Lady, so I shall say no more on this subject. But," he continues, "if thou desirest to preserve thy complexion for a long time, I advise thee to wash thyself with water from fountains, rivers, or wells. I warn thee that if thou usest cosmetics thy face will become hideous and thy teeth black; thou wilt be old before thy time, and the ugliest object possible. This is quite enough to say on this subject."

Cennini seems, notwithstanding, to have been employed to paint peoples faces, if we may judge from the following passage in the same work:—

"Sometimes you may be obliged to paint or dye flesh, faces of men and women in particular. You can mix your colours with yolk of egg; or should you wish to make them more brilliant, with oil, or liquid varnish, the strongest of all *temperas*. Do you want to remove the colours or *tempera* from the face? Take yolk of egg and rub it, a little at a time, with your hand on the face. Then take clean water, in which bran has been boiled, and wash the face; then more of the yolk of egg, and again rub the face with it; and again wash with warm water. Repeat this many times until the face returns to its original colour."

The sumptuary laws cited by the Osservatore Fiorentino are as follow:—

"1st. It is forbidden for any unmarried woman to wear pearls or precious stones, and the married dames may only wear ornaments of the value of forty golden florins at any one time.

"2nd. In the week preceding a wedding

¹ Translated by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

neither bride nor bridegroom may ask to dinner or supper more than four persons, not appertaining to the house.

"3rd. The brides who desire to go to church on horseback may do so, but are not to be accompanied by more than six women attendants.

"4th. On the marriage day only sixteen women may dine in the bridegroom's house, six of the bride's family and ten of the bridegroom's, besides his mother, his sisters, and his aunts.

"5th. There may only be ten men of the family, and eight friends; boys under fourteen do not count.

"6th. During the repast only three musicians and singers are to be allowed.

"7th. The dinner or supper may not consist of more than three solid dishes, but confectionary and fruit *ad libitum*.

"8th. The bride and bridegroom are allowed to invite two hundred people to witness the signing of the contract before the celebration of the marriage."

These laws, however, appear to have been of little use, to judge by the representation of the marriage procession of Boccaccio degli Adimari on the *cassone*, or marriage-chest, the painted front of which is now in the Accademia delle Belle Arte, at Florence. Men and women magnificently clad are walking hand in hand, under a canopy of red and white damask, supported by poles, and stretched from the lovely little Loggia del Bigallo, past Lorenzo Ghiberti's famous doors of the baptistry of San Giovanni, to the corner of Via de' Martelli. The trumpeters of the Republic sit on the steps of the Loggia, blowing their golden trumpets ornamented with square flags, on which is emblazoned the lily of the city of Florence. Pages in gorgeous clothes, and carrying gold and silver vases on their heads, are passing in and out of one of the Adimari palaces. A man behind the musicians holds a flask of wine in his hand, just the same flask as one sees now in daily use in Tuscany. The ladies have head-dresses like large turbans; one is made of peacock feathers, and all are sparkling with jewels.

Funerals were also a great source of show and splendour in those days, and their cost increased rapidly. In 1340 the funeral of Gherardo Baroncelli cost

only two hundred golden florins, and about the same time that of Giotto Peruzzi five hundred; whereas, in 1377, the expenses for the burial of Monaldo Alberti di Messer Niccolao d'Jacopo degli Alberti amounted to three thousand golden florins, nearly five thousand pounds.

The following details of this magnificent affair, from the manuscript of Monaldi, may interest the curious reader:—

"Monaldo Alberti di Messer Niccolao d'Jacopo degli Alberti, died on the 7th August, 1377; he passed for the richest man, as regards money, in the country. He was buried on the 8th August, in Santa Croce, with great honour of torches and wax candles. The funeral car was of red damask, and he was dressed in the same red damask, in cloth and in cloth of gold. There were eight horses, one decked with the arms of the people, because he was a cavalier of the people; one with the arms of the Guelphs, because he was one of their captains; two horses were covered with big banners, on which were emblazoned the Alberti arms; one horse had a pennant, and a casque and sword and spurs of gold, and on the casque was a damsel with two wings; another horse was covered with scarlet, and his rider had a thick mantle of fur, lined; another horse was undraped, and his rider wore a violet cloak lined with dark fur.

"When the body was removed from the arcade of the house, there was a sermon; seventy-two torches surrounded the car, that is to say, sixty belonging to the house, and twelve to the Guelph party. A large catafalque was all furnished with torches of a pound weight; and the whole church, and the chief chapels towards the centre of the church, were full of small torches of half a pound weight, often interspersed with those of one pound. All the relations, and those of close parentage with the house of Alberti, were dressed in blood-red; and all the women who belonged to them, or had entered the family by marriage, wore the same colour. Many other families were in black. A great quantity of money was there to give away for God, &c. Never had been seen such honours. This funeral cost something like three thousand golden florins."

The Medici made no attempt to control this splendour; indeed, one of Lorenzo the Magnificent's favourite sayings was, *Pane e feste tengon il popol quieto* (Bread and shows keep the people quiet). Cosmo the First had a passion for jousts and games of all sorts; ballets on horseback and mas-

querades; these were generally held in the Piazza Sta. Croce. The masquerade, in 1615, to celebrate the arrival of Ubaldo della Rovere, Prince of Urbino, has been engraved by Jacques Callot, and was called the War of Love. First came the chariot of Love, surrounded with clouds, which opened showing Love and his court. Then came the car of Mount Parnassus with the Muses, Paladins, and famous men of letters. The third was the chariot of the Sun, with the twelve signs of the zodiac, the serpent of Egypt, the months and seasons; this chariot was surrounded by eight Ethiopian giants. The car of Thetis closed the procession, with Sirens, Nereids, and Tritons, and eight giant Neptunes, to represent the principal seas of the world.

Ferdinand the Second also delighted in these shows, and several held during his reign have been engraved by Stefano della Bella and Jacques Callot.

Princess Violante of Bavaria, who came, in 1689, to marry Ferdinand, son of Cosmo the Third, was received with great splendour. She entered Florence by the Porta San Gallo, where a chapel had been erected on purpose to crown her as she crossed the threshold of the city. The princess then seated herself on a jewelled throne, and was carried into the town under a canopy borne by a number of youths, splendidly dressed, and chosen for their beauty and high birth. After a solemn thanksgiving in the cathedral she was escorted to the Pitti Palace by the senate and the chief people of the city. The carnival feasts that year were more magnificent than usual in her honour.

T. Rinnucini, writing to a friend in the beginning of the seventeenth century, gives the following quaint account of a wedding in his own family:—

“When the alliance was arranged, we went in person to all our near relatives, and sent servants to those of remoter kin, to give notice of the day on which the bride would leave our house in her bridal attire; so that all relations down to the third degree might accompany her to mass. At the house door we found a

company of youths, the *seraglio*, as we say, who complimented my niece, and made as though they would not allow her to quit the house until she bestowed on them rings or clasps, or some such trinkets. When she had, with infinite grace, given the usual presents, the spokesman of the party, who was the youngest, and of high family, waited on the bride, and served her as far as the church door, giving her his arm. After the marriage we had a grand banquet, with all the relations on both sides, and the youths of the *seraglio*, who, in truth, have a right to be present at the feast.”

In other descriptions of marriages about the same time, we read that during the banquet a messenger sought audience of the bride and presented her with a basket of flowers, or a pair of scented gloves sent by the *seraglio*, together with the rings, clasps, or other ornaments she had given them on leaving her father's house. The bridegroom, according to his means, gave the messenger thirty, forty, fifty, or even, if very rich, a hundred *scudi*, which the youths spent in a great feast to their companions and friends, in a masquerade, or some such entertainment.

The marriage ring was given on another day, when there was a feast of white confectionary, followed by dancing, if the size of the house permitted it. Otherwise the company played at *giulè*, a game of cards no longer known; the name being derived, says Salvini, from the coin called *giulio*, worth fifty-six *centimes*, which was placed in a plate in the middle of the table as the stake.

At the beginning of the feast the names of the guests were read out according to their different degrees of parentage, so that all might find their places without confusion.

The bride's dower was carried in procession to the bridegroom's house, in the *cassoni*, or marriage-chests, which varied in splendour according to the riches of the family. Some were of carved wood, some inlaid, others covered with velvet ornamented with richly gilt ironwork, and the finest of all were painted, often by famous artists, with the deeds of the ances-

tors of the family. The great luxury consisted in fine linen; "twenty dozen of everything," was the rule in those days, which is still adhered to among old-fashioned people in Tuscany.

It was in such a marriage-chest that the beautiful Ginevra dei Benci, whose portrait exists in the fresco by Ghirlandajo in Sta. Maria Novella, hid while playing hide and seek the evening before her marriage. The *cassone* was of carved wood, and the heavy lid closed upon her, snapping the lock fast. All search for her was vain, and the old tale says that her fair fame suffered at the hands of malicious women, jealous of her exceeding beauty. Years afterwards, when the chest was forced open, the remains of the lovely Ginevra were found, still, it is said, preserving traces of beauty, and with the peculiar scent she used still lingering about her long, fair hair; in her right hand she grasped the jewel her bridegroom had given her to fasten the front of her gown. In Florence the *bella Ginevra* is still talked about among the common people, as the ideal type of woman's beauty.

All these old usages have vanished now among the gentlefolk of Florence, but some yet linger among the *contadini*, or peasantry, who are essentially conservative, and opposed to change. Sir Henry Maine has described¹ a state of things among the South Slavonians and Rajpoots which is curiously like the life of the Tuscan *contadino* of the present day.

The house community of the South Slavonians despotically ruled by the paterfamilias; and the house-mother, who governs the women of the family, though always subordinate to the house-chief, is almost a counterpart of the primitive custom still prevailing in Tuscany, and doubtless existing in the days of the gallant youths and fair ladies we have mentioned above.

In all dealings of the *contadini* with strangers the *capoccio*, or head-man, represents the family, and his word or signature binds them

all collectively. He administers the family affairs, and arranges what work is to be done during the day, and who is to do it. No member of the family can marry without his consent, ratified by that of the *padrone*, or landlord, and he keeps the common purse. On Saturday night the men state their wants to him, and he decides whether they are reasonable, and above all whether the family finances permit their realisation. The rule of the *capoccio* is extremely despotic, for I have known the case of an old man, the uncle of the head-man, being kept for some time without his weekly pittance for buying snuff as a punishment for disobeying an order.

The dignity of *capoccio* is hereditary and generally goes to the eldest son, although it happens that he may be passed over, and an uncle or a younger brother chosen to fill the position, by the *padrone*, to whom the *capoccio* is responsible for the behaviour of the rest of the family. Should he fall hopelessly ill, the family inform the *padrone* in an indirect way, who suggests to the head-man that he should abdicate; but in this case, and indeed whenever it is practicable, the choice of the successor is left to the *capoccio* himself, in order to maintain the dignity of the position.

The *massaia*, or house-mother, is generally one of the oldest women in the house; often the mother or the wife of the head-man, but occasionally of more distant kin. She retains the post until her death, and rules over the women, keeping the purse for the smaller house expenses, such as linen, clothes for the women, pepper, salt, and white rolls for the small children. All these are bought with the proceeds of the work of the women themselves, which includes the care of the silkworms, of the poultry, if they are permitted by the landlord to keep fowls, and the straw-plaiting, which is universal in the lower Val d'Arno. The girls, from the age of fourteen, are allowed a certain time every day to work for their dowry, generally in the evening.

¹ In the 'Nineteenth Century' Magazine, December, 1877.

A bride brings into her husband's house a bed, some linen, a *cassone*, her personal clothes, and a *vezzo*, a necklace of several strings of irregular pearls, costing from five to a hundred pounds, according to the wealth of her father, or the amount she has been able to earn. The *vezzo* always represents half the dowry, and those who are too poor to buy pearls get a necklace of dark red coral.

After a due course of courtship—during which the young man visits his *innamorata* every Saturday evening and on holidays, bringing her a flower, generally a carnation, or a rose in the summer months, and improvising (if he can) *terze* or *ottave* rhymes in her honour, which he sings as he nears the house—the *capoccio* dons his best clothes, and goes in state to ask the hand of the girl for his son, brother, nephew, or cousin, as it may be. When the affair is settled, after much talking and gesticulation, like everything else in Tuscany, a *stimatore* or *savio*, an appraiser or wise-man, is called in, who draws up an account of all the bride's possessions. This paper, duly signed and sealed, is consigned to the *capoccio* of the bridegroom's house, who keeps it carefully, as should the young man die without leaving children, the wife has a right to the value of all she brought into her husband's house. If there are children the *capoccio* is the sole guardian, and he administers their property for them, unless the mother has reason to think him harsh or unfaithful, when she may call for a *consiglio di famiglia*, or family council, who name two or more administrators.

A widow may elect to remain in her adopted family and look after her children, who by law belong to the representative of their father; or she can leave her children and return to her own people if they are able and willing to receive her, which is not often the case, as in Tuscany the *contadini* marry their children by rotation, so that often the younger sons or daughters have to wait for years, until the elder are settled in

life. It would be an unheard of thing for a younger daughter to marry before her elder sister.

Second marriages of widows with children are rare, as the woman would seldom be allowed to bring her children by the first husband into the house, and the folk-songs and proverbs are condemnatory of the practice:—

Quando la capra ha passato il poggolo non si ricorda più del figliuolo. (When the she-goat has crossed the hillock she forgets her young.)

Dio ti guardi da donna due volte maritate. (God preserve thee from a twice married woman.)

Quando si maritan vedove, il benedetto va tutto il giorno per casa. (When widows marry, the dear departed is all day long about the house.)

*La vedovella quando sta'n del letto,
Colle lagrime bagna le lenzuola;
E si rivolta da quel altro verso:
Accanto ci si trova la figliola.
O figlia mia, se tu non fossi nata,
Al mondo mi sarei rimaritata.*

(The widow lying in her bed,
With tears bedews the sheets;
And turns round to the other side,
Where her daughter is.
Oh, my daughter, dear, if thou hadst not been born,
I should have found another husband in this world.)

After seven years of age the children are by law allowed to choose with whom they will live, and I have known some cases of children leaving their mother and coming of their own accord to their uncle or grandfather, begging to be taken into the paternal house.

When a marriage is settled, the family of the bride invites the *capoccio* and the bridegroom to dinner, to meet all her relations. This is called the *impalmamento*, and many toasts are drunk to the health of the young couple. It is considered highly improper for the bride to visit her future home, and even in her walks she takes care to avoid it. The other members of her family may visit it, but she would be dishonoured for ever if she went near her bridegroom's house.

The peasantry now almost univer-

sally observe the new law of civil marriage, but they still regard it as a mere form and look on the religious ceremony as the important thing. The civil marriage is often celebrated three or four days before the religious service, and the girl goes quietly home to her father's house until the day fixed for the latter.

In some parts of the Val d'Arno the custom of being married after sundown prevails, and the bride wears a black dress, with a white bonnet or cap and white gloves, while, even in winter, a fan is an indispensable adjunct to her costume. Bridesmaids are unknown, as no unmarried girl is ever present at a marriage. The bride is attended to church by her father and mother, and her male and married female relations. The bridegroom's mother, or the *massaia* of his house, stays at home to welcome her new daughter, whom she meets on the threshold of the house with *il bacio di benvenuto* (the kiss of welcome). At the dinner or supper, as the case may be, everybody in turn makes a *brindisi* to the young couple. The female relations of the bride do not go to this dinner, and she makes up a basket of eatables to send home by one of the men.

During the first week of her marriage the bride is expected to be up before any one else, to light the fire and prepare coffee for the men before they go into the fields, and to cook the hot meal either at noon or in the evening, to show that she is a good housewife.

On the first Sunday or holiday following the wedding the mother and sisters of the bride come to see her, and the following week some of the family of the bridegroom accompany him and his young wife to her old home, where they dine; and this closes the festivities.

It occasionally happens that a family of peasants, living in the same house and originally nearly related, in the lapse of years lose relationship so completely that they might intermarry, but such a thing very rarely happens.

I know a family of twenty-seven who are three distinct branches of the same family, but whose relationship dates back more than a hundred years. They, however, regard each other as of one family, and implicitly obey the *capoccio*, who is a comparatively young man.

The *mezzeria* or *métayer* system generally prevailing in Tuscany induces a patriarchal feeling between landlord and peasant, which is very pleasant to see, but is not conducive to agricultural progress, or a good thing for the landlord. He pays all the taxes to government, which are enormous; he provides the house rent free, and keeps it in repair; he buys the oxen, cows, and horses, bearing half the loss if they die, and of course getting half the profit when they are sold. The peasant gives his labour, the landowner gives the land and the capital, and the proceeds are divided between them. In bad years the landlord advances corn to his peasants, which they repay when they can, in wine, oil, beans, &c. Where there is a large family of young children the peasant sometimes accumulates a load of debt that cripples him for years; in rare instances the landlord turns him out at six months' notice, and puts another family on the farm; but as a rule the peasants remain for generations on the same property, and always talk of themselves as the *gente* (people) of their landlord.

The English farmer does not exist in Tuscany; none of the peasants have enough capital to lease land, and if they had they would not do it, being so much better off under the *mezzeria*. If a peasant leased a farm he would probably starve in a bad season, instead of tiding it over as he now does by the *padrone's* help.

The small proprietors are gradually disappearing in Tuscany; they cannot pay the enormous taxes and live. One never takes up a newspaper without seeing a list of small proprietors whose *poderi* are for sale, by order of the *esattore* or tax-gatherer. The Tuscans are a gentle and long-suffering

people, but such a condition of things produces a vast amount of discontent and hatred of the government, and destroys a valuable class of trustworthy, orderly citizens.

When a *contadino* is sent away, he occasionally finds a new *poderi*, but most commonly sinks in the social scale and becomes a *bracciante* or day labourer, when his lot is miserable enough. The usual wage in Tuscany is one franc, twelve centimes, about elevenpence a day. The day's work begins at sunrise and lasts till sunset, with half-an-hour's rest for breakfast at eight in the morning and one hour for lunch at midday. In the great heat of summer the midday rest is prolonged, and the men come earlier and go away later from their work. When the weather is bad they are days without employment; and where there are many small children, the family is often at starvation point. The women in the lower Val d'Arno are universally occupied in straw plaiting, and if very expert can, in exceptional years, and for a short time, gain as much as tenpence a day. But fashion is always changing, and new plaits have to be learned, so that the average gain rarely exceeds twenty *centimes*, or twopence a day. When the Japanese rush hats came into fashion, there was very great misery among all the poor plaiters, as Leghorn straw hats were almost unsaleable.

Going out to service is looked upon as a degradation among the Tuscan peasantry, and when you find a woman of that class in service she is certain to be either a childless widow, a burden on her own family and unkindly treated by the relatives of her late husband, or a girl who has not been allowed to marry as she wished. The *contadino* almost invariably chooses a wife in his own class, generally from a neighbouring family. Favourite proverbs among the peasants are—

Donne e buoi de' paesi tuoi. (Women and oxen from thine own country.)

or

Chi di lontano si va a maritare, sarà ingannato o vuol ingannare. (He who seeks a wife from a distance will be deceived, or attempts deception.)

You will seldom find a peasant above thirty who can write and read, though some have learnt to sign their names in a sort of hieroglyph. The rising generation are being instructed in a desultory manner, and are wonderfully quick at learning. Every man in the army is forced to learn under penalty of being kept in the ranks until he can read, write, and cipher decently well; so that one may say that the army is one vast school. The conscription is, however, a very heavy tax, particularly on the agricultural population, and entails great misery. The loss, for three years, of the son, who in many cases is the chief bread-winner for his younger brothers and sisters, or for an invalid father, often reduces the family to beggary. I need not add that the loss to the country is enormous.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the army is the great, and probably the only, method of gradually fusing the different Italian races—I had almost said nationalities. Since the Middle Ages the hatred between not only the different provinces, but between the towns and even the smallest villages, has always existed, and is still extremely strong. An Italian seldom, if ever, in Italy at least, talks of himself as an Italian. He is a Neapolitan, a Tuscan, a Piedmontese, a Roman, or a Lombard; and each province thinks that it has the monopoly of honesty, truth, and exemption from crime. All this will, no doubt, pass when education has had time to influence the lower classes; and then also the quaint manners and customs I have attempted to describe will disappear, like the costume of the peasants, which now lingers on only in the meridional provinces.

JANET ROSS.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1886.

GENERAL GRANT.

THE first volume of General Grant's 'Memoirs'¹ brings the story of his life down to the siege and capture of Vicksburg—the achievement which has always been held to give him his best claim to rank as a great strategist and commander. It was one of the most perilous operations ever carried out, and from first to last it was conducted in defiance of all the recognised rules of warfare. Grant himself tells us that General Sherman remonstrated most earnestly with him when the project was first discussed, or rather mentioned; for Grant rarely submitted any of his plans for discussion, either in a council of war or elsewhere. Some of the generals on the northern side took particular pains not to commit themselves to an important step without consultation with the authorities at Washington. The President was commander-in-chief, and the secretary of war, Mr. Stanton, was a man who very easily took offence, and who never forgave. The necessity of "standing well" at Washington, was one cause of the failure of so many of the generals who took the field at the outset of the rebellion. They were afraid of the Government, and still more afraid of the newspapers.

Grant alone had the courage to set them all at defiance. When he had formed his plans he kept them as secret from everybody as circumstances

permitted until the moment for action arrived. It does not appear that he sent any message whatever to Washington concerning Vicksburg until the place was actually in his possession. Sherman, who was with him, showed him all the dangers of the enterprise. He pointed out that to go into a hostile country, with a large river behind the advancing force, and the enemy holding strongly-fortified positions above and below, was to incur a frightful risk, and consequently he recommended a backward move upon Memphis. Grant coolly answered that Memphis was the very place to which he did not want to go. He knew that a feeling of great discouragement existed in the North, that the elections of 1862 had proved the growth of a sentiment adverse to the continuance of the war, and that it had become necessary to substitute a compulsory draft for voluntary enlistment. He felt that unless a striking success could be obtained, the South would probably triumph, and he decided that it was better to run any hazard than not to try for that success. Hence he resolved to cross the Mississippi, and almost literally to burn his boats behind him. His scheme was to cut loose from his base of supplies, and to push forward into the Confederate territory without supports of any kind. An officer of his staff told me that another officer ventured one morning to say to his chief, "General, if we are

¹ 'Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant.' Vol. i. Sampson Low and Company, London, 1885.

beaten, we shall not have sufficient transport back for ten thousand troops." "If we are beaten," replied Grant, in his usual impassive manner, "transport back for ten thousand troops is more than I shall want." His army knew as well as he did that nothing was left for it but to conquer or die; and it also knew that no misgiving or hesitation on the part of its leader would be allowed to interfere with his design. This was the great peculiarity of Grant's character—his unshakable determination. When he was in the right men praised it, as it was very natural they should do; when he turned out to be wrong—as he did often enough in civil life—they denounced his senseless and incurable obstinacy. It was by obstinacy that he beat down secession. Scientific tactics had been employed, and had led only to failure and disappointment. Wisely or unwisely, Grant disregarded science, especially in his movement against Vicksburg. He won the victory by a series of rapid movements, which bewildered the Southern generals; before they fairly realised their danger they had lost the control of the Mississippi, and, as Grant truly says, the "fate of the Confederacy was sealed." Thousands and tens of thousands of men were still to fall, but the loss of Vicksburg was the death-blow of the Southern cause.

This event, therefore, forms an appropriate dividing line in a fragment of autobiography—for this work, even in its complete state, will evidently be no more than a fragment—which must always be invested with a strange and mournful interest. It was begun and carried on with the shadow of death ever upon the page—death by one of the most agonising of diseases, and accompanied with mental distress scarcely less poignant than the direst form of physical torture. When I first met General Grant, soon after the close of the war, he was still a young man, full of life and energy, with a constitution of iron, proof against all the hardships, fatigues, and anxieties he had passed through. He

was then at the zenith of his fame, the idol of the people, followed everywhere by the acclamations which are reserved in all countries for the successful soldier. Greater glory was never heaped upon Washington himself. Men and women would travel hundreds of miles in the hope of looking upon his face, or of being permitted to boast that they had touched his hand. He received all this homage with phlegmatic indifference, seldom saying a word, shaking hands until his arm was sore, and hurrying off as fast as he could to his eternal cigar. Presents of all kinds poured in upon him. A nation which has no titles to confer, and which will not give away estates and pensions, could not reward Grant as Marlborough or Wellington was rewarded in this country; but private gratitude did all that was thought right and becoming. One house was given to him in Washington, another in Philadelphia, a third in Galena. A considerable sum of money was raised for his benefit, and held in trust. By an unfortunate accident this trust fund was not available to him at the crisis of his misfortunes. For the time, however, there seemed to be everything that was enviable in his circumstances. His reputation was without a stain of any kind; malice itself was for the moment reduced to silence. It had frequently been alleged that he was by nature cruel and relentless; but the magnanimity which he displayed towards Lee and the other Confederate generals, in opposition to many powerful influences, swept away this reproach. He had never interfered in the strife of politics; partisans on either side could make no complaint respecting him; not a single imprudent word had ever escaped his lips. It is not given to any of us to know the critical moment in our lives when it would be well if we could rise up and depart; but surely, amid the grief and anguish of his last days, a feeling of regret must have sometimes presented itself to the mind of General Grant that the summons to go did not

reach him in 1865. But for what we are accustomed to call an accident, it would have reached him. He had been engaged to accompany President Lincoln to Ford's theatre, in Washington, on the night of the assassination plot, and it is now known that he was marked to die. Some domestic arrangements prevented him keeping this appointment, and the bullet which was intended for him was never fired. It seems a hard saying, but it is true, that Lincoln was more fortunate that night than Grant.

For President Lincoln died in the full sunshine of success—if, indeed, it can be said that sunshine ever fell upon that melancholy spirit. Between him and the people, whom he had served so faithfully, there was no cloud. He had outlived all misunderstandings and injustice. There was a time, no doubt, when his rough, uncouth ways, and the absence of all conventional dignity in his life and conversation, led many of his countrymen to form a false estimate of his nature; but the loftiness of his views, and the sincerity of his patriotism, were never questioned. In his second inaugural address, and in his short but memorable speech at Gettysburg, he struck a note in harmony with the solemnity of the time; and long before the war came to an end it was universally acknowledged that the homely rail-splitter of Illinois was the man of all others fitted to deal with the great crisis which had fallen upon the nation. Everybody saw how invaluable had been his patience, his good-humour, his quiet belief in the cause which was at stake, his sagacity in bringing to light a capable man, and of remaining faithful to him. Many attempts were made to set him against General Grant, but none of them succeeded. "He drinks too much whisky," said one of Grant's maligners to the President. "Try and find out the brand," whispered Lincoln; "I should like to send a barrel or two to some of the other generals." In common with General Sherman and others, the President anticipated the daring march upon Vicksburg with great

misgiving, and looked upon it as a mistake; but after the fort had fallen he wrote a note of hearty congratulation to the general whom he had never seen. "I now wish," he said, "to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong." This letter is not published by General Grant in his 'Memoirs'; in fact, he publishes not a word of any kind in his own praise. His narrative is a plain—almost bald—record of the simplest facts, recounted with a modesty which is rare, if not absolutely unique, in works of this kind, but which is in itself vividly characteristic of the man. I spent many long evenings with him at various times, and I never once heard him make the slightest allusion to the part which he had played in the war. If any one else touched upon the subject in his presence, his hard, firm mouth would close "like a steel trap," as the American saying goes, and the chances were that not another word would escape from him until the indiscreet visitor had gone.

This reluctance to talk of his own deeds is visible even in the 'Memoirs,' which he only consented to write in the hope of leaving behind him some provision for his family. He went unwillingly to the task, and although his interest in it increased as he made progress, it is clear that it gave him no pleasure to recount his personal exploits. He had resolved never to write anything for publication, but troubles fell thickly upon him one after another, and at last he yielded to the solicitations of the publishers. "I consented," he says in his preface, "for the money it gave me; for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money." His houses had probably been sold long before, and after the failure of the firm of rogues with which he became entangled, he was left absolutely penniless. Then he began his autobiography upon the novel plan of saying as little about himself as he could possibly help. His account of his early life occupies more space than the description of

any great siege or battle in which he was engaged. Everybody knows that he was brought up in humble circumstances, though not in poverty. His father had a tannery, and young Grant often worked in it, though he detested the occupation. When the siege of Vicksburg made him famous, the "politicians" flocked around him from all quarters, and endeavoured to turn him to account in their several ways. Grant met all their approaches with the same imperturbability. "I am unable to talk politics," he used to say, "but if you want to know anything about the best method of tanning leather, I believe I can tell you." Through the interest of a Congressman, he was admitted to the great military training school of West Point, where Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson, and others who afterwards became celebrated in the Confederacy, were students at the same time. Grant's sole ambition after he left West Point was to obtain a professorship in some college; but the outbreak of the Mexican war, provoked by the annexation of Texas, soon provided him with active employment. In that war he received some valuable training as a soldier, but when peace came he found that his position had not in any way improved. By this time he had a wife and two children, without any adequate means of earning money for their support. The family went to a little farm belonging to his wife near St. Louis, and there Grant tried to get a living in any way that presented itself. "If nothing else could be done," he says, "I would load a cord of wood on a waggon, and take it to the city for sale." Then he went into a "real estate" business, or, as we say, a land-agency; found that this brought no grist to the mill, and was driven to become a clerk in his father's store. So he went on, living in a hand-to-mouth manner, until the war broke out in 1861, and he was called upon to take command of a company of volunteers raised in Galena. This, too, seemed likely to be but a short-lived occupation. No one then

believed that the war would last long. Mr. Jefferson Davis told a meeting at La Grange, Mississippi, that he would be willing to "drink all the blood spilled south of Mason and Dixon's line." Mr. Seward, the secretary of state, continually declared that the war would be over in ninety days. Grant's belief to the last was that if the capture of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, had been followed up by the Federals with a determined advance over the south-west, the rebellion would have collapsed. But the Federal generals were slow to perceive any advantage they had gained; many of them were utterly incapable of perceiving it. General Halleck, who was Grant's superior officer, gave him no encouragement even to attack Fort Donelson; and bestowed but slight and grudging thanks upon him after the victory. For venturing to push on to Nashville Grant was superseded, and virtually placed under arrest. But he was very soon restored to his command, and not long afterwards won the bloody battle of Shiloh, where the Confederates fought until they were literally cut to pieces. "I saw an open field," he writes, "over which the Confederates had made repeated charges the day before, so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across the clearing, in any direction, stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground." "The Confederate troops fought well," is Grant's laconic remark on all this heroism, repeated on so many fields, and always in vain.

Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg have generally been recognised as affording conclusive proofs of Grant's military capacity; but his campaigns in Virginia are more open to question. The slaughter in the "Wilderness," where thousands of the northern troops were sacrificed, might have been avoided if Grant had clung less tenaciously to his resolve to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." He had to deviate from that line after all, but one object

which he constantly kept in view was accomplished—by “hammering away” at the enemy, he had reduced Lee’s power of resistance. The Confederate leader was obliged to break up his small force into detachments to meet the assaults which were delivered in all directions, and with a few thousand half-starved and ragged troops he had to face at least a hundred and eighty thousand men in the army of the Potomac. His supports were uncertain; some of his subordinates—like General Early—were worse than useless. The commissariat arrangements had completely broken down. The Confederates were left almost without ammunition or food. Yet in the desperate engagements at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbour, and before Petersburg, upwards of seventy thousand men of Grant’s army were killed or wounded. The carnage and the suffering inflicted in that last campaign have never been exceeded in any war of modern times.

Grant’s losses were heavy, but Lee’s slender resources were wrecked in a much more serious proportion, and there was no recruiting possible for the Confederates. Their dead who lay so thickly beneath the fields were children of the soil, and there were none to replace them. Sometimes whole families had been destroyed; but the survivors still fought on, though it must have been without hope. In the Confederate lines round Petersburg there was often absolute destitution—as an officer who was there told me, in the Shenandoah valley, shortly after the end of the struggle, every cat and dog for miles around had been caught and eaten. Grant was pressing onwards; Sherman’s march had proved that the Confederacy was an egg-shell; Sheridan’s splendid cavalry was ever hovering round the last defenders of the bars and stripes; Grant saw that all was over, and he invited Lee to surrender. But for a day or two longer Lee held out; and then Grant sent him another message, couched in terms as gentle and courteous as he could find. All that

further resistance could do would be to bring about more useless butchery, with inevitable defeat at the end. Yet the Confederates were unwilling to relinquish everything, and when they saw their general riding out sadly to meet the conqueror, they gave way to the bitterest grief.¹ There remained but a broken and scattered remnant of the proud forces of the Confederacy to surrender with their beloved commander.

It was General Grant’s duty to vanquish his foe, but he would not humiliate him. He declined to be present at the formal disbandment of the Southern troops, and when Lee handed him his sword, Grant returned it with a few words of manly sympathy. This act of kindness touched Lee deeply, for no one in the whole South felt more keenly the wreck of all the hopes which had been bound up in the “lost cause.” The Northern people had made great sacrifices to carry on the war, but the conditions of the contest were necessarily more severe in the South. The church bells, the leaden roofing from the houses, everything that could be melted down, had been used for bullets. After Sherman’s march the country was like a desert. Bridges, fences, railroads, all had disappeared. Yet the people still hoped that their favourite general, Lee, would somehow or other be able to turn back the multitudes which were arrayed against him. They regarded him with an affection which the vast reverses that overwhelmed him and them could not weaken. I saw him in one of the towns of the Shenandoah valley some months after the surrender at Appomattox. He was quite white, bent, and broken, but the welcome which met him could not have been more ardent if he had returned victorious. The women crowded round him, with streaming eyes, kissing his hand; even the men were deeply moved. At that time there was a foolish cry among the people of the South, “Let us all emigrate, it

¹ The scene was vividly described some years ago in an article by Mr. Francis Lawley.

matters not where. Let us leave a land which can never be our home again." Lee did all he could to discourage it. There soon arose a fierce demand in some parts of the North, led by Secretary Stanton, for the "punishment of traitors," and but for Grant's interposition Lee would undoubtedly have been sent to join Jefferson Davis in Fortress Monroe. Grant risked his popularity by insisting that Lee was a prisoner of war on parole, and that until he broke his parole it would be an outrage to arrest him. The controversy was active, and sometimes angry; but Grant was immovable, and Stanton had to give way. The two generals never met afterwards. Lee continued to the last to set a good example to his followers by returning as a quiet citizen to the work which he found ready to his hands, as the president of a college. There he did his duty, but it is no mere figure of speech to say that his heart was broken. There are blows from which no man can recover—from which, indeed, he has no wish to recover—and death, when it came, was welcomed as a friend by General Lee.

It is at the close of the rebellion, as I have said, that one could almost desire that General Grant's career had likewise closed. There were further triumphs in store for him, but scarcely any great happiness, and no real addition to his honours. He had no ambition to launch out upon the stormy and dangerous sea of politics, and his fellow commander, Sherman, wrote to him a most sensible and manly letter, earnestly advising him to keep away from Washington. But the Republican party had no candidate to put before the country who was half so likely to win his way to the Presidency as General Grant, and in a rash moment, as I venture to think, he consented to serve. The same considerations obliged him to become a candidate for a second term of office, and he was elected only to find that new disappointments and mortifications awaited him. He had always been ac-

customed to place great dependence in men who had once served under him, or for whom he had taken a liking. This would have been an altogether admirable quality had his judgment of other men been infallible. But, in truth, it was far from that; he made great and ruinous mistakes, and he rarely could be brought to see his mistakes, even when irreparable mischief had been done. Hence arose all those scandals about "whisky rings" and "Indian rings" which threw so much reproach on his second administration. That the President himself was perfectly free from corruption most men believed at the time, and everybody admits now. He was not capable of wilfully committing a dishonourable act. Some of his followers were not so scrupulous, and the difficulty was that Grant could not be brought to see that his confidence had been betrayed. He had been bitterly attacked, and he thought that his subordinates were assailed merely because they were faithful to him. I remember him saying to me, in the midst of one of the worst of all the outcries against a member of his establishment, to whom he was much attached, but who was not worthy of that attachment, "Z. is only attacked because he is known to be my true friend. He has done nothing wrong. I do not care whom you put into his place, they would calumniate him in the same way to-morrow. They strike at me over his shoulder; I can stand it, but it shall do *him* no harm." He could not be brought to think that any one in whom he trusted might possibly deceive him. All his sad experience seems, in this respect, to have been thrown away upon him. The firm of fraudulent brokers who plundered him so mercilessly, and tried to strip him of his reputation after they had taken all his money, ought not to have deceived any man with even elementary ideas of business. Grant's credulity, when his confidence had once been secured, knew no bounds. This was the sole secret of all the mistakes in

his career as President of the United States. At Washington he was no longer in a position where taciturnity and self-reliance could carry him through all emergencies. He had to depend upon others; he was obliged to ask for advice, and even to act upon it. He liked to have men about him who could make themselves agreeable, for, in spite of his grim bearing and unsympathetic aspect, he was a warmhearted man, and enjoyed a little gaiety after office hours. He contributed not a little to this gaiety himself, by drawing upon a store of curious anecdotes of men whom he had known, or by remarks of a dry, sarcastic turn on the politicians or events of the day. No man could talk better when he was in the humour. He had a pleasant voice, and a simple, retiring manner, and was always ready to listen to any suggestions that were made to him by persons whom he respected. He had read a good deal, and thought even more, and he delighted in picking up information in the easiest of all modes—by converse with people who had made a special study of the subject he wished to understand. When he talked, no words were wasted, and the listener could never fail to be impressed with his profound common-sense. And yet, in spite of his common-sense, he fell so easy a prey to rascality. The truth is, he was not fit to cope with rascals. He had no distrust in his nature; he was not on the look-out for knavery. A New York clerk of eighteen would have seen through the glaring impostures of the firm which dragged him down to ruin. Yet Grant reposed so much faith in that wretched firm that he could go and ask for a loan of a large sum of money to help it, as he supposed, through difficulties which were practically insurmountable. No great man was ever before so miserably duped.

An ex-President of the United States does not occupy a very enviable position. One day the head of the Government, the next he is no

body. Unless he has some lucrative calling to which he can return, or private means upon which he can retire, he is a source of embarrassment to himself and to others. The politicians have had out of him all that they want, and he cannot very well "run" for an inferior office. In England we pension off old servants of the state—perhaps a little too freely. The ample salary which a man receives for doing his appointed work is not thought enough to enable him to spend his last days in comfort, and therefore, whether the holders of high offices are in or out of harness, they are well taken care of. The American people are not so generous. Their Presidents are dismissed without recognition of any kind. General Arthur, a man of the very highest character, has fortunately a good profession, and an excellent position in that profession, and he has gone back to his office from the White House as if nothing had happened. But when General Grant retired he could not return to the army, and he had no other occupation open to him. It was impossible that he should again set up in business as a tanner. He spent many months in making a tour of a large part of the world, and during his visit to England he saw nearly all our most distinguished public men, and formed his own opinions concerning them. I asked him one evening which of these men had struck him most. After a moment's consideration, he replied, "Mr. Disraeli. Your Mr. Gladstone talks the best—I never heard a man talk so well before—but Mr. Disraeli is more original. And then, you see, he does not say much. 'I never can make out why you did not keep Mexico when you had got it, General,' he said to me the first time I saw him. No more can I." But in his 'Memoirs,' I see that Grant condemns the Mexican war as unjust, and therefore he might have found a reason to give Mr. Disraeli for not treating Mexico after the fashion of Texas.

The "third term" project was not

dead when General Grant returned to the United States, but the American people looked upon it with great dislike. The Republican party, or a large section of it, desired to nominate Grant again; but the Convention at Chicago was much divided, and after even more than the usual doublings and turnings of the delegates, the choice fell upon General Garfield. Grant must now have known that political life was closed to him, and he undertook various commercial undertakings which turned out to be profitable. They were put into his way by friends who desired to serve him. A great deal of money doubtless passed through his hands at various times, although I never heard that his habits were extravagant. At any rate, he was better off, pecuniarily, at the close of 1883 than he had ever been before. General Badeau, who knew his chief's affairs better than any one outside his own family, states that Grant himself estimated his fortune at this time at a million of dollars. This, however, was chiefly in the air. He was only sixty-one, to all appearance in perfect health, happy in his surroundings, and engaged in "business which brought him in an ample income." Prosperity and contentment seemed to be assured to him. But everybody who has studied human history, whether in books or on the world's great stage, must have observed that it is precisely at these periods, when all is apparently going well, that the dark fates so frequently descend with their inexorable decrees, and darken all the sun of a man's life, and condemn him to struggle for the rest of his days amid the bitter waters of affliction. It was so with General Grant. An occurrence of evil omen befell him on Christmas Eve. He had reached his own door, when, in turning to pay a cabman, he fell upon the frozen pavement, and sustained an injury which was followed by an attack of pleurisy. From that time he was called upon to bid farewell to health and peace of mind. Already he had, at the solicitation of his son, joined the firm of

Ward and Fish, and put all his savings into it—about twenty thousand pounds. The affair seemed to go on prosperously—so prosperously that Grant, as his friend has said, thought he was worth a million of dollars. Everybody remembers the exposure that followed in May, 1884. One morning Grant went down to the office in Wall Street, and found that Ward had absconded, and that he and his children were utterly ruined. Only a few days before, Ward had induced him to borrow one hundred and fifty thousand dollars under the pretence that this sum would enable him to discharge some pressing claims upon a bank in which the firm had large deposits. Grant went to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of the New York Central Railway, who died so recently, and asked for the money as a loan. Thirty thousand pounds is a large sum, but Vanderbilt sat down and drew a cheque for it, and handed it to his visitor. The railroad king knew a few hours afterwards that Grant had been duped, and that his own money was lost, but he behaved throughout with the utmost generosity. He took possession of Grant's house and property, merely to protect them from other creditors. He nobly offered to make the whole over to Mrs. Grant, but the general refused. Grant had no idea at first that the firm with which his name had been identified existed upon sheer roguery. But all the papers were soon full of the shameful story. The famous soldier saw but too clearly that he had been used as a decoy by an abominable swindler. House, money, books, furniture, his swords, and other presents—the money of his children and many of his friends—everything was gone, including, as he thought, his honour. It was afterwards clearly seen that he had no complicity whatever in the frauds committed by his partners—that he was the chief of the sufferers, not in any way a culprit. The sympathy of the people went out to him; once more he rallied from enfeebled health and a wounded spirit, and he began

the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which stirred his one active sentiment), he has referred to never a one. He seems in some singular fashion to have stood outside of all these things. His Spanish travels are dated for us by references to Doña Isabel, and Don Carlos, to Mr. Villiers, and Lord Palmerston. But cut these dates out, and they might be travels of the last century. His Welsh book proclaims itself as written in the full course of the Crimean War; but excise a few passages which bear directly on that event, and the most ingenious critic would be puzzled to "place" the composition. Shakespeare, we know, was for all time, not of one age only; but I think we may say of Borrow, without too severely or conceitedly marking the difference, that he was not of or for any particular age or time at all. If the celebrated query in Longfellow's 'Hyperion,' "What is time?" had been addressed to him, his most appropriate answer, and one which he was quite capable of giving, would have been, "I really don't know."

To this singular historical vagueness has to be added a critical vagueness even greater. I am sorry that I am unable to confirm or to gainsay at first hand Borrow's wonderfully high estimate of certain Welsh poets. But if the originals are anything like his translations of them, I do not think that Ab Gwilym and Lewis Glyn Cothi, Gronwy Owen and Huw Morris can have been quite such mighty bards as he makes out. Fortunately, however, a better test presents itself. In one book of his, 'Wild Wales,' there are two estimates of Scott's works. Borrow finds in an inn a copy of 'Woodstock' (which he calls by its less known title of 'The Cavalier'), and decides that it is "trashy;" chiefly, it would appear, because the portrait therein contained of Harrison, for whom Borrow seems on one of his inscrutable principles of prejudice to have had a liking, is not wholly favourable. He afterwards informs us that Scott's 'Norman

Horseshoe' (no very exquisite song at the best, and among Scott's somewhat less than exquisite) is "one of the most stirring lyrics of modern times," and that he sang it for a whole evening; evidently because it recounts a defeat of the Normans, whom Borrow, as he elsewhere tells us in sundry places, disliked for reasons more or less similar to those which made him like Harrison, the butcher. In other words, he could not judge a work of literature as literature at all. If it expressed sentiments with which he agreed, or called up associations which were pleasant to him, good luck to it; if it expressed sentiments with which he did not agree, and called up no pleasant associations, bad luck.

In politics and religion this curious and very John Bullish unreason is still more apparent. I suppose Borrow may be called, though he does not call himself, a Tory. He certainly was an unfriend to Whiggery, and a hater of Radicalism. He seems to have given up even the Corn Laws with a certain amount of regret, and his general attitude is quite Eldonian. But he combined with his general Toryism very curious Radicalisms of detail, such as are to be found in Cobbett (who, as appeared at last, and as all reasonable men should have always known, was really a Tory of a peculiar type), and in several other English persons. The Church, the Monarchy, and the Constitution generally were dear to Borrow, but he hated all the aristocracy (except those whom he knew personally), and most of the gentry. Also, he had the odd Radical sympathy for anybody who, as the vernacular has it, was "kept out of his rights." I do not know, but I should think, that Borrow was a strong Tichbornite. In that curious book, 'Wild Wales,' where almost more of his real character appears than in any other, he has to do with the Crimean War. It was going on during the whole time of his tour, and he once or twice reports conversations in which, from his knowledge of Russia, he

GEORGE BORROW.

IN this paper I do not undertake to throw any new light on the little-known life of the author of 'Lavengro.' I believe that there is ground for hoping that, among the few people who knew Borrow intimately, some one will soon be found who will give to the world an account of his curious life, and perhaps some specimens of those "mountains of manuscript" which, as he regretfully declares, never could find a publisher—an impossibility which, if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, does not reflect any great credit on publishers. For our present purpose it is sufficient to sum up the generally-known facts that Borrow was born in 1803 at East Dereham in Norfolk, his father being a captain in the army, who came of Cornish blood, his mother a lady of Norfolk birth and Huguenot extraction. His youth he has himself described in a fashion which nobody is likely to care to paraphrase. After the years of travel chronicled in 'Lavengro,' he seems to have found scope for his philological and adventurous tendencies in the rather unlikely service of the Bible Society; and he sojourned in Russia and Spain to the great advantage of English literature. This occupied him during the greater part of the years from 1830 to 1840. Then he came back to his native county—or, at any rate, his native district—married a widow of some property at Lowestoft, and spent the last forty years of his life at Oulton Hall, near the piece of water which is thronged in summer by all manner of sportsmen and others. He died but the other day; and even since his death he seems to have lacked the due meed of praise which the Lord Chief Justice of the equal foot usually brings even to persons far less deserving than Borrow.

There is this difficulty in writing about him, that the audience must necessarily consist of fervent devotees on the one hand, and of complete infidels, or at least complete know-nothings, on the other. To any one who, having the faculty to understand either, has read 'Lavengro' or 'The Bible in Spain,' or even 'Wild Wales,' praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to seem impertinence. To anybody else (and unfortunately the anybody else is in a large majority) praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to look like that very dubious kind of praise which is bestowed on somebody of whom no one but the praiser has ever heard. I cannot think of any single writer (Peacock himself is not an exception) who is in quite parallel case. And, as usual, there is a certain excuse for the general public. Borrow kept himself during not the least exciting period of English history quite aloof from English politics, and from the life of great English cities. But he did more than this. He is the only really considerable writer of his time in any modern European nation who seems to have taken absolutely no interest in current events, literary and other. Putting a very few allusions aside, he might have belonged to almost any period. His political idiosyncrasy will be noticed presently; but he who lived through the whole period from Waterloo to Maiwand has not, as far as I remember, mentioned a single English writer later than Scott and Byron. He saw the rise, and, in some instances, the death, of Tennyson, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens. There is not a reference to any one of them in his works. He saw political changes such as no man for two centuries had seen, and (except the Corn Laws, to which he has some half-ironical allusions, and

the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which stirred his one active sentiment), he has referred to never a one. He seems in some singular fashion to have stood outside of all these things. His Spanish travels are dated for us by references to Doña Isabel, and Don Carlos, to Mr. Villiers, and Lord Palmerston. But cut these dates out, and they might be travels of the last century. His Welsh book proclaims itself as written in the full course of the Crimean War; but excise a few passages which bear directly on that event, and the most ingenious critic would be puzzled to "place" the composition. Shakespeare, we know, was for all time, not of one age only; but I think we may say of Borrow, without too severely or conceitedly marking the difference, that he was not of or for any particular age or time at all. If the celebrated query in Longfellow's 'Hyperion,' "What is time?" had been addressed to him, his most appropriate answer, and one which he was quite capable of giving, would have been, "I really don't know."

To this singular historical vagueness has to be added a critical vagueness even greater. I am sorry that I am unable to confirm or to gainsay at first hand Borrow's wonderfully high estimate of certain Welsh poets. But if the originals are anything like his translations of them, I do not think that Ab Gwilym and Lewis Glyn Cothi, Gronwy Owen and Huw Morris can have been quite such mighty bards as he makes out. Fortunately, however, a better test presents itself. In one book of his, 'Wild Wales,' there are two estimates of Scott's works. Borrow finds in an inn a copy of 'Woodstock' (which he calls by its less known title of 'The Cavalier'), and decides that it is "trashy;" chiefly, it would appear, because the portrait therein contained of Harrison, for whom Borrow seems on one of his inscrutable principles of prejudice to have had a liking, is not wholly favourable. He afterwards informs us that Scott's 'Norman

Horseshoe' (no very exquisite song at the best, and among Scott's somewhat less than exquisite) is "one of the most stirring lyrics of modern times," and that he sang it for a whole evening; evidently because it recounts a defeat of the Normans, whom Borrow, as he elsewhere tells us in sundry places, disliked for reasons more or less similar to those which made him like Harrison, the butcher. In other words, he could not judge a work of literature as literature at all. If it expressed sentiments with which he agreed, or called up associations which were pleasant to him, good luck to it; if it expressed sentiments with which he did not agree, and called up no pleasant associations, bad luck.

In politics and religion this curious and very John Bullish unreason is still more apparent. I suppose Borrow may be called, though he does not call himself, a Tory. He certainly was an unfriend to Whiggery, and a hater of Radicalism. He seems to have given up even the Corn Laws with a certain amount of regret, and his general attitude is quite Eldonian. But he combined with his general Toryism very curious Radicalisms of detail, such as are to be found in Cobbett (who, as appeared at last, and as all reasonable men should have always known, was really a Tory of a peculiar type), and in several other English persons. The Church, the Monarchy, and the Constitution generally were dear to Borrow, but he hated all the aristocracy (except those whom he knew personally), and most of the gentry. Also, he had the odd Radical sympathy for anybody who, as the vernacular has it, was "kept out of his rights." I do not know, but I should think, that Borrow was a strong Tichbornite. In that curious book, 'Wild Wales,' where almost more of his real character appears than in any other, he has to do with the Crimean War. It was going on during the whole time of his tour, and he once or twice reports conversations in which, from his knowledge of Russia, he

demonstrated beforehand to Welsh inquirers how improbable, not to say impossible, it was that the Russian should be beaten. But the thing that seems really to have interested him most was the case of Lieutenant P—— or Lieutenant Parry, whom he sometimes alludes to in the fuller and sometimes in the less explicit manner. My own memories of 1854 are rather indistinct, and I confess that I have not taken the trouble to look up this celebrated case. As far as I can remember, and as far as Borrow's references here and elsewhere go, it was the doubtless lamentable but not uncommon case of a man who is difficult to live with, and who has to live with others. Such cases occur at intervals in every mess, college, and other similar aggregation of humanity. The person difficult to live with gets, as they say at Oxford, "drawn." If he is reformable he takes the lesson, and very likely becomes excellent friends with those who "drew" him. If he is not, he loses his temper, and evil results of one kind or another follow. Borrow's Lieutenant P—— seems unluckily to have been of the latter kind, and was, if I mistake not, recommended by the authorities to withdraw from a situation which to him was evidently a false and unsuitable one. With this Borrow could not away. He gravely chronicles the fact of his reading an "excellent article in a local paper on the case of Lieutenant P——;" and with no less gravity (though he was, in a certain way, one of the first humorists of our day) he suggests that the complaints of the martyred P—— to the Almighty were probably not unconnected with our Crimean disasters. This curious parochialism pursues him into more purely religious matters. I do not know any other really great man of letters of the last three-quarters of a century of whose attitude Carlyle's famous words, "regarding God's universe as a larger patrimony of Saint Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt the Pope," are so

literally true. It was not in Borrow's case a case of *sancta simplicitas*. He has at times flashes of by no means orthodox sentiment, and seems to have fought, and perhaps hardly won, many a battle against the army of the doubters. But when it comes to the Pope, he is as single-minded an enthusiast as John Bunyan himself, whom, by the way, he resembles in more than one point. The attitude was, of course, common enough among his contemporaries; indeed any man who has come to forty years must remember numerous examples among his own friends and kindred. But in literature, and such literature as Borrow's, it is rare.

Yet again, the curiously piecemeal, and the curiously arbitrary character of Borrow's literary studies in languages other than his own, is noteworthy in so great a linguist. The entire range of French literature, old as well as new, he seems to have ignored altogether—I should imagine out of pure John Bullishness. He has very few references to German, though he was a good German scholar—a fact which I account for by the other fact, that in his earlier literary period German was fashionable, and that he never would have anything to do with anything that fashion favoured. Italian, though he certainly knew it well, is equally slighted. His education, if not his taste for languages, must have made him a tolerable (he never could have been an exact) classical scholar. But it is clear that insolent Greece and haughty Rome exerted no attraction upon him. I question whether even Spanish would not have been too common a toy to attract him much if it had not been for the accidental circumstances which connected him with Spain.

Lastly (for I love to get my devil's advocate work over), in Borrow's varied and strangely attractive gallery of portraits and characters, most observers must perceive the absence of the note of passion. I have sometimes tried to think that miraculous episode

of Isopel Berners and the Armenian verbs, with the whole sojourn of Lavengro in the dingle, a mere wayward piece of irony—a kind of conscious ascetic myth. But I am afraid the interpretation will not do. The subsequent conversation with Ursula Petulengro under the hedge might be only a companion piece; even the more wonderful, though much less interesting, dialogue with the Irish girl in the last chapters of 'Wild Wales' might be so rendered by a hardy exegete. But the negative evidence in all the books is too strong. It may be taken as positively certain that Borrow never was "in love," as the phrase is, and that he had hardly the remotest conception of what being in love means. It is possible that he was a most cleanly liver—it is possible that he was quite the reverse: I have not the slightest information either way. But that he never in all his life heard with understanding the refrain of the 'Pervigilium'—

*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique
amavit cras amet,*

I take as certain.

The foregoing remarks have, I think, summed up all Borrow's defects, and it will be observed that even these defects have the attraction for the most part of a certain strangeness and oddity. If they had not been accompanied by great and peculiar merits he would not have emerged from the category of the merely bizarre, where he might have been left without further attention. But, as a matter of fact, all, or almost all, of his defects are not only counterbalanced by merits, but are themselves for the most part exaggerations or perversions of what is in itself meritorious. With less wilfulness, with more attention to the literature, the events, the personages of his own time, with a more critical and common-sense attitude towards his own crochets, Borrow could hardly have wrought out for himself (as he has to an extent hardly paralleled by any

other prose writer who has not deliberately chosen supernatural or fantastic themes) the region of fantasy, neither too real nor too historical, which Joubert thought proper to the poet. Strong and vivid as Borrow's drawing of places and persons is, he always contrives to throw in touches which somehow give the whole the air of being rather a vision than a fact. Never was such a John-a-Dreams as this solid, pugilistic John Bull. Part of this literary effect of his is due to his quaint habit of avoiding, where he can, the mention of proper names. The description, for instance, of Old Sarum and Salisbury itself in 'Lavengro' is sufficient to identify them to the most careless reader, even if the name of Stonehenge had not occurred on the page before; but they are not named. The description of Bettws-y-Coed in 'Wild Wales,' though less poetical, is equally vivid. Yet here it would be quite possible for a reader, who did not know the place and its relation to other named places, to pass without any idea of the actual spot. It is the same with his frequent references to his beloved city of Norwich, and his less frequent references to his later home at Oulton. A paraphrase, an innuendo, a word to the wise he delights in, but anything perfectly clear and precise he abhors. And by this means and others, which it might be tedious to trace out too closely, he succeeds in throwing the same cloudy vagueness over times as well as places and persons. A famous passage—perhaps the best known, and not far from the best he ever wrote—about Byron's funeral, fixes, of course, the date of the wondrous facts or fictions recorded in 'Lavengro' to a nicety. Yet who, as he reads it and its sequel (for the separation of 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' is merely arbitrary, though the second book is, as a whole, less interesting than the former), ever thinks of what was actually going on in the very positive and prosaic England of 1824-5? The later chapters of 'Lavengro' are the

only modern 'Romance of Adventure' that I know. The hero goes "overthwart and endlong," just like the figures whom all readers know in Malory, and some in his originals. I do not know that it would be more surprising if Borrow had found Sir Ozana dying at the chapel in Lyonesse, or had seen the full function of the Grail, though fear he would have protested against that as popish. Without any apparent art, certainly without the elaborate apparatus which most prose tellers of fantastic tales use, and generally fail in using, Borrow spirits his readers at once away from mere reality. If his events are frequently as odd as a dream, they are always as perfectly commonplace and real for the moment as the events of a dream are—a little fact which the above-mentioned tellers of the above-mentioned fantastic stories are too apt to forget. It is in this natural romantic gift that Borrow's greatest charm lies. But it is accompanied and nearly equalled both in quality and degree by a faculty for dialogue. Except Defoe and Dumas, I cannot think of any novelists who contrive to tell a story in dialogue and to keep up the ball of conversation so well as Borrow; while he is considerably the superior of both in pure style and in the literary quality of his talk. Borrow's humour, though it is of the general class of the older English—that is to say, the pre-Addisonian humorists—is a species quite by itself. It is rather narrow in range, a little garrulous, busied very often about curiously small matters, but wonderfully observant and true, and possessing a quaint dry savour as individual as that of some wines. A characteristic of this kind probably accompanies the romantic Ethos more commonly than superficial judges both of life and literature are apt to suppose; but the conjunction is nowhere seen better than in Borrow. Whether humour can or cannot exist without a disposition to satire co-existing, is one of those abstract points of criticism for

which the public of the present day has little appetite. It is certain (and that is what chiefly concerns us for the present) that the two were not dissociated in Borrow. His purely satirical faculty was very strong indeed, and probably if he had lived a less retired life it would have found fuller exercise. At present the most remarkable instance of it which exists is the inimitable portrait-caricature of the learned Unitarian, generally known as "Taylor of Norwich." I have somewhere (I think it was in Miss Martineau's 'Autobiography') seen this reflected on as a flagrant instance of ingratitude and ill-nature. The good Harriet, among whose numerous gifts nature had not included any great sense of humour, naturally did not perceive the artistic justification of the sketch, which I do not hesitate to call one of the most masterly things of the kind in literature.

Another Taylor, the well-known French baron of that name, is much more mildly treated, though with little less skill of portraiture. As for "the publisher" of 'Lavengro,' the portrait there, though very clever, is spoilt by rather too much evidence of personal animus, and by the absence of redeeming strokes; but it shows the same satiric power as the sketch of the worthy student of German who has had the singular ill-fortune to have his books quizzed by Carlyle, and himself quizzed by Borrow. It is a strong evidence of Borrow's abstraction from general society that with this satiric gift, and evidently with a total freedom from scruple as to its application, he should have left hardly anything else of the kind. It is indeed impossible to ascertain how much of the abundant character-drawing in his four chief books (all of which, be it remembered, are autobiographic and professedly historical) is fact and how much fancy. It is almost impossible to open them anywhere without coming upon personal sketches, more or less elaborate, in which the satiric touch is rarely

wanting. The official admirer of "the grand Baintham" at remote Corcubion, the end of all the European world; the treasure-seeker, Benedict Mol; the priest at Cordova, with his revelations about the Holy Office; the Gibraltar Jew, are only a few figures out of the abundant gallery of 'The Bible in Spain.' 'Lavengro,' besides the capital and full-length portraits above referred to, is crowded with others hardly inferior, among which only one failure, the disguised priest with the mysterious name, is to be found. Not that even he has not good strokes and plenty of them, but that Borrow's prejudices prevented his hand from being free. But Jasper Petulengro, and Mrs. Hearne, and the girl Leonora, and Isopel, that vigorous and slighted maid, and dozens of minor figures, of whom more presently, atone for him. 'The Romany Rye' adds only minor figures to the gallery, because the major figures have appeared before; while the plan and subject of 'Wild Wales' also exclude anything more than vignettes. But what admirable vignettes they are, and how constantly bitten in with satiric spirit all lovers of Borrow know.

It is, however, perhaps time to give some more exact account of the books thus familiarly and curiously referred to; for Borrow most assuredly is not "a popular writer." I do not know whether his death, as often happens, sent readers to his books. But I know for a fact that not long before it 'Lavengro,' 'The Romany Rye,' and 'Wild Wales' were only in their third edition, though the first was nearly thirty, and the last nearly twenty, years old. 'The Bible in Spain' had, at any rate in its earlier days, a wider sale, but I do not think that even it is very generally known. I should doubt whether the total number sold during more than forty years of volumes surpassed for interest of incident, style, character and description by few books of the century, has equalled the sale within

any one of the last few years of a fairly popular book by any fairly popular novelist of to-day. It probably would not approach a tenth or a twentieth of the sale of such a thing as 'Called Back.' And there is not the obstacle to Borrow's popularity that there is to that of some other writers, notably the already-mentioned author of 'Crotchet Castle.' No extensive literary cultivation is necessary to read him. A good deal even of his peculiar charm may be missed by a prosaic or inattentive reader, and yet enough will remain. But he has probably paid the penalty of all originality, which allows itself to be mastered by quaintness, and which refuses to meet public taste at least half way. It is certainly difficult at times to know what to make of Borrow. And the general public, perhaps excusably, is apt not to like things or persons when it does not know what to make of them.

Borrow's literary work, even putting aside the "mountains of manuscript" which he speaks of as unpublished, was not inconsiderable. There were, in the first place, his translations, which, though no doubt not without value, do not much concern us here. There is, secondly, his early hack work, his 'Chaines de l'Esclavage,' which also may be neglected. Thirdly, there are his philological speculations or compilations, the chief of which is, I believe, his 'Romano-Lavo-Lil,' the latest published of his works. But Borrow, though an extraordinary linguist, was a somewhat unchastened philologist, and the results of his lifelong philological studies appear to much better advantage from the literary than from the scientific point of view. Then there is 'The Gypsies in Spain,' a very interesting book of its kind, marked throughout with Borrow's characteristics, but for literary purposes merged to a great extent in 'The Bible in Spain.' And, lastly, there are the four original books, as they may be called, which, at great leisure, and writing simply because he

chose to write, Borrow produced during the twenty years of his middle age. He was in his fortieth year when, in 1842, he published 'The Bible in Spain.' 'Lavengro' came nearly ten years later, and coincided with (no doubt it was partially stimulated by) the ferment over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Its second part, 'The Romany Rye,' did not appear for six years, that is to say, in 1857, and its resuscitation of quarrels, which the country had quite forgotten (and when it remembered them was rather ashamed of), must be pronounced unfortunate. Last came 'Wild Wales,' in 1862, the characteristically belated record of a tour in the principality during the year of the Crimean War. On these four books Borrow's literary fame rests. His other works are interesting because they were written by the author of these, or because of their subjects, or because of the effect they had on other men of letters, notably Longfellow and Mérimée, on the latter of whom Borrow had an especially remarkable influence. These four are interesting of themselves.

The earliest has, I believe been, and for reasons quite apart from its biblical subject perhaps deserves to be, the greatest general favourite, though its literary value is a good deal below that of 'Lavengro.' 'The Bible in Spain' records the journeys, which, as an agent of the Bible Society, Borrow took through the Peninsula at a singularly interesting time, the disturbed years of the early reign of Isabel Segunda. Navarre and Aragon, with Catalonia, Valencia and Murcia, he seems to have left entirely unvisited; I suppose because of the Carlists. Nor did he attempt the southern part of Portugal; but Castile and Leon, with the north of Portugal and the south of Spain, he quartered in the most interesting manner, riding everywhere with his servant and his saddle-bag of Testaments at, I should suppose, a considerable cost to the subscribers of the Society and it may be hoped, at some gain to the propagation of evan-

gelical principles in the Peninsula, but certainly with the results of extreme satisfaction to himself and of a very delightful addition to English literature. He was actually imprisoned at Madrid, and was frequently in danger from Carlists and brigands, and severely orthodox ecclesiastics. It is possible to imagine a more ideally perfect missionary; but it is hardly possible to imagine a more ideally perfect traveller. His early habits of roughing it, his gipsy initiation, his faculties as a linguist, and his other faculties as a born vagrant, certain to fall on his feet anywhere, were all called into operation. But he might have had all these advantages and yet lacked the extraordinary literary talent which the book reveals. In the first chapter there is a certain stiffness; but the passage of the Tagus in the second must have told every competent reader in 1842 that he had somebody to read quite different from the run of common writers, and thenceforward the book never flags till the end. How far the story is rigidly historical I should be very sorry to have to decide. The author makes a kind of apology in his preface for the amount of fact which has been supplied from memory. I dare say the memory was quite trustworthy, and certainly adventures are to the adventurous. We have had daring travellers enough during the last half century, but I do not know that any one has ever had quite such a romantic experience as Borrow's ride across the Hispano-Portuguese frontier with a gipsy *contrabandista*, who was at the time a very particular object of police inquiry. I dare say the interests of the Bible Society required the adventurous journey to the wilds of Finis-terra. But I feel that if that association had been a mere mundane company and Borrow its agent, troublesome shareholders might have asked awkward questions at the annual meeting. Still, this sceptical attitude is only part of the official duty of the critic, just as, of course, Borrow's

adventurous journeys into the most remote and interesting parts of Spain were part of the duty of the colporteur. The book is so delightful that, except when duty calls, no one would willingly take any exception to any part or feature of it. The constant change of scene, the romantic episodes of adventure, the kaleidoscope of characters, the crisp dialogue, the quaint reflection and comment relieve each other without a break. I do not know whether it is really true to Spain and Spanish life, and, to tell the exact truth, I do not in the least care. If it is not Spanish it is remarkably human and remarkably literary, and those are the chief and principal things.

'Lavengro,' which followed, has all the merits of its predecessor and more. It is a little spoilt in its later chapters by the purpose, the anti-papal purpose, which appears still more fully in 'The Romany Rye.' But the strong and singular individuality of its flavour as a whole would have been more than sufficient to carry off a greater fault. There are, I should suppose, few books the successive pictures of which leave such an impression on the reader who is prepared to receive that impression. The word picture is here rightly used, for in all Borrow's books more or less, and in this particularly, the narrative is anything but continuous. It is a succession of dissolving views which grow clear and distinct for a time and then fade off into a vagueness before once more appearing distinctly; nor has this mode of dealing with a subject ever been more successfully applied than in 'Lavengro.' At the same time the mode is one singularly difficult of treatment by any reviewer. To describe 'Lavengro' with any chance of distinctness to those who have not read it, it would be necessary to give a series of sketches in words, like those famous ones of the pictures in 'Jane Eyre.' East Dereham, the Viper Collector, the French Prisoners at Norman Cross, the Gipsy Encampment, No. 315.—VOL. LIII.

the Sojourn in Edinburgh (with a passing view of Scotch schoolboys only inferior, as everything is, to Sir Walter's history of Green-breeks), the Irish Sojourn, with the horse whispering and the "dog of peace," the settlement in Norwich with Borrow's compulsory legal studies and his very uncompulsory excursions into Italian, Hebrew, Welsh, Scandinavian, anything that obviously would not pay, the new meeting with the gipsies in the castle field, the fight—only the first of many excellent fights—these are but a few of the memories which rise to every reader of even the early chapters of this extraordinary book, and they do not cover its first hundred pages in the common edition. Then his father dies and the born vagrant is set loose for vagrancy. He goes to London, with a stock of translations which is to make him famous, and a recommendation from Taylor of Norwich to "the publisher." The publisher exacted something more than his pound of flesh in the form of Newgate Lives and review articles, and paid, when he did pay, in bills of uncertain date which were very likely to be protested. But Borrow won through it all, making odd acquaintances with a young man of fashion (his least life-like sketch); with an apple-seller on London Bridge, who was something of a "fence" and had erected Moll Flanders (surely the oddest patroness ever so selected) into a kind of patron saint; with a mysterious Armenian merchant of vast wealth, whom the young man, according to his own account, finally put on a kind of filibustering expedition against both the Sublime Porte and the White Czar, for the restoration of Armenian independence. I do not know whether there is any record of the result: perhaps Mr. Hagopian will tell us when he next writes to the 'Times.' At last, out of health with perpetual work and low living, out of employ, his friends beyond call, he sees destruction before him, writes 'The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell' (name of fortunate

omen!) almost at a heat and on a capital, fixed and floating, of eighteenpence, and disposes of it for twenty pounds by the special providence of the Muses. With this twenty pounds his journey into the blue distance begins. He travels partly by coach to (I suppose Amesbury, at any rate) somewhere near Salisbury, and gives the first of the curiously unfavourable portraits of stage coachmen, which remain to check Dickens's rose-coloured representations (no pun is intended) of Mr. Weller and his brethren. I incline to think that Borrow's was likely to be the truest picture. According to him, the average stage coachman was anything but an amiable character, greedy, insolent to all but persons of wealth and rank, a hanger-on of those who might claim either; bruiser enough to be a bully but not enough to be anything more; in short, one of the worst products of civilisation. From civilisation itself, however, Borrow soon disappears, at least as any traceable signs go. He journeys not farther west, but northwards into the West Midlands and the marshes of Wales. He buys a tinker's beat and fit-out from a feeble vessel of the craft, who has been expelled by "the Flaming Tinman," a half-gipsy of robustious behaviour. He is met by old Mrs. Hearne, the mother-in-law of his gipsy friend Jasper Petulengro, who resents a Gorgio's initiation in gipsy ways, and very nearly poisons him by the wily aid of her granddaughter Leonora. He recovers, thanks to a Welsh travelling preacher and to castor oil. And then when the Welshman has left him comes the climax and turning point of the whole story, the great fight with Jem Bosvile, "the Flaming Tinman." The much abused adjective Homeric belongs in sober strictness to this immortal battle, which has the additional interest not thought of by Homer (for goddesses do not count) that Borrow's second and guardian angel is a young woman of great attractions and severe morality, Miss Isopel (or Belle) Berners, whose

extraction, allowing for the bar sinister, is honourable, and who, her hands being fully able to keep her head, has sojourned without ill fortune in "the Flaming Tinman's" very disreputable company. Bosvile, vanquished by pluck and good fortune rather than strength, flees the place with his wife. Isopel remains behind and the couple take up their joint residence, a residence of perfect propriety, in this dingle, the exact locality of which I have always longed to know, that I might make an autumnal pilgrimage to it. Isopel, Brynhild as she is, would apparently have had no objection to be honourably wooed. But her eccentric companion confines himself to teaching her "I love," in Armenian, which she finds unsatisfactory; and she at last departs, leaving a letter which tells Mr. Borrow some home truths. But before this catastrophe has been reached, 'Lavengro' itself ends with a more startling abruptness than perhaps any nominally complete book before or since.

It would be a little interesting to know whether the continuation, 'The Romany Rye,' which opens as if there had been no break whatever, was written continuously or with a break. At any rate its opening chapters contain the finish of the lamentable history of Belle Berners, which must induce every reader of sensibility to trust that Borrow, in writing it, was only indulging in his very considerable faculty of perverse romancing. The chief argument to the contrary is, that surely no man, however imbued with romantic perversity, would have made himself cut so poor a figure as Borrow here does without cause. The gipsies re-appear to save the situation, and a kind of minor Belle Berners drama is played out with Ursula, Jasper's sister. Then the story takes another of its abrupt turns. Jasper, half in generosity it would appear, half in waywardness, insists on Borrow purchasing a thorough-bred horse which is for sale, advances the money, and despatches him across England to Horn-

castle Fair to sell it. The usual Le Sage-like adventures occur, the oddest of which is the hero's residence for some considerable time as clerk and storekeeper at a great roadside inn. At last he reaches Horncastle, sells the horse to advantage, and the story closes as abruptly and mysteriously almost as that of *Lavengro*, by a long and in parts, it must be confessed, rather dull conversation between the hero, the Hungarian who has bought the horse, and the dealer who has acted as go-between. This dealer in honour of Borrow, of whom he has heard through the gipsies, executes the wasteful and very meaningless ceremony of throwing two bottles of old rose champagne, at a guinea a-piece, through the window. Even this is too dramatic a finale for Borrow's unconquerable singularity, and he adds a short dialogue between himself and a recruiting sergeant. And after this again there comes an appendix containing an *apologia* for '*Lavengro*,' a great deal more polemic against Romanism, some historical views of more originality than exactness, and a diatribe against gentility, Scotchmen, Scott, and other black beasts of Borrow's. This appendix has received from some professed admirers of the author a great deal more attention than it deserves. In the first place, it was evidently written in a fit of personal pique; in the second, it is chiefly argumentative, and Borrow had absolutely no argumentative faculty. That it contains a great deal of quaint and piquant writing is only to say that its writer wrote it, and though the description of "Charlie-over-the-waterism" probably does not apply to any being who ever lived, except to a few schoolgirls of both sexes, it has a strong infusion of Borrow's satiric gift. As for the diatribes against gentility, Borrow has only done very clumsily what Thackeray had done long before without clumsiness. It can escape nobody who has read his books with a seeing eye that he was himself exceedingly proud, not

merely of being a gentleman in the ethical sense, but of being one in the sense of station and extraction—which, by the way, the decriers of British snobbishness usually are, so that no special blame attaches to Borrow for the inconsistency. Only let it be understood, once for all, that to describe him as "the apostle of the ungentle" is either to speak in riddles or quite to misunderstand his real merits and abilities.

I believe that some of the small but fierce tribe of Borrowians are inclined to resent the putting of the last of this remarkable series, '*Wild Wales*,' on a level with the other three. With such I can by no means agree. '*Wild Wales*' has not, of course, the charm of unfamiliar scenery and the freshness of youthful impression which distinguish '*The Bible in Spain*'; it does not attempt anything like the novel-interest of '*Lavengro*' and '*The Romany Rye*'; and though, as has been pointed out above, something of Borrow's secret and mysterious way of indicating places survives, it is a pretty distinct itinerary over great part of the actual principality. I have followed most of its tracks on foot myself, and nobody who wants a Welsh guide-book can take a pleasanter one, though he might easily find one much less erratic. It may thus have, to superficial observers, a positive and prosaic flavour as compared with the romantic character of the other three. But this distinction is not real. The tones are a little subdued, as was likely to be the case with an elderly gentleman of fifty, travelling with his wife and step-daughter, and not publishing the record of his travels till he was nearly ten years older. The localities are traceable on the map and in Murray, instead of being the enchanted dingles and the half-mythical woods of '*Lavengro*.' The personages of the former books return no more, though with one of his most excellent touches of art, the author has suggested the contrast of youth and age by a single gipsy interview

in one of the later chapters. Borrow, like all sensible men, was at no time indifferent to good food and drink, especially good ale; but the trencher plays in 'Wild Wales' a part, the importance of which may perhaps have shocked some of our latter-day delicates, to whom strong beer is a word of loathing, and who wonder how on earth our grandfathers and fathers used to dispose of "black strap." A very different set of readers may be repelled by the strong literary colour of the book, which is almost a Welsh anthology in parts. But those few who can boast themselves to find the whole of a book, not merely its parts, and to judge it when found, will, I think, be not least fond of 'Wild Wales.' If they have, as every reader of Borrow should have, the spirit of the roads upon them, and are never more happy than when journeying on "Shanks his mare," they will, of course, have in addition a private and personal love for it. It is, despite the interludes of literary history, as full of Borrow's peculiar conversational gift as any of its predecessors. Its thumbnail sketches, if somewhat more subdued and less elaborate, are not less full of character. John Jones, the Dissenting weaver, who served Borrow at once as a guide and a whetstone of Welsh in the neighbourhood of Llangollen; the "kenfigenous" Welsh-woman who first, but by no means last, exhibited the curious local jealousy of a Welsh-speaking Englishman; the doctor and the Italian barometer-seller at Cerrig-y-Drudion; the "best Priddydd of the world" in Anglesey, with his unlucky addiction to beer and flattery; the waiter at Bala; the "ecclesiastical cat" (a cat worthy to rank with those of Southey and Gautier); the characters of the walk across the hills from Machynlleth to the Devil's Bridge; the scene at the public-house on the Glamorgan border, where the above-mentioned jealousy comes out so strongly; the mad Irishwoman, Johanna Colgan (a

masterpiece by herself); and the Irish girl, with her hardly inferior history of the faction-fights of Scotland Road (which Borrow, by a mistake, has put in Manchester instead of in Liverpool); these make a list which I have written down merely as they occurred to me, without opening the book, and without prejudice to another list nearly as long which might be added. 'Wild Wales,' too, because of its easy and direct opportunity of comparing its description with the originals, is particularly valuable as showing how sober, and yet how forcible Borrow's descriptions are. As to incident, one often, as before, suspects him of romancing, and it stands to reason that his dialogue, written long after the event, must be full of the "cocked-hat-and-sword" style of narrative. But his description, while it has all the vividness, has also all the faithfulness and sobriety of the best landscape-painting. See a place which Kingsley or Mr. Ruskin, or some other master of our decorative school, have described—much more one which has fallen into the hands of the small fry of their imitators—and you are almost sure to find that it has been overdone. This is never, or hardly ever, the case with Borrow, and it is so rare a merit, when it is found in a man who does not shirk description where necessary, that it deserves to be counted to him at no grudging rate.

But there is no doubt that the distinguished feature of the book is its survey of Welsh poetical literature. I have already confessed that I am not qualified to judge the accuracy of Borrow's translations, and by no means disposed to overvalue them. But any one who takes an interest in literature at all, must, I think, feel that interest not a little excited by the curious Old Mortality-like peregrinations which the author of 'Wild Wales' made to the birth-place, or the burial-place as it might be, of bard after bard, and by the short but masterly accounts which he gives of the objects of his search. Of none of the numerous

subjects of his linguistic roving does Borrow seem to have been fonder, putting Romany aside, than of Welsh. He learnt it in a peculiarly contraband manner originally, which, no doubt, endeared it to him; it was little known to and often ridiculed by most Englishmen, which was another attraction; and it was extremely unlikely to "pay" in any way, which was a third. Perhaps he was not such an adept in it, as he would have us believe—the respected Cymmrodorion Society or Professor Rhys must settle that. But it needs no knowledge of Welsh whatever to perceive the genuine enthusiasm, and the genuine range of his acquaintance with the language from the purely literary side. When he tells us that Ab Gwilym was a greater poet than Ovid or Chaucer I feel considerable doubts whether he was quite competent to understand Ovid and little or no doubt that he has done wrong to Chaucer. But when, leaving these idle comparisons, he luxuriates in details about Ab Gwilym himself, and his poems, and his lady loves, and so forth, I have no doubt about Borrow's appreciation (casual prejudices always excepted) of literature. Nor is the charm which he has added to Welsh scenery by this constant identification of it with the men, and the deeds, and the words of the past to be easily exaggerated.

Little has been said hitherto of Borrow's more purely, or if anybody prefers the word formally, literary characteristics. They are sufficiently interesting. He unites with a general plainness of speech and writing, not unworthy of Defoe or Cobbett, a very odd and complicated mannerism, which, as he had the wisdom to make it the seasoning and not the main substance of his literary fare, is never disgusting. The secret of this may be, no doubt, in part sought in his early familiarity with a great many foreign languages, some of whose idioms he transplanted into English, but this is by no means the whole of the receipt. Perhaps it is useless to examine analytically that receipt's details, or rather (for the

analysis may be said to be compulsory on any one who calls himself a critic), useless to offer its results to the reader. One point which can escape no one who reads with his eyes open is the frequent, yet not too abundant repetition of the same or very similar words—a point wherein much of the style of persons so dissimilar as Carlyle, Borrow, and Thackeray consists. This is a well-known fact—so well-known indeed that when a person who desires to acquire style hears of it, he often goes and does likewise, with what result all reviewers know. The peculiarity of Borrow as far as I can mark it, is that, despite his strong mannerism, he never relies on it as too many others, great and small, are wont to do. His character sketches, of which, as I have said, he is so abundant a master, are always put in the plainest and simplest English. So are his flashes of ethical reflection, which, though like all ethical reflections often one-sided, are of the first order of insight. I really do not know that, in the mint and anise and cummin order of criticism, I have more than one charge to make against Borrow. That is that he, like other persons of his own and the immediately preceding time, is wont to make a most absurd misuse of the word individual. With Borrow "individual" means simply "person": a piece of literary gentility of which he of all others ought to have been ashamed.

But such criticism would be peculiarly out of place in the case of Borrow—whose attraction is one neither mainly nor in any very great degree one of pure form. His early critics compared him, and the comparison is natural, to Le Sage. It was natural I say, but it was not extraordinarily critical. Both men wrote of vagabonds, and to some extent of picaresques; both neglected the conventionalities of their own language and literature; both had a singular knowledge of human nature. But Le Sage is one of the most impersonal of all great writers, and Borrow is one of the most personal. And it

is undoubtedly in the revelation of his personality that great part of his charm lies. It is, as has been fully acknowledged, a one-sided wrong-headed not always quite right-hearted personality. But it is intensely English, possessing at the same time a certain strain of romance which the other John Bulls of literature mostly lack, and which John Bunyan, the king of them all, only reached within the limits, still more limited than Borrow's, of purely religious, if not purely ecclesiastical, interests. A born grumbler; a person with an intense appetite for the good things of this life; profoundly impressed with and at the same time sceptically critical of the bad or good things of another life; apt, as he somewhere says himself, "to hit people when he is not pleased"; illogical; constantly right in general despite his extremely roundabout ways of reaching his conclusion; sometimes absurd, and yet full of humour; alternately prosaic and capable of the highest poetry; George Borrow, Cornishman on the father's side and Huguenot on the mother's, managed to display in perfection most of the characteristics of what once was, and let us hope has not quite ceased to be, the English type. If he had a slight overdose of Celtic blood and Celtic peculiarity, it was more than made up by the readiness of literary expression which it gave him. He, if any one, bore an English heart, though, as there often has been, there was something perhaps more than English as well as less than it in his fashion of expression.

To conclude, Borrow has — what after all is the chief mark of a great writer—distinction. "Try to be like somebody," said the unlucky critic-bookseller to Lamartine; and he has been gibbeted for it very justly for the best part of a century. It must be admitted that "try not to be like other people," though a much more fashionable is likely to be quite as disastrous a recommendation. But the great writers, whether they try to be like other people or try not to be

like them (and sometimes in the first case most of all), succeed only in being themselves, and that is what Borrow does. His attraction is rather complex, and different parts of it may, and no doubt do, appeal with differing force to this and that reader. One may be fascinated by his pictures of an unconventional and open air life, the very possibilities of which are to a great extent lost in our days, though patches of ground here and there in England (notably the tracts of open ground between Cromer and Wells in Borrow's own county) still recall them. To others he may be attractive for his sturdy patriotism, or his adventurous and wayward spirit, or his glimpses of superstition and romance. The racy downrightness of his talk; the axioms, such as that to the Welsh alewife, "The goodness of ale depends less upon who brews it than upon what it is brewed of"; or the sarcastic touches as that of the dapper shopkeeper, who, regarding the funeral of Byron, observed, "I too, am frequently unhappy," each and all may have their votaries. His literary devotion to literature would, perhaps, of itself attract few; for, as has been hinted, it partook very much of the character of will-worship, and there are few people who like any will-worship in letters except their own; but it adds to the general attraction no doubt in the case of many. That neither it, nor any of his other claims, has yet forced itself as it should on the general public is an undoubted fact; not very difficult, perhaps, to understand, though rather difficult fully to explain, at least without some air of superior knowingness and taste. Yet he has, as has been said, his devotees, and I think they are likely rather to increase than to decrease. He wants editing, for his allusive fashion of writing probably makes a great part of him nearly unintelligible to those who have not from their youth up devoted themselves to the acquisition of useless knowledge. There ought to be a good life of him, of which, I believe,

there is at last some chance. The great mass of his translations, published and unpublished, and the smaller mass of his early hackwork, no doubt deserves judicious excerption. If professed philologers were not even more ready than most other specialists each to excommunicate all the others except himself and his own particular Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre, it would be rather interesting to hear what some modern men of many languages have to say to Borrow's linguistic achievements. But all these things are only desirable embellishments and assistances. His real claims and his real attractions are comprised in four small volumes, the purchase of which, under modern arrangements of booksellers, leaves some change out of a sovereign, and which will about half fill the ordinary bag used for briefs and dynamite. It is not a large literary baggage, and it does not attempt any very varied literary kinds. If not exactly a novelist in any one of his books, Borrow is a romancer in the true and

not the ironic sense of the word in all of them. He has not been approached in merit by any romancer who has published books in our days, except Charles Kingsley; and his work, if less varied in range and charm than Kingsley's, has a much stronger and more concentrated flavour. Moreover, he is the one English writer of our time, and perhaps of times still farther back, who never seems to have tried to be anything but himself; who went his own way all his life long with complete indifference to what the public or the publishers liked, as well as to what canons of literary form and standards of literary perfection seemed to indicate as best worth aiming at. A most self-sufficient person was Borrow, in the good and ancient sense, as well as to some extent in the bad and modern sense. And what is more, he was not only a self-sufficient person, but very sufficient also to the tastes of all those who love good English and good literature.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE POETIC IMAGINATION.

"Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality."

SHELLEY.

PHYSIOLOGISTS would, I suppose, tell us that imagination is a reflex action of the brain, a definition more concise than helpful. It is to the psychologists that we shall more naturally look for assistance on this subject. According to the most recent English work on the subject, Mr. Sully's 'Outlines of Psychology,' imagination is the picturing of objects and events in what are called images. If, he says, the images are exact copies of past impressions, the process is called reproductive imagination, or memory. If, on the other hand, the images are modifications or transformations of past impressions, the process is marked off as productive or constructive imagination. This latter process, Mr. Sully points out, answers roughly to the popular term imagination. But, as he says, this kind of imagination not only transforms or idealises past impressions, it also works them up into new imaginative products. Further, he might have added, imagination is interpretative; it interprets the facts of the world of sense, or, in Wordsworth's phrase, it explains "the moral property and scope of things."

If, then, we take into account these three functions of the imagination, shall we not pronounce that there is after all more similarity than dissimilarity between the memory and the imagination? Shall we not say that memory is concerned with what is old, imagination with what is new; that memory is reproductive, imagination productive; that memory is imitative, imagination original? Allowing then for the obvious metaphor in the use of the word seeing, may we

not accept James Hinton's definition of imagination as "the power of seeing the unseen"?

It should here be noticed that formerly the word fancy was used to denote what we now term imagination. Thus Milton speaks of Shakespeare as "fancy's child." It was Coleridge who first distinguished between fancy and imagination, and, though the distinction is not considered of any account by modern psychologists, it is, I believe, a real one. Coleridge defined fancy as "a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; and blended with and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word choice;" and he pointed out that "equally with the ordinary memory it must receive all its materials ready-made from the law of association." The term imagination he reserved for the creative faculty, but unfortunately the full and complete account of its powers which he intended one day to write, remained one of the many projects which he never put into execution. In the few but pregnant hints, however, which he has left us on the subject, he especially insists on the unity of the imagination, coining for it the epithet *esemplastic* (*εἰς ἓν πλάττει*, i.e. to shape into one) and saying that it sees *il piu in uno*. The same idea is carefully worked out by Mr. Ruskin in his account of the imagination in 'Modern Painters,' where he points out with great appositeness of illustration the difference between mere composition, or patchwork, and true imaginative production. Indeed, one of the strongest arguments in favour of what may be

called the transcendental theory of the imagination is the immeasurable distance that separates the patchwork of an inferior artist from the seamless garment woven by a master's hand. So immeasurable is it that it is impossible to accept the explanation that the secret of true imaginative work consists merely in modifying and piecing together past impressions so rapidly and so deftly that we cannot detect the join.

"All imaginative activity," truly says Mr. Sully, "involves an element of feeling." Love, pity, horror, joy, indignation, all serve to kindle the imagination. But the emotions which beat in closest unison with it are the æsthetic emotions, that group of nameless and mysterious feelings which are generated by the presence of beauty. Seeing, then, that the true characteristic of the imagination is its creative and life-giving power, and that it has an intimate relation with the æsthetic emotions, it is not surprising that it should be especially the art-faculty, the faculty which comes into play in the production of all works of art. The sculptor must be able to model, the painter to draw and to colour, the architect to build, the musician must be a master of melody and harmony, the poet of language and rhythm; but all alike must have imagination.

Take, for instance, one of those Dutch pictures, for which Mr. Ruskin has such contempt and George Eliot such sympathy. The exclusive worshipper of high art condemns it at once as wholly devoid of imagination. But let us try the picture by a simple test. Let us set ten painters down to paint a study from the life of an old woman scraping carrots. What will be the result? For certain, no two of their pictures will be exactly alike. Each painter will have added something new, something which to the eye of the ordinary observer did not appear in the actual scene; and this addition, this idealisation, as we should call it, will have come from the painter's imagination.

We speak of imagination as the idealising faculty; but it is a mistake to suppose that to idealise necessarily means to make beautiful. Idealisation consists rather in throwing into relief the characteristic parts of an object, and discarding unimportant details; in short, in presenting an idea of the object to the mind which, by virtue of this rearrangement makes a deeper and more lasting impression; and for this reason, that artistic truth has been substituted for scientific truth, life for death.

Not only is imagination necessary for the production of a work of art, but it is also necessary for the understanding of it. The conception which is born of imagination can only be apprehended by imagination. Hegel indeed makes a distinction between the active or productive imagination of the artist, and the passive or receptive imagination of the beholder of a work of art, and calls them by different names; but in reality the difference between them is one of degree and not one of kind. The impression which is made upon the beholder of a work of art, though doubtless far less intense, is no doubt similar in kind to that which the artist himself had when he conceived it.

It must be admitted that the law that imagination is necessary to the production of a work of art does not apply so strictly to poetry as to the other fine arts, and for this reason, that poetry stands on a somewhat different footing from other arts. It is, so to speak, less strictly an art. In the first place, not only, as is the case with other time arts, such as music, is the impression which it makes upon the imagination spread over a period of time instead of being almost instantaneous, as it is in a space art like painting, but it is not always even continuous. When Edgar Poe declared that a poem which could not be read through at a single sitting was an anomaly, thus excluding the 'Iliad' and other epics from the cate-

gory of poetry, he was only following out to its logical conclusion, his theory that poetry, like music, is a pure art. But the common-sense of many generations, which is a higher court than any theory, has ruled him to be wrong. The explanation is that poetry is not a pure art.

Secondly, there is this vital distinction between poetry and the other fine arts. They are addressed immediately to the senses, and through the senses to the emotions and the imagination; but poetry, though it is in some measure addressed to the ear and so far partakes of the nature of music, is chiefly and primarily addressed to the intellect—for language implies intellect to understand it—and through the intellect to the emotions and the imagination.

There follow from these special characteristics of poetry two notable results. First, the impression made upon the imagination by a poem being often spread over a considerable space of time, which may not even be continuous, we can dispense with imaginative treatment in some parts of a poem, and we do not necessarily condemn a whole poem because it contains some unimaginative passages. Secondly, poetry not being addressed primarily to the senses, there is a marked difference between the function of the imagination in poetry and its function in a sensuous art like painting. In both arts alike it is the function of the imagination to represent both the visible and the invisible world, both the sensuous object and the inward spiritual meaning of that object; but in painting the sensuous object is directly presented, while the spiritual idea can only be suggested; in poetry, on the other hand, it is the object itself which can only be suggested, it is the spiritual idea which receives direct presentment.

It is most important that poets and painters should bear in mind this distinction. To paint pictures vague in outline and blurred in colour under the impression that they thus become

spiritual, is as foolish as to write poems full of detailed and matter-of-fact descriptions of material objects in order to make them sensuous. It is quite true that painting should be spiritual, it is equally true that poetry should be sensuous; but this must be effected by the method proper to each art, not by confusing their two methods.

It will be remembered that in those noble chapters of 'Modern Painters' in which Mr. Ruskin treats of the imagination he classifies its powers under three heads, Associative, Penetrative, and Contemplative. By Associative imagination he means the power of constructing images, or, as Coleridge calls it, the shaping power of the imagination. Contemplative imagination is, as I shall try to show presently, merely a form of this, which I prefer to call by the more ordinary term Constructive. On the other hand, a faculty of the imagination which Mr. Ruskin has omitted in this classification is the idealising faculty. I would therefore propose to substitute for Mr. Ruskin's terminology the terms Constructive, Idealising, and Penetrative, as expressing the various powers of the imagination.

Let us consider now what is the part played by the imagination in the genesis of a poem. First, it is to the imagination that the first conception of every true poem is due. Some external object, either animate or inanimate, either a face or a landscape, sends a rush of emotion to the poet's soul and kindles his imagination. What Turgénieff says of himself is probably true of most great poets and novelists, that they never start from the idea but always from the object. The imagination being thus called into life exercises its powers by an instantaneous and involuntary process. It transports the poet from the world of sense to the spiritual world beyond; it reveals to him as in a vision the inward meaning of the sensuous fact which has aroused his emotions, while in one and the same moment the

vision is embodied in the form of a poem, the general idea of which, along with the rhythmical movement, flashes upon the poet instantaneously. Then follows the "accomplishment of verse," the filling up the details of the poet's design, in order to communicate his vision to those denser intelligences which lack the "divine faculty." With the true poet, to borrow the words used by Monro of Catullus, "there is no putting together of pieces of mosaic; with him the completed thought follows at once upon the emotion, and the consummate form and expression rush to embody this thought for ever."

Of course it is only short poems that require, as it were, but a single draught of inspiration from the imagination for their production. In longer poems the poet must be constantly calling upon his imagination for fresh efforts. But he must call upon it as a master, and he must never lose sight of the original impulse which gave birth to his work, of the guiding idea which ought to be the central point of his poem. The reason why so many poets who excel in short poems fail when they try a longer flight is that they have not sufficient power of mental concentration to keep their imagination steadily fixed on one point. They follow it instead of guiding it, and it sometimes leads them into grievous quagmires. The imagination is partly an active and partly a passive faculty. Visions often come to us without any effort of our own; it is only the supreme artist, the really great man, who can control his visions.

The intensity and the quality of the imagination in a poem will vary according to the nature of the poet's genius and the special mood engendered in him by the motive of the poem; the character of the imagination will determine that of the poem. Thus, if the imagination be directed chiefly towards the human passions and the infinite variations of them which make up individual human

character, the result will be a drama, or at least a dramatic poem. If on the other hand it is rather on the actions than on the passions of men, rather on human nature in its broad outlines than on the characteristics which mark off one human being from another, that the imagination loves to dwell, we shall have a narrative, possibly an epic, poem. If the imagination is strongly emotional the result will be a lyric; if it suggest a train of thought rather than of images it will produce an elegy.

Even from the two kinds of poetry which are rightly accounted the lowest, inasmuch as their aims are only in a small measure artistic, namely satire and didactic poetry, imagination is by no means absent. There is imagination in the descriptions of persons, and in the pictures of social life which satire, not wholly unmindful of her early Italian home, sets up as a mark for her arrows; there is imagination in the images and metaphors, and in the concentrated and pregnant language by which a didactic poem like 'The Essay on Man' seeks to render its reasoning more pointed and impressive.

The images evoked by the Constructive imagination are of two kinds. They are either complex images representing some new combination of actually existing objects, or they are simple images of wholly new objects, of objects which have no existence in the world of sense. The former class of images only require a somewhat low degree of imagination for their production, and ordinary persons, who are neither novelists nor poets, have frequent experiences of them. They supply what are called the scenes or situations of fiction, in which some new and ideal combination either of man or nature, or of both together, is presented, and which form the framework for all narrative and dramatic poetry, as well as for all novels.

The most obvious instance of the second class of images are what are called imaginary creatures, such as

Milton's Satan, Ariosto's Hippogriff, Dante's Nimrod, Shakespeare's Ariel. But what are we to say of those far higher creations, the human beings who live only in the world of fiction? Are they due to the Constructive power of the imagination, or to its Idealising power, or to its Penetrative power?

It may at once be granted that all fictitious characters which are drawn from existing persons must be ascribed to the Idealising imagination. But I believe that the majority of characters in fiction, and certainly all the greatest characters, are purely ideal representations and not portraits. Although some living person may have first suggested them, they are evolved by the imagination without any further reference to that person. A great many characters for instance in Alphonse Daudet's novels are said to be portraits; but they have been claimed as such by reason, not of any essential property of likeness, but of certain details of position and circumstances. Whether Numa Roumestan stands for Gambetta, or the Duc de Mora for the Duc de Morny or not, there can be no doubt that both Numa and Mora are absolutely new creations.

If then the characters of fiction are creations and not representations, they must, as far as regards the first conception of them, be ascribed to the constructive power of the imagination. But their evolution is surely due to its penetrative power. To evolve a great character of fiction requires a deep knowledge of the human heart, and so much of that knowledge as proceeds from intuition and not from actual experience can only come from the imagination as a penetrative faculty. It is Penetrative imagination that inspires the dramatist with those touches that reveal a whole world of passion at a flash; such touches as those cited by Mr. Ruskin, the "He has no children" of Macduff; the "My gracious silence hail!" of Coriolanus; the "Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo avanti" of Francesca, or that wonder-

ful passage in 'Lear,' wonderful in its simplicity—

"Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal
plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

This intensity and energy of concentration are unfailing signs of Penetrative imagination, the imagination which pierces right to the heart of things, seizes hold of their most characteristic and life-giving quality, and reveals it in language as simple as it is pregnant.

What a picture of perfect beauty we have in these lines from 'Christabel'—

"Her gentle limbs she did undress
And lay down in her loveliness."

What intense imagination in the following from Keats—

"Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Or in this from Wordsworth's 'Yew-trees':

"Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane."

Or as an instance of a somewhat more elaborate, but still intensely imaginative, description we have Shelley's—

"And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings seems slowly coming
down ;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the ways of life ; yet clinging leans,
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread
abyss
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, &c."

Or Milton's description of Satan, the sublimest portrait ever painted in words—

"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not
lost

All her original brightness ; nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new
risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams.

Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel ; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched ; and
care
Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerable pride,
Waiting revenge."

There are some lyrics which exhibit in the highest degree this penetrative faculty of the imagination, concentrating themselves on some object of nature, and revealing in one luminous flash of song the secret of its spiritual life. Such are Wordsworth's 'Daffodils', 'To the Cuckoo', and 'To a Skylark'; Herrick's 'To Blossoms'; Goethe's 'Auf allen Gipfeln'. But on the whole this intensity of imagination is to be found more often in sonnets than in those poems to which the name of lyric is generally restricted. The very form of the sonnet, its forced concentration, its division into two parts, its sober but stately rhythm, makes it an admirable instrument for the purpose of calling up before the mind the twin image of a sensuous object and a spiritual idea. Wordsworth's sonnets especially are characterised by this high imaginative power, and of his sonnets there is no finer example than the well-known one 'Upon Westminster Bridge.'

"Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples
lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his gilt splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !"

In the great majority of lyrical poems which deal with some external

object, and not with the poet's own passion, the poet plays round his subject rather than penetrates it, contemplates it rather than interprets it. Thus, sometimes his imagination, instead of remaining concentrated on the object which has inspired the poem, flies off to fresh images, and so becomes creative instead of penetrative. This is what Mr. Ruskin means when he speaks of the imagination in its contemplative mood. We have a good instance of it in those beautiful lines from Keats's 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' where the soul of the sleeping maiden is said to be—

"Clasped like a missal, where swart Paynims
pray ;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again."

Here the poet, after describing the soul as

"Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,"

—a touch of really penetrative imagination—is, as it were, distracted by fresh images ; first, that of a missal clasped tight for safety in a land of pagans, and then that of a rose-bud.

Sometimes the imagination gives place for a time to fancy, and then, instead of images which have an essential likeness to the object which is being described, we get images which have only some external and accidental likeness. There is no better example of the difference between fancy and imagination than that instanced by Mr. Ruskin, Wordsworth's poem, 'To the Daisy'—the one beginning, "With little here to do or see." Here the flower is compared successively to a "nun demure," a "sprightly maiden," a "queen in crown of rubies drest," a "starveling in a scanty vest," a "little cyclops," a "silver shield with boss of gold," and a "star" ; and the poet himself notes the ephemeral character of these images, which start up one after the other at the bidding of fancy—

"That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over."

At last his mind ceases from wandering, cleaves to the flower itself with intensity of gaze, and illumines it with true penetrative imagination.

"Sweet flower! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!"

Defective imagination in lyrical poems is also due to the poet's vision being dimmed by the shadow of his own personal joys and sorrows. Instead of projecting himself by the force of sympathy into the external world, whether of man or nature, he makes it sympathise with him. Consequently, though he gives us a faithful representation of his own feelings, the image that he presents of the external world is blurred and misty. It is the great weakness of Byron, as an imaginative poet, that his personal aspirations and regrets are continually passing across the field of his vision, and, as it were, distorting his imagination. Thus, even in the splendid description of the Lake of Geneva in the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' passages of a really high order of imagination are interrupted by egoistic and commonplace outbursts, which go far to spoil that illusion which it is the business of all poetry to create. The same kind of defective imagination is shown in Byron's often-noticed incapacity to create real human beings, his attempts at creation being for the most part merely copies of himself.

Shelley, who with a love even greater than that of Byron for the elemental forces of nature had an ear for her more hidden harmonies which was wholly wanting to the other poet, shows a finer quality of imagination in his treatment of nature. But intensely penetrative though his imagination sometimes is, it is on the whole less remarkable for intensity than for sensibility and productiveness. No poet's emotions were more easily

aroused, and no poet's imagination was in such intimate sympathy with his emotions. In the presence of nature to see with him was to feel, and to feel was to imagine. But his poetry for the most part rather charms us by the marvellous delicacy and variety of its images than seizes hold of us by the force of its imaginative truth. It is not often that he attains to that luminous and concentrated depth of imagination which distinguishes 'The Cenci', and 'Adonais'. His poem 'To a Skylark' is probably far better known than Wordsworth's poem on the same subject;¹ in splendour of colour and movement it far surpasses its modest grey-toned companion; but I question whether out of all its wealth of beautiful and subtle images there is one that shows such high imaginative power, such intense penetration, as the line which forms the climax of Wordsworth's poem—

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

It is, of course, not enough for a poet to have a powerful imagination; he must be able to embody his visions. "Poetry is not imagination, but imagination shaped."² The instruments at his command are two, language and rhythm, and it is his business to use these in such a way as to assist as much as possible the imagination of his readers in realising his conceptions. In the first place then, his vocabulary should be as large as possible; the better the instrument, the easier it is to play on. But he must also know how to play on it: he must know how to vary his method with his theme: he must remember that when he is portraying great passion his language cannot be too simple—the death of Desdemona, the closing lines of 'The

¹ I mean the one beginning—

"Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!"

² F. W. Robertson, in his lecture on the 'Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes,' which, with his lecture on Wordsworth, I warmly commend to all those who are not already acquainted with them.

Cenci,' Heine's and Catullus' lyrics, are models in their bare simplicity of language. He must also remember that when he wishes to call up before the mind of his readers some sensuous object, he must do this not by an accurate and detailed description of that object, but by using some word or expression which, by the force of association, immediately suggests an imaginative impression of that object. It has been truly said that the poet is a namer; that all language was in its origin poetry, and that prose is fossilised poetry. By which it is meant that, in the early stages of human society, things were named after their chief characteristic—were called by some symbolical name which not only served to mark them off from other things, but interpreted their properties and meaning. Thus, man is the thinker, the moon is the measurer, the sun is the begetter, the serpent is the creeper.¹ But in the process of time the meaning of these names has been forgotten; they no longer appeal to the imagination, they are fossil names. It is therefore the business of the poet to invent new names—names which do appeal to the imagination, which do reveal to us some new quality in the object named. The difference between false poets and true poets is that the false poet goes for his names to the poetical dictionary, the true poet finds them in his own breast. The names of the one, though they were living in the hands of their makers, are cold and dead; the names of the other breathe with a vital energy. It is only the real poet, the real maker of names, who can touch our imagination.

The second instrument which the poet has at his disposal is rhythm. Its effects are far more subtle than those of language, and consequently far more difficult to analyse. But the intimate connection between rhythm and emotion has been pointed out by several writers, notably by Mr. Herbert

¹ Professor Max Müller, 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' i. p. 434.

Spencer. Not only does strong emotion find a natural expression in the rhythmical movement or language, but conversely the effect of rhythm is to excite emotion. It may therefore be reasonably inferred that the function of rhythm in poetry is to predispose the mind of the reader to emotional impulses, and thus make it more sensible to the influence of imagination. Rhyme, of course, is merely a method of measuring rhythm, but it also serves to keep the reader's mind concentrated, to produce that feeling of expectancy which is so effective in stimulating the imagination. The same purpose is served by the various forms of repetition used in poetry, from alliteration or the repetition of consonantal and vowel sounds, to the refrain or the repetition of a whole sentence.

The art of using all these rhythmical effects so as to heighten the imaginative impression of a poem, to vary them "in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion," as Coleridge says, is one of the poet's most incommunicable secrets, and I for one shall not try to surprise it. I will only point to that supreme example of rhythmical effort in our language, Coleridge's 'Christabel.' How weird is the rhythm of these two lines!—

"Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark."

And how the effect of weirdness is sustained by the repetition at intervals of "The night is chill"! and how the rhythm dances in the following!—

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can."

Such are the methods which the poet uses to bewitch our imagination, to draw us with him into that region of truth and beauty and love that lies beyond the senses' ken. But we must meet him half-way. Our imagination must not be utterly dead, or his most potent efforts will fail to elicit a response. People are gifted with

imagination in a very various degree, but every one can cultivate his imagination, can make it more sensible to the calls of beauty and sympathy. People whose lives are shut in by sordid and commonplace surroundings have very little imagination. But the spark is there, it only wants fanning. By seeing great pictures, by reading good literature, whether it be poems or novels, above all by intercourse with nature, the imagination may certainly be stimulated. What is the aim of art for the people, and parks for the people, but that they may become more sensible to the influences

of the spiritual world, that their lives may be made brighter by contact with the ideal? But it is in the power of all of us, the educated and the uneducated alike, either to quicken or to deaden our imagination. Sympathy with our fellow-men, high aspirations, purity, unworldliness, these are the helps to the imagination. Selfishness, unbelief, sensuality, worldliness, these are the hindrances; these are the chains which bind us to the earth, these are the clouds which hide from us the light of heaven.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER IN DANGER.

"THE king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold." Ah! but there are many new men-milliners at work, tricking out a new and a rival princess, whose clothing is stitched by Radical hands, and whose virgin charms are heightened by the cosmetics of the Political Dissenter and the Atheist—names, let us here say, used as acknowledged parts of our daily speech, and not in any term of reproach. This figure is plain for all folk to see across the Channel. Our vivacious neighbours, with their facile fingers and more subtle appreciation of effect, have brought their gold earrings and precious things, and besought their high priests, "Make us a god to go before us." Perhaps a few of the more hesitating may tremble slightly at the prospect of the expression on the face of Moses when he descends; but, after all, the expression will soon wear off, and since Cæsar's day the Gauls have ever delighted in new things. We ourselves have this inestimable advantage, that we can largely study the picture whence our future model is to be drawn. Of course, with our insular belief in ourselves and our sagacity, we shall improve on the original, and allowance must be made for differences of touch in certain particulars; but we can judge pretty accurately the general effect, atmosphere, and surroundings of our future Paradise.

It might have seemed, even to a fairly observant eye, that twenty years ago the possibility of liberty and equality in religion—fraternity we may leave out of the question—was a very slight one in this future Paradise. Then, it was but the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand; and lo, now, there is sound of abundance of rain,

No. 315—VOL. LIII.

even hail which will run along the ground very vehemently. Party faction is a decimal that recurs desperately; and there never was a mustard seed that was half so prolific as the letting out of the (so-called) religious waters.

It might be interesting, though perhaps not very remunerative, to know how many of those, especially in Parliament, who are prepared to say at once, "I vote for Disestablishment," have taken the trouble to study the whole question, and to ascertain from men, statistics, and books, the manifold intricacies of the case from all its aspects. Nowadays, professions of faith are required from candidates who, in haste that is almost indecent, pledge themselves to lines of action concerning matters of which they know absolutely nothing. Nothing is easier than to assent this evening and to dissent to-morrow, at greater leisure and in a cooler moment; but it takes courage and honesty of purpose, not always found in political life, to publish a more sober retraction of statements and assents made on the spur of the moment. No man likes to appear to have been ignorant, and to have committed himself in ignorance. Yet numbers do so. The desire to write M.P. after their names is with some men an ample, though inexplicable, reason for swallowing all—and not least, ecclesiastical—camels and gnats wholesale.

It is undoubtedly an argument, and no mean one, in favour of the Established Church, that it already exists. The plaintiff, to prove his case satisfactorily, must show conclusively that the fact of an Established Church is a real tangible evil; a thing monstrous and contrary to true liberty; an anomaly which is no longer tolerable;

and further, that it is of absolute necessity to the weal of this country that all the interests and associations linked intimately with the cause of such a Church be plucked up, being all nothing as compared with the glorious sunshine which will then be let into the now decaying roots. And¹ he must go a step further. He must be prepared to offer in lieu of that which he has uprooted a substitute more abiding, more useful, more thoroughly and truly national. And yet one more point should be clearly recognised in this, as in all such questions, whether religious, political or social; that, while men may absolutely decline to found an institution on such lines as those which are inherent in the institution in question, they may be satisfied that to remodel and repair is sufficient. It may be utterly undesirable to set up such an Established Church as ours in another country—putting aside the question of its practicability; but it would be fallacious to argue therefore that the Established Church in England should cease to exist. So far, it is no desire of the writer to do more than point out that fair play should be extended on both sides; only let it be distinctly remembered that it is chimerical and dangerous, in orators especially, to hold up *ideal* states where liberty of religion is dispensed with free hand and an Established Church does not exist, unless they have carefully weighed the practical issues of such a position, and are perfectly convinced that in England, after a due and long consideration of her history, such a sphere is necessary, and demanded by the majority of the nation.

For this leads us to the one real question of all questions, round which all else, however momentous, centres—Is the Church *national*? Is the Church fulfilling her functions as the *national* Church? Is she justifying her position? Is her work conspicuously to the front for the *nation's* welfare and true benefit from one end of this country to the other?

Now, whether or no the Church in this large sense is national it is for the decriers of such an establishment to prove. They impeach, they raise axes and hammers, they cry "Down with it to the ground." Let us, then, examine the nature of the combined forces who press forward to the work of destruction, and see for ourselves how far they, on their side, have a just and legitimate claim to be considered the national party. This is not to shirk in the very least the main question at issue—Is the Church truly national?—but only an endeavour to see why forces, at first sight a little heterogeneous, push on so vehemently under one banner and with one war cry.

First, let us clear the ground, so that we may see with what common cause we are contending; let us understand distinctly what is meant by Establishment and Disestablishment—with Endowment and Disendowment we are not at present concerned. It may, however, be remarked in passing (a fact too often disregarded), that the popular notion that at some vague period in our history the State did make a general national endowment of religion, is quite erroneous. The conversion of England was not, as some will tell you can take place in the individual soul, a "sudden conversion." By no means. As every student of history knows, there was at that time no one national kingdom. Nor was there any system—nor could such system have existed—whereby a national Church could be endowed. If such endowment of the Church existed in any form whatsoever, it was an action which concerned one or other small kingdom, but in no way affected the whole of England. That one Church became more favoured by richer endowment than another was due to the fact that one king, or one earl, favoured one Church more than another, and gave his wealth to his own particular favourite.

There never was a time when by some deliberate act on the part of

king or people the Church was "established." It is a general notion that the Church and State are two distinct bodies, existing as such from some ideal point of time, and that a compact or bargain can be struck between these two. The clergy, such people hold, or would hold if they thought over the matter seriously, form the Church; the State is the Government, or, as Mr. Green first taught the general world, as distinguished from those who knew better before, the English people. But the Church is not composed solely of clergy, nor in any proper sense can the Church be anything else than the nation viewed religiously; a religious body, being either of one mind or of many minds, yet religious minds. The State is emphatically not the Government, but the nation at large. "The whole thing," says Mr. Freeman, "like everything else in this country, came of itself. The Church Establishment has just the same history as the House of Commons, or as trial by jury. It is the creation of the law; but it is not the creation of any particular law, but of the general course of our law, written and unwritten." It is vain to argue that in our day the Established Church is one and the same with the English nation; but it was so co-extensive once. There were three heads to the one body of the English nation—the head civil, the head ecclesiastical, the head military; but they all had one and the same body. Regarding the nation from a military view, the nation was military; regarded from a religious point of view, it was ecclesiastical.

And once more, on this head, we are not by any means at one with those who say that the Church is a sacred corporation, and, like the person of the Roman tribune, in violable. We have no sympathy with those who sneer at the Church as an "Act-of-Parliament" Church; at the same time we hold that the power of Parliament is supreme, and that so long as the Church is to call itself

national, so long it must bow to the powers that be in this country. "An Act of Parliament may be unjust, but it cannot be unlawful." All things are "lawful," though not necessarily "expedient," for such a power. If the State, after careful deliberation, decides that the community at large has a prior claim to any special corporation, then the corporation must give way. Unless so much is admitted, so long as the Church is established, we can hardly argue together further. With the belief, natural to the Church, that their whole body is linked in an immutable chain of apostles, fathers, confessors, orders, and so forth up to the Founder of Christianity, we have here nothing to do. Arguments for such a perpetual process and for recognition of, and obedience to, the voice of the Church over the voice of Cæsar, are wide of the question considered in these pages. They do not deal with the Church as established; they do not affect the *national* Church. "The authority of the Church," says Dr. Pusey,¹ "was given to her by her Divine Lord within certain limits: 'Teach them whatever I command you.'" This authority of the Church is for a law to herself as a Church, but not as an established and national Church. "The Church² is in matter of fact our great divinely-appointed guide unto saving truth, under divine grace. The Church is practically the pillar and ground of the truth, an informant given to all people, high and low, that they might not have to wander up and down and grope in darkness, as they do in a state of nature." The State in no way denies this. It would be impossible for any Church to exist which had less confidence in itself and its origin. But the State says that, while the Church may believe all this, like Gallio, it cares, as a State, "for none of these

¹ 'An Eirenicon,' by E. B. Pusey, D.D., p. 40.

² 'British Critic' for October, 1838, quoted by Rev. W. G. Ward, 'The Ideal of a Christian Church,' p. 9.

things." So long as the Established Church is the national Church, it is liable to be touched and handled by the State, if the State judges it expedient to do so.

If this matter be granted, let us proceed to look at the peculiar features of the various assailants of a national Church.

Broadly divided, they amount to three classes—(1) the Radical; (2) the Atheist; (3) the Political Dissenter.

The Radical must always be carefully distinguished from the Atheist, with whom naturally and necessarily he has nothing in common. It is a stupid, if not an atrocious, blunder to mix up men who have only so much of unity that they desire to pull down the Established Church. People of widely discordant views may get into the same lobbies, as we know; but it is only a very indiscriminating mind which would therefore associate Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bradlaugh. It is injudicious to do so, for such conduct is apt to force the Radical into a still more bitter antagonism, and may drive him to unite with those outside his camp on other grave matters, if he is so constantly misrepresented. At the same time, the Radical may well seriously ask himself how it is that he is associated with such strange bedfellows, and whether he is not being hurried forward into actions and into decisions without a careful sounding of the deeps beyond. Liberty is his god: liberty is the phylactery which is writ large on every article of his political and religious attire; in Liberty's cause, and to woo her smile, he, a zealous votary, oftentimes cuts himself with knives and lancets—and yet, who is the gainer? His argument, putting aside the many minor ones, which are again divided and subdivided, is extremely intelligible. The Church no longer coincides with the nation—the malicious might add, no more does the army—and is only one of a number of religious bodies. Other religious bodies enjoy few or no privileges; why should the Church,

then, enjoy so many? But further, the Radical will assert that the Church blocks true liberty, that it has always done so in the past, and that it is the flunkey of wealth and titles.

"The Church of England," says the most able leader of the Radical party, "is the ally of tyranny, the organ of social oppression, the champion of intellectual bondage." And Mr. Goldwin Smith writes in a similar vein: "For ages, Christianity has been accepted by the clergy of the Established Church as the ally of political and social injustice."

How much happier it might have been for this world, if not for the next, if the word "liberty" had never been written. And yet—perhaps, for this is not so certain as some think—to paraphrase Voltaire, "If there had been no liberty, it would have been necessary to invent one." We shall have plenty of employment, more than plenty, if we stare "liberty" in the face for a few moments. There are certain men of great talents, immense beneficence, and a large method of looking round about systems and institutions, who yet appear either to grow colour-blind, or to require blue spectacles, when they look at certain positions! Take Mr. John Bright, for instance. A man of extraordinary oratorical talents, and hitherto of wonderful touch with the English character, he drops his "liberal" principles in a moment when he casts his eye on the English Church. Mr. Chamberlain has more excuse. But Mr. Chamberlain, when he poses as a champion of liberty, and wins cheap applause by denouncing an Established Church as an anomaly and an ogre who eats up the crusts of the poor, is really talking quite off the purpose. He wins cheers and he wins votes, but what can he really know of the working of, and the work of, the English Church? It is extremely easy to glance superficially at such an institution, and to bring out in bold relief the mistakes and errors of particular men, or to ridicule

the system of a Church, the position, bearings, and condition of which neither speaker nor audience know save in a most cursory manner. Any third-rate actor can win the applause of "the gods;" but "Cato" together with "the judicious" must grieve, or grow hot with indignation, that such fustian should be like to gain the day.

But the Radical—of course we mean the perfectly sincere Radical, who does not play to the "gallery," but has large aims, and sincerely great aims—has the ulterior intention of diverting the wealth of the Church when disendowed to uses more beneficial in his eyes. This is, however, to enter upon the topic of Disendowment, which we have agreed not to discuss. The Radical cordially dislikes the Church as a powerful engine, the one most powerful engine, in the Conservative hands. The great mass of the clergy, and a very considerable share of the Church, belong to the "great stupid party;" and an attempt to attack the status and funds of the Church would unite together those within the pale who at present have considerable differences of opinion. Love of mother Church would in almost all cases precede love of political sentiment.

With regard to the Atheist, little need be said as to his attacks. They have always been, and must necessarily be, against all religion; but he has the skill to perceive when to be silent, and when to swell the shout against a cause which is in some quarters unpopular. He would argue that in a free country religious bodies must all be treated alike, and that he cares for none of them, no, nor how many there may be of them, provided each man is permitted to go his own way. Religion in the abstract is a most unprofitable study; national religion is an absolute torment, which ought to be applied to no man. And if a number of men holding such a view, unable or unwilling to believe that God exists, were to possess seats in Parliament and be called upon to

legislate on matters relating to the national Church—then indeed we should witness a monstrous paradox.

The Political Dissenter is not—let the present writer frankly confess for himself—a very nice person. He never says "I am for peace"—so much is true; it is likewise certain that when he speaks, "they are for war." He is always dwelling in the tents of Kedar, and he really rather likes his quarters. Take away his red rag of a national Church, and where is this bull of Birmingham Bashan? The Reverend Mr. Crosskey, and the like of him, are the most inveterate and active skirmishers in the ranks of the Church. Their skill is positively marvellous; they surprise clerical stragglers now and again, and make much of such surprises in print and on platform. Their attack perhaps lacks refinement; but they hit hard. The air of Birmingham is good for pugilism—it runs in the blood. Mr. Dale is a finer hitter, and a far superior man of war. He is, as Mr. Matthew Arnold observes,¹ "really a brilliant pugilist."

The Wesleyan body, the oldest of the Methodist denominations—claiming upwards of a million adherents in Great Britain, over and above some eight hundred thousand younger members in the Sunday schools—by no means exercise themselves in a similar tone. The closer historical relation of Methodism with the Established Church may in some degree account for this; yet it would be foolish to suppose that by them also Disestablishment will not be hailed. But in the pulpit they are temperate; to denounce the Church is not one and the same thing as to attack the devil, the world, and the flesh. It is worthy of notice, that this year, in the annual Wesleyan Conference at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dr. Osborn emphatically declared—and his words were received with great applause—that it would prove totally destructive to the body if Wesleyan ministers were to take sides in political

¹ 'Last Essays on Church and Religion,' p. 185.

warfare. And in his address to the newly-ordained young ministers, the ex-president expressed the popular conviction when he said that the minister most faithfully fulfilled his ordination vows who passed through a circuit without letting his people know to what political party he belonged.

But it would be wrong to conclude that therefore this body will vote unanimously for the Establishment to continue. To them, as to all Nonconformist bodies, the *tithe* is an injustice. To them, as to all Nonconformist bodies, the fact of a church in every parish, and a priest in every parish, representatives of nationality, and necessarily regarded as such formally or informally, is a thing difficult to stomach. And it may further be conceded that the tone and language of many Church people, and of not a few clergymen, is of such an arrogant nature as to widen estrangement, and to prevent that sympathy which does so much, if it says so little. The superior tone, as of a chosen priesthood, a peculiar people, which some smooth-faced curate will often assume towards individuals, or bodies of men of piety and ability, whose convictions are deep and sincere, has done incalculable harm. Many clergymen, especially country clergymen, whose vision is at times limited, speak of a Dissenter as to be classed with publicans and sinners; and it is to be noticed with what far greater fairness and kindness the mass of clergy refer to the Roman Catholics in their parish. There are many exceptions—the exceptions are probably far more frequent than before—but the mischief that is done by such slighting and uncharitableness, though, doubtless, not known to those who so speak, is never forgotten. It is no new thing. As long ago as the year 1867 we find Dean Alford drawing public attention to the unfortunate exchange of feeling: “Nothing,” he writes, “is more strongly impressed on my mind, when I look over the religious state of Eng-

land, than that we, who are members of her Established Church, have need to face the whole important question of our relations to Nonconformists, with a view to a readjustment in the light of the Christian conscience of our words and our acts respecting them. . . . It seems to me that there is no justification for the present alienation of affection, the present virtual suspension of intercourse, the present depreciating tone and manner which prevail on the part of English Churchmen towards Dissenters and towards Churches which differ from ourselves in organisation.” Dr. Stoughton, in his work on religion in England (1800-1850), mentions with strong feeling how Nonconformists appreciated the courtesy and fellowship of the late Dean of Westminster: “No one did so much as he to bring together persons of different communions; and under the touch of his warm and comprehensive sympathy, prejudice and bigotry, at least for a time, melted entirely away. Congregations who only saw him as with bent head, downcast eyes, and slow and reverent step, he walked up the pulpit stair, could not picture what he was as he came forward at home with rapid movement, and with smiles irradiating his finely-chiselled features, to grasp the hands of Nonconformist guests, bidding them a welcome which glowed with genuine heartiness.” And the late Archbishop of Canterbury, a man wise in his generation and full of discreet understanding, in a Charge delivered at Maidstone on “Union Without,” tells his hearers not to judge of the Nonconformists by the “violent expressions of platform orators.” “I thought it wise,” so he says in his Charge, “and gladly welcomed the opportunity to receive in my house, which might be considered as the very home of the Church of England, a large and powerful deputation of the chief Nonconformist ministers in London. . . . Such meetings can, I think, be fraught with nothing but real good.”

In judging of the grounds of complaint against the national Church made by Radicals and Nonconformists, it is of special importance that English Churchmen should endeavour to look fairly at existing facts, to consider how they themselves would feel were conditions reversed, whether their own motives in the desire to maintain the Established Church are pure and free from alloy. That men of rare abilities, genuine sincerity, and strong love of liberty and freedom, should be coupled with baser tools and instruments, and should be thrown into the same ranks with men of violently socialistic and atheistic views, may be cause for regret; but it is not therefore the slightest evidence that the cause advocated has not right and justice on its side. The better may bewail the fact that they have as allies the baser, and may have respect for their enemies; but none the less will they contend ardently for that wherein they believe, and believe to be for the greatest benefit to the country at large. People occupied by strong religious convictions may wince at unity for the moment with people detesting religion; but it is possible that both may fight under the same banner with the best of conscientious motives.

Let us now turn from this necessarily all too brief survey of the chief opponents of the national Church, and look down the lists of those within the beleaguered city to see how they fare. It is not always the attack from without which is the most to be dreaded; a man's foes may be, and often are, "those of his own household."

The camp within the national Church may be for greater convenience divided into the three well-known parties of High, Low, and Broad Church.

The High Church man in doctrine may not in all cases correspond to what is called the Ritualist, but in several he does. They at least have given back to the Church the "beauty of holiness." They, like the Radicals, have a keen appreciation of liberty,

but—shall we say also like the Radicals?—they have not a vivid sense of humour. Recently, at the administration of the Holy Communion at a church in Cornwall, the non-celebrant priest was to be seen during the greater part of the Communion service grovelling on the floor, so that, to the congregation he appeared like unto a four-footed beast, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." It may be said that at such a time the attitude of the body matters little, that the devout have no thought for such things as the posture of this or that person. Yet nature will return, however so much expelled by a proper and becoming fork; and surely a congregation following such a lead would present a truly appalling spectacle. This party—the Ritualists—pay little attention to the injunctions of such bishops as may run counter to their own desires; they attach absolutely none to the admonitions and menaces of civil jurisdiction. In their congregations you will find, taken all through, a very large percentage of young people: this is natural, because the movement has not been of very long growth. You will find also a considerable mass of women; and this also is natural. Ever since women gathered round the Cross, their sex has strongly supported religious causes; and their far greater leisure, and hitherto more untutored reasoning powers, have contributed to make them fill the seats of churches. It will be curious to see if, under this new and so-called higher education of theirs, they will continue equally loyal to the call of religion. Without expressing a strong opinion on any side, it may be safely affirmed that if once the mothers of England become careless of religion, it will be the worst blow for English character that could possibly be struck. It is a particular misfortune of this body, that its members, and especially its younger members, in their devotional books, in their gestures and demeanour in church, in their

whole religious attitude, sail as near the Romish tenets and method of service as they can. The weaker ones, who possess less common sense and temperateness, are apt to get on to an inclined plane, and hardly know where to stop. Their vows of ordination are understood with much mental reservation and elasticity of meaning; the authority of "The Ordinary" is an excellent expression in its way, but not one to be too strongly dwelt upon, or kept in inconvenient memory. It would be, however, extremely unfair to this large and important branch of the Church not to recognise to the full the immense vitality of the whole section, and the never-tiring work which is done by great numbers of Ritualist clergy in the dark places of great towns. It is always an easy matter for an outsider, who has taken no trouble to ascertain the meaning of certain formulas, postures, or demeanours, to raise a cheap laugh. It is natural that people who live outside a religion, and especially if their inclination has nothing of sympathy with it, should fail wholly to appreciate its symbols. The mind which struggles to be calmly philosophical insensibly imbibes prejudices, itself blind to its own partiality. "Philosophers," says M. Renouf truly, "who may pride themselves on their freedom from prejudice, may yet fail to understand whole classes of psychological phenomena which are the result of religious practice, and are familiar to those alone to whom such practice is habitual." To the outside world the Egyptian worship of a dog, an ibis, or a goat, seemed ludicrous, and even monstrous. "The god of the Egyptians," says Clement of Alexandria, "is revealed; a beast, rolling on a purple couch." And yet it may be worth while to remember that once Christianity itself was held to be a "damnable superstition (*exitiabilis superstitio*);" and men believed popularly that its followers worshipped the ass, a form of religion derived

from the Jew. To the outer world the worship of the Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, adored by four beasts, can hardly have appeared other than a "damnable superstition."

A portion of this branch would desire Disestablishment. Rejecting all outer authority they would naturally wish the Church to be a law to itself. If the Church were disestablished according to their wish, it is difficult to say to what excesses they might run, or how far they could coquet with the blandishments of Rome without fear of breach of promise. It is dangerous to play on the verge of precipices; it is especially dangerous when the player is young, inexperienced, backed up by an excited crowd of fervid worshippers, and a little intoxicated by the odours of incense and feminine flattery. What Pusey could hold and do, with apparent impunity, may not therefore be carried out and on with equal impunity by those who have not also imitated Pusey in a careful scrutiny of cause and effect.

Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the frame of religious spirit which permeates the saintly Pusey in all his writing—a spirit of love, of the deepest and most pure religion. But this spirit is temperate if firm, understanding if dogmatic. This is the innocence of a child combined with an unswerving faith. "I believe *explicitly* all which I know God to have revealed in His Church; and *implicitly* (*implicite*) any thing, if He has revealed it, which I know not. In simple words, I believe all which the Church believes." This spirit can hardly be reached; it must be born, possibly in some cases born again. A spirit so bathed, so totally immersed, in thorough communion with the Church as the sole representative of God Himself, is one which no outsider can fathom, no system of philosophy explain, no argument reach. It may be inconsistent with a degree of liberty; it may lack the fresh play of the keen outer air so wholesome, so bracing;

yet it possesses the supreme peace which passes understanding. No; the name of Pusey is revered among the Ritualistic branch of the Church, but his spirit is too often absent from it.

The Low Church party have not gained ground. They have been obliged in many instances to yield to the prevailing tendency of the age, and to allow greater ornateness of service, and more colour in the conduct of their forms of religion. The particular views of such men as Dean McNeile, Dean Close, and Canon Stowell, are not the views put forward popularly by the modern Low Church party, though the older men, such as Canon Hoare, would probably adhere to them. At the present day it can hardly be said that any of the great preachers or writers of the English Church belong to this school. Such names as Liddon—pre-eminently the first *teacher* of the day—Magee, Lightfoot, Church, Woodford, Vaughan, are not enrolled in what are called Evangelical annals. There is, it appears, a certain strait-waistcoat of thought to be worn by the disciples of this school, which cribs and confines overmuch the men of wider sympathies and bigger hearts. Their predecessors in the country parts were men of a different stamp. George Eliot's Mr. Irwine is not a Low Church clergyman; his service was the usual service of his day—unadorned, simple, homely. He was not what would be called "advanced;" but he was not the man who would call the Pope "Antichrist" every Sunday morning from his cushioned pulpit. He "dwelt among his own people," and was equally interested in their baptisms, their fields of potatoes, their dairies, and their first communions. The modern type not rarely lacks this geniality, if he has more salvational virtue in him. As he is seen at times out for a holiday on the sea-shore he does not always show to much advantage. But we all have our weak points, and outward appearances have always been deceitful.

The Broad Church party has advanced while the Low Church has decreased. This is natural. The Low Church party has done great good in Missions and in putting the Bible into people's hands. The savage has more often had a Bible put into his hand by an Evangelical than by all the rest of the Church put together. The Broad Church party must swell with the increase of free thought. It has no exact horizon; a convenient haze ever floats over the valleys beyond. Maurice, Hare, Kingsley, Robertson, Stanley, Pearson—where are now the shoulders whereon their mantles may fitly rest!

The movement has enlarged its mouth: it now aspires to unite revelation and science. The error of this school is subtle, but yet manifest. People who have no especial "views" on religion, who pride themselves on being "large-minded" and "broad-minded," who like to hear some new thing; men who are scientific, and not appreciative of dogmatic religion; people who like to appear to go to church but "can't stand orthodoxy;" ladies who have read a little—a very little—Strauss, and are inclined to think "there is a great deal in what he says;" together with the sincere believers in the elasticity of religious faith—form a congregation which requires to be interested. With some of these pastors and spiritual instructors "sacerdotalism" is the red rag. They exhaust the epithets of the English language, they bring up all their artillery of sesquipedalian words, their big guns of sarcastic, scornful, denunciatory speech, against the exaltation of the *man* into a *priest*. And when not engaged with "sacerdotalism" they are at the throat of *dogma*. Dogma, they assert, is the root of all the evil which retards the Church of England from being truly and really national. Dogma interferes with and maims liberty. "*Religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.*"¹ The sentiment of M. Ernest Renan is theirs, enlarged and writ plain: "Le

¹ "Piety is a duty, Superstition a crime."

devoir du savant est d'exprimer avec franchise le résultat de ses études, sans chercher à troubler la conscience des personnes qui ne sont pas appelées à la même vie que lui, mais aussi sans tenir compte des motifs d'intérêt et des prétendues convenances qui faussent si souvent l'expression de la vérité."¹

It is the cry of reason struggling up to the higher air, while faith stands staring below. It is—so they of this school will tell you—but the repetition of Prometheus bound, impotent, yet potent to hurl defiance at the presiding Zeus. The old bottles are worn out, the new wine of our vintage will be spilt: let us have those of new make. Forgetful are they that oftentimes when men have well drunk they turn with a sigh and say, "The old is better."

Yet this positive abhorrence of *dogma* is to be found in the manifesto of the politician, the literature of science, and not least in works of fiction. The clergyman who abides by dogma is nearly always contrasted in ridicule with his brother clergyman who prefers liberty of thought to catechism and creed. Says Canon Liddon in his university sermons of about twenty years ago: "Dogma is assumed, rather than stated in terms, to be untrue. This assumption is partly traceable to a weakened belief in the reality of an objective revelation committed to the Church of God. . . . The hands that direct the onslaught are the hands of Esau; but the voice gives utterance to no native type of English thought: it is the voice of the philosophy of Hegel." Whether this philosophy has done more than tinge the religious feelings of a few more thoughtful souls is a question foreign to our purpose. It is certain that the

anti-dogmatic schools need a strong reminder, and an understanding reminder, of the text on which the eloquent Canon's sermon is based, *Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*

A lawless liberty, falsely so called, which declines to submit except to what can be felt, tasted, handled, can of course have no sympathy with a decided and definite dogma, elastic indeed, yet with clearly distinguishable boundaries, submissive to the will of God "whose service is perfect freedom." Without necessarily going so far as to affirm with St. Cyril, *Μέγιστον τοίνυν κτήμα ἐστὶ τὸ τῶν δογμάτων μᾶθημα*,² or putting the "science of dogmas" in the foremost place, surely it may be granted that dogma is absolutely fundamental to any Church which is to have consistency. Those who falsely try to win the popular sentiment to their side by stripping teaching of every shred of dogma, are anxious enough to set up shibboleths of their own, which are to the full as definite, only tinged with that excess of arrogance which belongs to all sects and parties which deviate from the main path by reason of supposed superiority. An excellent definition of dogma—to sum up this question—is given by the preacher above alluded to, and one which the extreme latitudinarians might well read and digest—"Dogma is essential Christian truth thrown by authority into a form which admits of its permanently passing into the understanding, and being treasured by the heart of the people."

The attitude of the English people, generally considered, is one in the main of respect. They pass by, and many touch their hats, simply because they recognise the "king's daughter." We shall not be surprised to find that the upper classes affect Church views. Royalty sets the fashion: it is the Court religion. But with brilliant exceptions the upper classes are not

¹ "The duty of the man who knows is to express with freedom the result of his studies, without seeking to trouble the conscience of those who are not called to the same life as himself; but also without considering interested motives and feigned conveniences which so frequently assume the guise of truth."

² "The study of dogma is in truth the most important of all."

religious. Bazaars, and suchlike eccentric charities, do not form the basis of religion. There is an enormous amount of indifference to religion in this class, which as a rule eats too much—if Lady John Manners has not belied her kind—and drinks quite enough, though less than its grandfathers; nor do the clergy devote so much of their energy to changing the lives of this class as they do to others. There are always brilliant exceptions; so there will be always men like the present Bishops of Truro and Lichfield, who, as parish priests in fashionable London produced big results.

No! Religious feeling is not strong in the extremes of society—the upper and the lower classes. Religion and true piety are to be found in the ranks of the great middle section. Here is to be seen the back-bone of the religious feelings and sympathies of England.

But England is becoming more and more democratic; and among the democracy Dissent has undoubted sway. The Church of England recognises this fact. The Church of England must go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. What the Tory Democrat aims at doing in the political world, must be done by the Church of England in the religious world, if it is to be the national Church. True, it is an undertaking fraught with stupendous difficulty. The teaching of the Board Schools is simply neutral and colourless, if it exists, in matters religious; the Church must in its own way colour education. What the boy is, the man frequently grows to be. If the upper classes are to be a pillar of defence to the Church in perilous times, the Church must educate, must instruct, must be foster-father and foster-mother, else the apathy of the upper classes, who regard Dissent as not very respectable nor very much the religion for a gentleman, will be but a broken reed when the hurricane falls on the Church's devoted head. And this applies more strongly in the case

of the poor. The clergyman, who is first gentleman, or first scholar, must first be an imitation of his Master, "the tribune of the people:" he must be above, yet always of, them; he must win their affections, be their right hand. The example of Lowder is not uncommon: it must be pretty universal if the Church is to be the Church of the people. The Dissenting minister, socially often the inferior of the clergy of the Established Church, speaks with a popular voice in popular tones understood of the people. They sit near each other in the chapel, as they live near each other in the street. They like impassioned language and fervid eloquence; even the Salvationists' drum does not jar on their senses. They understand that Charles Wesley effected as much, or more, by sweet melody and the hymn, as his brother by his oratorical gifts. "Methodism could never have become what it did without its unparalleled hymn-book."

Well, the English clergy, mostly of the High Church party, are comprehending this. High Church in form and belief, these men are evangelical in method. Canons Body, Knox-Little, and others, have learnt the secret of that enthusiastic chameleon, Father Ignatius. Short, stirring missionary addresses, frequent hymns, a service which appeals to the heart first and indirectly to the head—these are the weapons which will cause the Church to be the great power among the people. Its freedom, its liberal sentiments, its teaching based on the Christ of the poor, the carpenter's Son, its beautiful language, its very essence, must charm the English people. The Gospel must knock at their doors; they will not come to hear it, sitting side by side with the richer folk. This working class has no strong prejudices in favour of one religious form over another; but they will very soon believe that the Church of England is entirely Tory and anti-popular. Dissent they will equally soon believe to be their champion.

The Church must display itself as the great national organ for the promotion of *goodness*. If Dissenters tilt at the Church, let it be understood that they are inconsistent, attacking that very quality which they ought most energetically to defend. Let it be seen—and no point is more important than this—that, while those outside the Church are willing to combine for party purposes entirely to harass, vex, and pull down the bulwarks of the Established Church, yet inside, with large divergence of opinion on lesser matters, there is unity; unity aiming at this one end—the dissemination of goodness. If there is within the Church only a zeal for party—as would certainly be the case were the Church disestablished—one man crying, “I am of King,” another “I am of Ryle,” then this

great aim must suffer; discredit must be brought on the Church; and the Church must cease to be national.

Then there will be great rejoicing, even if the moderate Liberals sigh and shrug their shoulders—those elastic shoulders capable of bearing so much! Then also there will be wailing among not a few thinking men, who will see at last that *party* has ascended the throne in all things supreme; supreme at last in matters religious, as it has long been in matters political.

Then will Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, still true to that touch of “sentiment” which adorned his namesake in Sheridan’s immortal comedy, turn to his trusty henchmen and command, “Go, bury now this cursed woman;” adding with a pious afterthought, “for she is a king’s daughter.”

THE 'EUMENIDES' AT CAMBRIDGE.

AMONG the many innovations which the disturbing years have lately brought to our Universities, these presentations of the Greek drama are among the few one suffers gladly. Innovations, indeed, they wholly are not, but rather a revival of an old and honourable custom. Whether the halls of Oxford and Cambridge have before our day rung to the measures of the Attic tragedians I cannot say, but am inclined to think not. In those times when the drama was most liberally cultivated at the Universities, that is, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the general knowledge of the Greek literature and language seems by all accounts to have been no great thing. Mr. Bass Mullinger and the Oxford Historical Society will no doubt tell us all about that some day. But Latin, and at a later time English, plays were frequent. The performances were strictly confined to members of the Universities. Against the general stage-play the face of authority was sternly set; "ludus inhonestus" it was contemptuously styled, and its professional exponent was by no means regarded then as the fine flower of intellectual growth. In 1575, for instance, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was warned by the Privy Council "of some attempts of light and decayed persons who for filthy lucre there are minded and do seek nowadays to devise and to set up in open places shows of unlawful, hurtful, pernicious, and dishonest games near to Cambridge," whereby the youth of that University were like to be "enticed from their ordinary places of learning." A few years later, in 1587, the Earl of Leicester's players were bribed with a present of twenty shillings (a sum signifying, of course, considerably more than it would now) not to act in Oxford.

But among the students themselves the drama was liberally encouraged. Indeed, the first statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, expressly ordained the performance of Latin tragedies and comedies in the hall at Christmas; and at King's also they were a regular feature of the academical year, as they had been long before with the parent of all colleges, with Merton College, Oxford. In 1564 Elizabeth saw the 'Aulularia' of Plautus presented on a stage in the chapel at King's, and also an English play, 'Ezechias,' by the famous Nicholas Udall of Eton, who bears the honour of being the father of English Comedy. Till late years this honour had been always given to one Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Vice-Chancellor of his University; his 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' first played at Christ's College in 1566, was always named as the first of the race, till Collier deposed it and placed the 'Ralph Roister Doister,' of Udall, written about 1540, in its stead. The good bishop seems in his old age to have repented him of his early deviation from the classic path; at least when Vice-Chancellor he remonstrated with Elizabeth's ministers for permitting the entertainment of an English play to be offered to her. These performances for many years made an inevitable part of the honours paid to royalty; and the dramatic tastes of the Cambridge students seem more than once to have caused some unpleasantness. In Henry the Eighth's reign they played a piece called 'Pamachus,' which greatly vexed the loyal soul of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and their Chancellor. He remonstrated with the Vice-Chancellor, Matthew Parker, and the audience were put under a rigorous examination. Their memories were, however, of that convenient order

displayed by an important witness at the great trial of Queen Caroline: no one could remember anything which really made against the king's righteousness, and so the matter had perforce to be dropped. Mr. Froude, also, tells a terrible tale of a misadventure with Henry's great daughter. She had been staying at Cambridge during one of her "progresses" in the summer of 1564, and been mightily pleased with all she saw and heard. The students prayed her to stay yet one more evening to see a play they had got up for her; but she could not, having to travel far the next day, and intending to sleep some ten miles or so out of the town to break the journey. Then, says Mr. Froude (cruelly, as one who in his day had suffered from the "amateur"), "the students, too enamoured of their performance to lose a chance of exhibiting it, pursued the queen to her resting-place." With royal clemency she suffered the performance; but it seems unfortunately to have been some sort of skit on the Catholic bishops, Bonner, Heath, Thirlby, and the rest who were then waiting judgment in prison, and with royal anger she resented it. With indignant words she rose from her seat, and swept from the room; the lights were turned out, and the discomfited players left to make the best of their way back to Cambridge. But in the reign of her successor a yet greater humiliation fell to the lot of the Oxford players; Elizabeth had been angry, but James was bored, and said so! In 1605 the king was at Oxford, and among the entertainments provided for him were three plays in Christ Church hall, memorable among other things for being, as it is said, the first at which movable scenes arranged by Inigo Jones) were used. One of these plays was called the 'Ajax Flagellifer.' The players, wrote Leland, "had all the goodly antique apparel, but for all that, it was not acted so well by many degrees as I have seen it at Cambridge. The king was very weary before he came

thither, but much more wearied by it, and spoke many words of dislike." Nor was Charles much more fortunate in 1636, when a piece, written by William Strode, the public orator, full of hits against earless Prynne and the Puritans, was performed in the same hall; the worst play, Lord Carnarvon vowed, "that ever he saw, but one that he saw at Cambridge." However, at the same visit Cartwright's 'Royal Slave' was given in the hall of Saint John's College, and at this the queen was so pleased that she had it repeated afterwards at Hampton Court, with the same dresses that had been worn by the Oxford players.¹ On another occasion at the same University, a pastoral, but what or by whom is not specified, was presented before James and his queen, in which the players, according to Winwood, were very sparsely draped indeed; whether this entertainment also provoked words of dislike from the king, or whether it so pleased the queen as to command a royal encore, I cannot say. No doubt, when a French pastoral was played at Hampton Court before Charles, the performers, including the queen and several of her maids of honour, were more decently clad. Between 1605 and 1607 Ben Jonson's 'Volpone' was presented very triumphantly at both Universities; but the plays seem to have been mostly of native production, and, of course, to have been rather flouted by the regular playwrights. In 'The Return from Parnassus' (acted, by the way, at Saint John's College, Cambridge, though possibly with this heretical passage excised), one of the characters observes: "Few of the University pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter"—much as certain of our modern playwrights take objection to the style of Shakespeare.

The drama was much in vogue at

¹ See Mr. Gardiner's 'History of England,' VIII. 150-2.

Cambridge when Milton was an undergraduate at Christ's College, but whether he bore any part in it I am not sure; he has written, peevishly says Johnson, against the custom, but that was in his later peevish years; in his youth he seems to have had no objection to theatrical amusements, and from his good looks and his learning one imagines him likely to have been useful to any cast. Then the clouds of Puritanism darkened the face of the land, and the theatre lapsed into disgrace. We read of Cowley's 'Guardian' being played privately at Cambridge in those times, and apparently by a professional company; but till the Restoration the students of either University were probably allowed few, if any, such relaxations from their graver studies. In 1669, however, Cosmo de Medicis, prince of Tuscany, was present at a Latin comedy in Trinity College, Cambridge; and two years later the king himself was entertained with an English play in the same college, as he had been when Prince of Wales just thirty years before. So far as my fragmentary researches have led me this was the last occasion of such honours being paid to royal guests. Neither James, nor William, nor Anne received them, though the latter was entertained at Oxford with a concert in the Theatre. Then the royal visits altogether ceased, till that memorable one whose painful tale is told in Madame D'Arblay's journal. When the author of 'Cecilia,' half fainting from hunger and fatigue, was dragged through Oxford in the train of her royal mistress it is not recorded that any theatrical performance enabled the poor lady-in-waiting to snatch a few minutes of rest. But, indeed, through the greater part of the last century the atmosphere of Oxford at least seems to have been little favourable to such erudite amusements. The evidence of Swift, Chesterfield, Gibbon, to mention but a few notable witnesses, shows but too clearly how sadly Oxford had in those days fallen from her high estate.

But to get to our Greek play; and indeed, it is well that the *Eumenides* should be gracious goddesses, for they have been kept a long time waiting. Every one knows the genesis of these antique reproductions: how Oxford (that "mother of great movements," as one of the most gifted of her later-born sons has called her) led off with the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, and how Cambridge followed with the 'Ajax' of Sophocles and the 'Birds' of Aristophanes. In intrinsic interest the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus is hardly in the first rank. It has not the humanity, nor the majesty, nor the pity of such plays, for instance, as 'Agamemnon' or 'Prometheus,' 'Œdipus, the King' or 'Œdipus at Colonus,' the 'Medea' or the 'Alcestis.' It has what to a modern critic would be a radical fault, it deals with a past event; it is disputatious rather than active. On the other hand, certain extrinsic circumstances give it an importance above its purely dramatic qualities; an importance to us, and gave it one, we may suppose, to its first audience. It is, in the first place, a part of the only trilogy extant; it is the final act of one great drama, the story of Orestes, of which the 'Agamemnon' and the 'Choephoroi,' or 'Libation-bearers,' form the first two. To the Athenian, then, who had seen the whole tale evolved, from the primal curse of blood wrought on the house of Atreus through the murder of the husband by the wife, on through the revenge of the son upon the mother, down to the final expiation, there was naturally no such sense of inaction as we feel who see only now the last act. During something over fifty years it was the common, though probably not indispensable, custom for each competing tragedian to produce four plays; three serious ones (not necessarily connected with each other) and a shorter piece, called a *σάτυρος*, or satyric drama, from the Chorus being composed of satyrs; of which the 'Cyclops' of Euripides, familiar, let us hope, even to those who are not

Grecians, through Shelley's admirable translation, is the sole example. This combination was known as a *τετραλογία*, or tetralogy; sometimes the fourth piece was omitted, and then the three tragedies were styled a *τριλογία*, or trilogy. The earliest of such trilogies is that one of Æschylus which contained the 'Persæ,' exhibited B.C. 472; the last recorded tetralogy was one exhibited by Euripides B.C. 415, of which the 'Troades' alone remains. The three plays by Æschylus, which form the 'Oresteia' or story of Orestes, is the only perfect trilogy which has survived. This fact (which is, of course, common knowledge to all students of the Greek drama, but for such I do not presume to write), it is well to bear in mind when considering the 'Eumenides' as a play.

But to the Athenians it had another importance; one, indeed, not altogether proper "to the purpose of playing," yet one which even those fine critics could not have wholly put by. At the time of the play, about 458 B.C., the time of the rupture with Sparta and the alliance with Argos, the feeling between the Aristocratic party, or Conservatives as we should now say, led by Cimon, and the Democratic party led by Pericles, was at its height. Progress was the order of the day, and one of the most popular movements on that dim uncertain road was the abolition of the Areopagus, which one fond, like Mr. Courthope, of political parallels, might explain as the disestablishment of the House of Lords. At any rate that old aristocratic assembly was to go, or at least to be reformed away into practical nothingness. It was, said the Democrats, old-fashioned, unwieldy, superfluous, the stronghold of a selfish nobility: it must go. One of its especial privileges was that of supreme jurisdiction in all cases of homicide. Ephialtes, the most popular champion of the Democratical party next to Pericles, is believed by some to have brought forward a motion to abolish this special privilege. He

had certainly caused the laws of Solon to be brought down from the Acropolis and deposited in the marketplace, so as to signify the transfer of their guardianship from the senate to the people, a piece of impiety, as many of course called it, for which he not long after paid with his life. Others, however, and among them both Thirlwall and Grote, hold that the jurisdiction in cases of murder was still to be left, and in fact to be the sole power left, to the Areopagus. It is certain that some such power, nominally at any rate, belonged to that assembly very nearly down to the Christian era; but that any real attempt had ever been made to annul it is not so certain. This uncertainty throws a curious doubt on the exact tendency of the political allusions in the last scene of the play. Æschylus, as became "a man of Marathon," might certainly be supposed to have been on the side of the Tories, and the charge of Athena to the twelve citizens whom she had summoned to decide between the Furies and Orestes, seems surely to point that way.

"O men of Athens, ye who first do judge
The law of bloodshed, hear me now ordain—
Here to all time, for Ægeus' Attic host,
Shall stand this council-court of judges
sworn;
Here the tribunal, set on Ares' Hill
Where camped of old the tented Amazons,
What time in hate of Theseus they assailed
Athens, and set against her citadel
A counterwork of new sky-pointing towers,
And there to Ares held their sacrifice,
Where now the rock hath name, even Ares'
Hill.
And hence shall Reverence and her kinsman
Fear
Pass to each free man's heart, by day and
night,
Enjoining, 'Thou shalt do no unjust thing,'
So long as Law stands as it stood of old
Unmarred by civic change. Look you, the
spring
Is pure; but foul it once with influx vile
And muddy clay, and none can drink
thereof.
Therefore, O citizens, I bid ye bow
In awe to this command, 'Let no man live
Uncurbed by Law or curbed by tyranny,
Nor banish ye the monarchy of Awe
Beyond the walls; untouched by fear
divine
No man doth justice, in the world of men

Therefore in purity and holy awe
Stand and revere ; so shall ye have and hold
A saving bulwark of the state and land,
Such as no man hath ever elsewhere known,
Nor in far Scythia, nor in Pelops' realm.
Thus I ordain it now,
A court unsullied by the lust of gain,
Sacred and swift to vengeance, wakeful ever
To champion men who sleep, the country's
guard.
Thus have I spoken, thus to mine own clan
Commended it for ever."

It certainly seems hard to understand this in any other light than that of an emphatic appeal against meddling with an august and precious institution. But others have thought that the poet's real design was to urge the Athenians to be content with the jurisdiction over murderers still to be left by the reformers in the hands of the old tribunal ; and they argue from this and from a later passage praising the alliance with Argos, that Æschylus was really on the side of Pericles. It is impossible for any man to say precisely how this may have been. It may be that the poetic voice had after all some influence, and that Ephialtes thought it prudent to moderate his first proposal. This, however, could only be settled by a knowledge of the precise dates of the passing of the measure and the production of the play ; and perhaps it is the safest way to believe that the poet, like a wise man, so framed his words that his hearers might take them each according to his disposition. But the political turn is there, clear enough, whichever way it tended ; and one can well understand how keen a zest it must have given to the closing scene among that curious, eager, restless people, at a time when the current of party-feeling ran so high.

Other causes than these had, no doubt, too, their share in the selection of the play by those responsible for its choice at Cambridge. The feelings which stirred the Greek audience of old, and the feelings which stir

the Greek student of to-day, could hardly with reason be allowed an Areopagitic supremacy of jurisdiction. The spectacular quality of the drama now, as then, must come into the account, and in this quality the 'Eumenides' is particularly rich ; especially in that side of the quality which turns most strongly to modern melodrama. The Chorus of Furies obviously was full of possibilities : the three scenes, the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the temple of Athena on the Acropolis, the Areopagus, all so closely bound up with the national history and religion of the Athenians, these, too, would naturally play their part in determining the choice of a play designed to reproduce to modern eyes so essential a feature of old Greek life. And from one point of view no possibility had been missed. Allowing for the smallness of the stage—and when one considers how large a share in the pomp and majesty of the performance the spacious Athenian theatre must have played, the allowance is no slight one—allowing for this, the furnishing of the scene, the grouping of the characters, and all what we call generally stage-management, was admirably picturesque and effective. Especially so was the last scene of all, when the fair words of Athena had prevailed upon the baffled Furies to put by their anger and become gracious goddesses indeed ; and when the white-robed attendants filed past the judgment-seat, with solemn chant escorting 'Night's childless children' to their new home beneath the Sacred Hill :—

"With loyalty we lead you : proudly go,
Night's childless children, to your home
below !
(O countrymen, a while from words forbear !)
To Darkness' deep primeval lair,
Far in Earth's bosom, downward fare,
Adored with prayer and sacrifice !
(O citizens, forbear your cries !)
Pass hitherward, ye powers of Dread,
With all your wrath, that was, allayed
Into the heart of this loved land ;
With joy unto your temple wend,
The while upon your steps attend
The flames that feed upon the brand—
(Now, now ring out your chant, your joy's
acclaim !)

¹ 'The House of Atreus,' by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Assistant Master of Winchester College ; from which the translations of the play here used are taken.

Behind them, downward as they fare,
 Let holy hands libations bear,
 And torches' sacred flame.
 All-seeing Zeus and Fate come down
 To battle fair for Pallas' town!
 Ring out your chant, ring out your joy's
 acclaim!"

Even there, cabined and confined within the narrow compass of the little Cambridge theatre, the pomp and circumstance of the scene were singularly fine and stirring. What must it not have been in Athens itself, in Athens of the prime! in the great theatre of Dionysus on the very slope of the Sacred Hill, as the stately pageant paced along in the delicate air and gracious sunlight of the Attic spring, and the rhythmic chant of the Chorus swelled to its final notes of triumph!

"Then what golden hours were for us,
 As we sat together there,
 When the white vests of the Chorus
 Seemed to wave up a live air!
 When the cothurns trod majestic
 Down the deep iambic lines,
 And the rolling anapestic
 Curled like vapour over shrines!"

How were these plays acted? What the plays were themselves we know, and with tolerable certainty we know what the theatrical arrangements were, the building and furnishing of the stage, the number of the actors and the chorus, the scenes, the dresses. But the *acting*? Of that we really know nothing; each man is free to form his own conclusions from his own consciousness, or the learning of others. For my part I must frankly own that, save for that last scene, and a momentary picture or two, the performance in no way tallied with my notions of a Greek play; clever it indisputably was, picturesque, animated, striking; but, even allowing for the inevitable and impassable gulf which divides the old world from the new, root and branch opposed to all my poor intellect had ever conceived of the original. Of *acting*, as we take the word, I cannot imagine the Greeks to have had any idea, at least before the day of the New Comedy. We know that the actors wore huge masks, constructed in some forgotten fashion

to swell the volume of the voice, which must otherwise in that vast unroofed theatre have been but a feeble pipe; we know that they increased their stature by various means. Surely thus accoutred and encumbered their movements must necessarily have been more deliberate and measured than those the brisk vivacious style of the modern stage affects. Would the shade of Clytemnestra, for example (and how admirable it was in its first inception!) would that "dim sheeted ghost," with the red gash still marring the white throat, have rushed like a mere angry mortal down among the sleeping Furies? Nothing could have been more impressive than its entrance, and the way it spoke its first reproaches, from the inmost recesses of the shrine, half shrouded in the altar-smoke—

"Sleep on! Awake! what skills your sleep
 to me!"—

seemed very much to me the right way. Should it not have been so to the end? Should not the voice alone have been suffered to rouse the sleepers? Something one fancies this ghost to have been like that shape Saul saw at Endor, and so to have spoken:

"From lips that moved not and unbreathing
 frame,
 Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents
 came."

Or, if the phantom must have employed some more human action, might it not have been something more deliberate and dignified?

'Awake and hear—for mine own soul I cry—
 Awake, ye powers of hell! the wandering
 soul
 That once was Clytemnestra calls—*arise!*'"

Surely in these words one finds no indication of mere human hurry and bustle, of rousing the sleepers as one might rouse a lazy boy from his bed for morning school! Again, when the Pythian priestess rushes out from the inner shrine where she has seen the slumbering monsters, and falls in her terror supine upon the stage, how does the text support this action?

" Things fell to speak of, fell for eyes to see,
Have sped me forth again from Loxias'
shrine,
With strength unstrung, moving erect no
more,
But aiding with my hands my failing feet,
Unnerved by fear."

True, there was a time when an ingenious Scholiast, foreshadowing the age of realism, supposed this to signify that the priestess came crawling in on her hands and knees; but then a Scholiast is capable of anything. And, indeed, I am not sure that even so very literal an interpretation would not match the text better than this "back fall"!

But there is another reason, which, to me at least, carries yet greater weight; there is the quality of the verse. I cannot think that those majestic Greek iambics were spoken in the conversational style of modern dialogue, just as I cannot conceive the style of the modern stage to suit the scarce less majestic iambic of Shakespeare. Let me be permitted for once to quote the native Greek:

" Βρίζει γὰρ αἷμα καὶ μαραινέται χερὸς
μητροκτόνον μῖασμα δ' ἔκπλυτον πέλει·
ποταίνιον γὰρ ὃν πρὸς ἐστία θεοῦ
φύβου καθαρμοῖς ἤλαθ' ἡχοῖροκτόνοισι." ¹

Place beside it such a passage as this—

" Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold
up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood; and I
have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn
priests
Sing still for Richard's soul."

Surely it is not considering too curiously to consider that verse of this great quality demands a style and tone of speech altogether different from that modern custom, and perhaps I may add modern language, prescribes. Surely

¹ " Look, how the stain of blood
Is dull upon my hand, and wastes away,
And laved and lost therewith is the deep
curse
Of matricide. For while the guilt was
new,
'Twas banished from me at Apollo's
hearth,
Atoned and purified by death of swine."

a grand manner of speech is needful here, if ever needful anywhere; some larger utterance than our frail modern tongues are taught to frame, to do fit service to these imperial cadences. "They stand generally still in solemn dignified attitudes, so as to look very much like coloured statues or figures in a bas-relief; and they utter the sonorous verse in a kind of recitative, yet so distinctly that the words may be accurately heard by all the audience." ² In this passage seems to me to lie the very purpose of the old Greek playing.

About the Chorus there must be even more uncertainty; about all Greek music there is uncertainty. It seems, however, to be generally agreed that the accompaniment to the choric odes of tragedy and to the movements of the singers was of some very solemn and simple kind. One fancies, at least, that it could never have been loud enough to drown, or even to interfere with, the voices of the singers; that it must have been essentially an accompaniment. If one most ignorant of the musical art may be permitted to guess, I should be inclined to think it might possibly have been something like that we call the Gregorian chant. However, it is but impertinence in me to speak of such things, and I certainly should not presume to criticise Mr. Stanford's music. It was said to be very good, and I can well believe it was so. Certainly, even to an unskilled ear, there were many passages in it most pleasing and it seemed most congenial to the words and motive; the closing chant, for example, and the song beginning—

" ἄγε δὴ καὶ χορὸν ἄψωμεν, ἐπεὶ
μοῦσαν στρυγερὰν
ἀποφαίνεσθαι δεδόκηκεν."

" Weave the weird dance,—behold, the hour
To utter forth the chant of hell—"

² 'Æschylus,' by Reginald S. Copleston, Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Oxford (the present Bishop of Colombo); in Blackwood's 'Ancient Classics for English Readers'—one of the best volumes in an admirable series.

and probably only to an unskilled ear could it at any time have sounded too loud, too overpowering, too noisy.

But, after all, these things can only be to us as the judicious may determine. And probably the most judicious will determine only that he knows nothing. It must all be mere guesswork; and the cleverest guess will be leagues, it may be, away from the reality. How far probably from the reality are all our efforts to bring back the form and colour of the vanished past! And, to take another view, who shall say that the responsible authorities were not wise in their kind to modernise on every side this old-world scene? To a generation which can find in Shakespeare only an excuse for carpentering and upholstery, what yawning abysses of despair would not a Greek play reveal, if it were any thing such as I have here feebly essayed to conceive. And from the modern view how good it was! How thoroughly done, how smooth and well ordered! In how few English-speaking theatres would one find anything like the precision, intelligence, and accuracy with which these players had mastered assuredly no holiday task! How refreshing even to think of the long hours these buoyant young spirits—

“There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets,”—

must have passed without a murmur in the mere acquisition of the text and the dull routine of rehearsal! How incomparably superior an occupation to agitating for the franchise, or riding on bicycles, or any other of those debasing enjoyments which a younger generation has adopted for the enchantments that once were ours of the middle age! What a succession of bright engaging pictures, of radiant figures! What ideal gods of Hellas were Apollo and Hermes! Like the Ionians glorified in the old Homeric hymn, one might have thought them

immortal and unaging; or as that conquering son of Archestratos whom Pindar saw in his spring-tide bloom beside the altar at Olympia. The propriety of assigning Athena's part to a woman is not so certain. The fact that all the personages of the Attic theatre were presented by males we may pass by; that is a sentiment, and those who after due thought determined to “do it after the high modern fashion” were surely wise to discard all sentiment. But the voice! The female voice, that excellent thing in woman, is, as a woman has herself said,

“Somewhat low for *as* and *ois*.”

It is hardly competent to give the necessary volume and emphasis to those grand Greek syllables, to say nothing of the inevitable contrast with the deeper voices around it. But, when this has been said, it must be also said that hard indeed it would have been to find either man or woman to deliver the words with more clearness and perception; or to present a more charming figure in the white robe, glancing helmet, and long-shadowing spear—even if charm be not the capital idea we should get from the vision of her whose eyes could “shine terribly.”

The Furies must have been difficult creatures to deal with, even as Orestes found them. As a Chorus certainly they were most exactly trained, and marshalled by a most earnest and skilful leader. Their guise is said to have been copied as literally as might be from some old vase-paintings, and so one must not dispute it. Certainly they made a grim and ghastly band enough, if possibly a shade more grotesque than necessary.

And, for the last word, may one say, without being impertinent or captious, that it was all indeed a very pretty poem, if one must not call it *Æschylus*?

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

ODE ON A NEAR PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

THE SHADE OF DR. HAWTREY SPEAKS.

WAKED from my sleep on thy dear breast,
 Etona, by some strange unrest
 Thy hallowed stones I tread;
 Beholding startled, sad, dismayed,
 The spot wherein my boyhood played,
 My manhood ruled as Head.

A narrower, less pellucid air
 Pervades thy courts and cloisters, where,
 Scholars and gentlemen,
 Of ampler thought, serener brow,
 δι' αἰθέρος λαμπροτάτου
 ἄβρως εἰβαίνομεν.

Here, in those generations gone,
 Fairer than their own Helicon
 The Muses found a home;
 Here taught our lisping tongues to raise
 Some echoes of those deathless lays,
 The glory of the golden days
 Of Athens and of Rome.

Vanished is now that heavenly Choir;
 The thoughts that burn, the poet's fire
 A colder age disdains;
 The mighty roll of Homer's verse
 Gives way to German, French, or worse,
 And Prose triumphant reigns.

Strange studies whose outlandish name
 My shuddering lips refuse to frame
 The place of Classics fill;
 Long Chamber is improved away,
 King's Scholars gownless now may stray;
 The Brewery is still.

To "Absence" oft, to chapels more,
 To schools far longer than of yore
 Thy sad Alumni flock;
 More frequent "Pœnas" to be done,
 More stern commands to "Come at one,"
 And—shade of Keate, forgive them!—none
 To worship at the block!

Ode on a Near Prospect of Eton College.

These changes, to an Eton mind
 So rude, so needless and unkind,
 I might perchance condone,
 If but the Vandal's ruthless hand
 Would let thine ancient buildings stand,
 Would leave thy walls alone.

But no! the whirlwind of reform
 E'en Upper School must wreath in storm,
 And desolation spread
 O'er those old panels that enshrine,
 Column on column, line on line,
 The memories of thy dead.

What stories could those panels tell
 Of sons of thine, who, through the spell
 And magic of thy name,
 In England's victories have bled,
 Her fortunes ruled, her senates led,
 O'er Letters, Art, Religion, shed
 The lustre of thy fame!

The Library whose precincts yield
 Some quiet hours from stream and field,
 Whose wealth of lettered lore
 'Twas mine to cherish and adorn,
 From old associations torn,
 Must know its place no more!

That home which Savile, Keate, and I,
 Found good enough in days gone by,
 Is this too doomed to fall,
 And in one common ruin blend
 Each old familiar gabled friend
 Whose roofs in dear disorder trend
 Down to the Sacred Wall!

If gentle Henry's holy shade
 But dreamed the havoc to be made,
 Not e'en the crack of doom
 Would in more consternation call
 His statue from its pedestal,
 His spirit from its tomb!

Sons of our Gracious Mother, wake!
 Ere yet the billows o'er her break,
 Roll back the rising tide;
 That unborn ages may behold
 On her high banner's blazoned fold
 "Esto perpetua," still enrolled
 The motto of her pride!

R. M. T.

A STRANGE TEMPTATION.

I.

I WENT to Alderthwaite for rest and change of scene. Perhaps the place was ill chosen, for I knew it to have been a favourite haunt of Wilfrid Gale's. This very knowledge attracted me to the spot, when it ought to have driven me away; for if I wanted a real mental change I should have gone to some retreat wholly unconnected with the memory of my friend.

Wilfrid Gale had died young; weary, heart-sick, and disappointed. His ambition had brought to him only humiliation, his talent had led him on to despair. He was a literary genius, undeveloped, but full of promise, and his hopes of early success had been withered by neglect, or nipped by cruel criticism. If he had been a strong man he might have faced the world's indifference until it had changed to applause; but his health was delicate and his organisation sensitive; and he may be said to have died of his last failure, a failure which a little waiting might have turned to success.

The story of his life was a sad one, and it seemed to his sister Alison a real tragedy. In her eyes his genius seemed immense, his difficulties unprecedented. He had been her hero, his talents had been her glory, and his defeat brought to her the keenest disappointment. He was one of the immortals, and she the favoured being destined to minister at his side, and shine in the reflected brightness of his success. So she had dreamed in happier days, before she knew that her lot would be darker than this; that she was fated only to soothe his sorrows and to watch by him in the weary days of his passing away.

I had always believed in Wilfrid's talent and ultimate success, and I

admired his sister a great deal. When he died I readily undertook the task of editing his works; this was proposed to me by his publishers, and I carried it out with zeal and enjoyment. His writing was good, though somewhat immature, and the last of his books was full of an irregular but highly original power. He had accepted its defeat too soon. The literary world was still hesitating whether to forget it and let it pass by, to be stranded on a lonely shore for ever; or to take it up with enthusiasm and to waft it down the tide of the generations in a whirlwind of applause. The death of the author turned the scale; the work received immediate and general attention; my little introductory *Life of Wilfrid Gale* was read with interest; there was a demand for a complete edition of his writings. He was declared to be among the immortals who had died young, leaving the world only a faint indication of their undoubted powers. His neglected productions were neatly bound in volumes suitable for a library of classical literature; some of his characters were declared to be creations of such power that they could never be forgotten; they must secure to their author a permanent niche in the great temple of fame.

Nothing else could have consoled Alison Gale so much for the death of her brother. His most earnest desire had been realised—though he might not know it—and his life had not been thrown away. She chose to believe that it was mainly through my instrumentality that "justice" had at last been done to him.

"They would not listen," she said. "I knew if he could only get their attention once, all difficulty would be over. You have made them hear

against their will, and now they can never forget, never be indifferent again."

Her gratitude was very pleasant to me, though I thought it overstrained. I had certainly spoken from a vantage ground which her brother had never reached. I was not a clever man myself, but I had the reputation of one, which was a more profitable thing. I belonged to a literary family. I had run in the grooves of publication all my life. I wrote for critical papers, my name carried weight, and I was credited with more judgment than I possessed. Perhaps I *had* given my poor friend's little bark the final shove that was wanted to get it off the shallows into the current of popularity; I stood at a good spot for making such pushes, and I was sometimes inclined to regret that I had no large venture of my own to embark. On this occasion I had put more strength than usual into the effort of launching; I had been moved by my friend's death, interested in his works, and excited by his sister's appeal to me to do my best. My nerves were overstrained, my identity seemed lost in that of Wilfrid Gale; I lived in the world of his creations and could not get back into a wholesome atmosphere of cynical selfishness; his enthusiasm possessed me; I was in one of those moods in which—if the exponents of fashionable modern Buddhism are right—the wandering earthly shell, the discarded mortal will of my dead friend, might easily have taken hold of me, and bent me to its service. My poor friend's will had never been a very strong one, however, never so strong as his genius, and something happened to me wholly different from this.

I went down to Alderthwaite to have a quiet time, boating on the lake and wandering on the moors. Alison Gale bade me good-bye with tears in her eyes; and I felt, as I pressed her hand and looked into her sad face, that she who had been the inspiration of my recent task might be willing

soon to become its reward. The devotion she had lavished on her brother might be transferred at last to his best friend, as she persisted in calling me.

This thought was a pleasant one, and I hoped to fill up idle moments at Alderthwaite with happy day-dreams of my own. I intended to think of Alison and of my own future, and to have done for the present with Wilfrid and his melancholy fate.

When I got down to the place I found that the inn at which my friend had usually stayed was closed for repairs. I was obliged to take lodgings at a farmhouse on the shore of the lake. It was a tumble-down, picturesque place, which had once been the manor-house, and still held the proud name of Alderthwaite Hall. Two half ruined towers rose at its corners, smothered in ivy, and one window only looked out on the lonely waters of the lake, with the unpeopled fells rising from its further shore. The farm people occupied some buildings at the back, with a cheerful view into their own stable-yards and pig-styes. The east side of the house was reserved for lodgers, artists, fishermen, and such eccentric creatures, who preferred scenery to comfort. It had a separate entrance, and was tolerably furnished. The great attractions of the place were the vicinity of the water and the use of the shabby boat.

I fancied that I could be very comfortable there for a couple of weeks; so I engaged rooms, sent for my traps, and established myself in the place.

Before proceeding further I must explain that I did not believe in ghosts, and had no connection with any psychical society. I was not on the look-out for spiritual experiences, and I believed that a healthy mind in a healthy body would enable any man to laugh at suggestions of the supernatural.

Perhaps at this time my mind was not in a healthy condition, and I became subject to delusions, like some other unfortunate persons. In that

case I have done a grievous wrong to a friend whom I loved, and wrecked my own life without any reason whatever. I am impelled to tell my story in the hope that, if it does not justify my conduct, it will at least explain the terrible temptation in which I was unexpectedly placed. It may be also that some persons will take my own view of the case, and believe that I was impelled to put an end to much unmerited and useless suffering, at the cost of trouble to myself and disappointment to the woman I loved.

My first evening at Alderthwaite Hall was a pleasant one; the weather was fine, and I strolled out along the shore of the lake. Afterwards I returned to my room, and wrote a few letters. The room was comfortable and cheerful in the lamp-light; the only thing that troubled me about it was a perplexing sense of familiarity, as if I had been in the place before, and had some sad association with it. This, of course, was impossible.

The quietness of the place was agreeable to me in the irritated state of my nerves. The farmyard sounds had ceased; the farm people were out of hearing at the other side of the building. There was a glimmer of moonlight on the lake, and I had not drawn down the blind of my window, so that I could see the still shining water whenever I lifted my head from my paper.

It was strange that this deep silence did not produce an impression of solitude. On the contrary I continually felt as if some one were sitting in the room watching me. More than once I looked over my shoulder with a start to see who it was. Then I smiled at my own imagination, which peopled this solitude with personages.

Nevertheless, the impression returned as soon as I had become absorbed in my work: I felt that a woman—a woman whom I knew quite well—sat in a chair behind me, watching with folded hands. The impression always grew upon me in an indirect sort of manner as my attention

became more and more diverted to my work; when it had become sufficiently intense to be disturbing, and so to rouse me to think of it seriously, it vanished.

There was nothing in the nature of terror in this unusual sensation of a familiar presence when nobody was there. I had something of the same feeling in the passages of the house, and when I went up to my bedroom, just as if the place were occupied by persons whom I knew quite well, and might expect to meet without any surprise on the landings or the stairs. The closed doors which I passed on my way did not seem to me to be shut on empty rooms—persons who were not strangers lived behind them, and might come out and speak to me at any moment.

This impression was not unpleasant, though I smiled at its unreality. I supposed that living in a crowd had made it impossible for me to realise all at once the fact of solitude, and the complete stillness of deserted rooms. My imagination peopled them with beings full of life and business, going about in a silent manner something like my own. Once I had a fancy that I met a young girl on the stairs, who smiled at me as she passed. I found myself smiling in return before I had time to consider the folly of it. Another time I thought a child's laugh disturbed the air outside, but no child was near when I went to the door to look round.

On the second evening I went for a row on the lake by moonlight. I kept near the shore, and I was coasting a promontory, where a great tree hid from me the tiny bay on the other side, when I was startled by a faint cry beyond the darkness of the foliage. There seemed to be a shiver of the water, a shining of ripples in the moonlight, and then all was still again. When I rowed round the point, the little bay was quiet enough; there was no sign of any movement or any presence there.

Nevertheless, as I made my way

home again I was oppressed by the consciousness of something in the atmosphere more tragic and intense than usual ; my mental feelings were analogous to those physical ones described by many when there is "thunder in the air." Something remarkable was going to happen, nay, *was* happening, just outside the range of my perceptions ; I groped in the darkness, and had not the sense necessary to discover what was going on around me. To all outward appearance the world was quiet, and at rest ; to my uneasy consciousness it was full of a painful life which depressed without revealing itself to me.

When my landlady brought my supper that night I took occasion to ask if the place had ever been haunted, but she repelled the idea with indignation. Nothing had ever happened there to *make* it haunted, she said. It had always been a well-to-do place, with well-to-do and well-behaved folks living there. I came to the conclusion that my own nerves were at fault, and that a period of rest and quiet would dissipate all unpleasant fancies.

But the next night as I sat at the table writing a hand seemed to be laid on my shoulder. I turned quickly, and seemed to see a woman's eyes fixed on me in the dimness behind. There was something commanding in the look, and the hand held me as if to compel attention. I roused myself to an attitude of repellent observation, and as I looked defiantly into the shadow the sensations faded away ; there was no hand on my shoulder, there were no eyes in the dimness : yet, before they went, their look had seemed to change from passionate insisting to entreaty, reproach, despair.

I got up and walked about the room impatiently, determined to shake off my nervous weakness ; something stopped me once, like a sob of disappointment, but when I listened, again there was silence.

I moved the furniture ; I looked into the cupboards ; finally, I took my hat and went out. But from that

time forward I was haunted not only by the consciousness of a life which moved unseen around me, but also by that of a reproachful personality, which followed me sadly from hour to hour, and vainly strove to open some communication with me.

I did not want the communication, for my part. I avoided it, and repelled it. It seemed to me the beginning of madness, or of some knowledge too sad to be borne. When in my idler moments the consciousness grew upon me, and the look and the touch took more definite form, until it seemed as if they would blend at last into a voice which I must hear, then I roused myself defiantly, and said to the unknown presence, "You are not there ; I do not believe in you ; I will not see you," and stared hard into the daylight or the darkness.

With the sound of a little sigh, the breath of a hope gone out, the presence would cease to be, and I stood free for a time.

In all these strange visitations, which grew more frequent and more defined, I could not say that I ever *heard*, or *saw*, or *felt* any distinct thing ; I was only conscious through my brain, through my intelligence, as distinguished from my senses at the moment, that they were there to be heard, or felt, or seen.

I knew that some one spoke, I felt certain that some one looked at me, but it was with the consciousness with which we realise things told in clever books that I knew it. My senses had little to do with this experience ; as soon as I roused myself to have full command over them, I became convinced that my impressions had no foundation in fact ; they were woven out of my own vivid imagination and seemed real because my nerves were weak.

This feeling of being continually followed by a presence which was sometimes reproachful and sometimes beseeching was, however, very unpleasant. The vague curiosity which I occasionally felt concerning the other

visionary personalities which appeared to live round me was quelled by my instinctive resistance to the one who seemed to have some claim or to make some demand upon me. I felt at times as if an effort was being made to reach me in some way and to compel my conscious attention. There was something I was to be made to know, something I was to understand.

I had no desire to understand it. The only world with which I had, so far, had any personal acquaintance, contained a great deal of unpleasantness, and a large number of responsibilities. I did not wish to be introduced to another one, and to be entangled in its troubles. I felt sure, already, that it was full of troubles. If it was a real world I wished to have nothing to do with it; if, on the other hand, it was the creation of my ill-controlled fancy, this fancy must be resisted in the interest of my own sanity.

As my health improved and I began to eat and to sleep well, and yet the strange impressions did not pass away, I resolved to leave Alderthwaite, and so to get rid of them. I announced my resolution to my landlady, without telling her my reason, and I began to pack up my things. But from the moment when I determined to go the struggle, if I may call it so, became more intense. I never felt alone; beseeching hands followed me, entreating voices spoke to me, angry eyes looked at me. What they asked I did not know; I only knew that I could not be rid of them however much I absorbed myself in activity.

At last I was tired, and sat down to rest in my sitting-room. It was late in the evening; I had only a couple of letters to write, giving my change of address. The farm people had gone to bed early as usual, and most of the haunting images of the daytime had faded away with it. I was alone, yet not alone; for one was with me, persistent, demanding, unwearied.

I sat at the table and felt that, as

before, eyes watched me and waited, eyes that I could not see, but which strove to make me *feel* their presence. Another will besides mine penetrated the gloom of the place, and a resolve, strong with the strength of despair, seemed to struggle with my resolution to go away ignorant. The strength of this resolve, and the painfulness of it, impressed itself upon me ever more and more. It seemed to myself that, at last, with a certain outbreak of impatience, I yielded to the demand made upon me, and turned round from the window with a look of inquiry in my eyes.

At first I saw nothing unusual in the shadow of that corner where rested an apparently empty chair. But I knew that some one was there, and I felt that my momentary surrender had been accepted. A certain power from the darkness seemed to reach me and hold my attention fixed; and then without any feeling of surprise I began to see that some one sat in the chair, and to meet the gleam of eager eyes fixed on me with intentness. I knew then that — whether madness or knowledge lay before me — it was too late to escape. My former experiences had been vague impressions; my present was one of deliberate, though unwilling, observation.

The eyes grew clearer and more luminous, and the outlines of the face became more distinct. It was a dark and angry countenance, the face of a woman of thirty, handsome, but very unhappy. Her look was fixed upon me with something like a command, yet it was not a command, it was rather a conscious and determined force; she did not order me to surrender to her all my thoughts, she made me do it; she held me with the strength of a desperate resolve, as if aware of a reluctance on my part, of a desire to escape.

As the features took distinctness the pale lips quivered, a flash of sombre triumph lightened the gloomy eyes.

"At last!" she said, "at last! How long you have resisted."

Her voice came to me like a new consciousness, with which my hearing had little to do; it was a human voice, but with a tone and quality which I had never heard before. I did not attempt to speak in return; I waited to hear more.

"You knew, yet you would not know," she went on; "you saw, but you would not believe. You have fought against my will and persisted in a blindness which would not be enlightened. But I could not give way. You were my only hope."

I was tormented by a sense of recognition, which overcame my reluctance to acknowledge by any words this strange presence. To speak would add to the power of this mysterious being, woman or spirit, who had taken form in the gloom, and—according to her own declaration—forced herself upon my consciousness; but my wonder was stronger than my fear, and so I answered her.

"Who are you? I seem to know you. Have I ever seen you before?"

She smiled a sombre smile.

"You know me. Who better? Have you not worked me up to fuller life, given to me a more vivid personality, a distincter consciousness? Your friend, who made me, hardly knew me so well."

This was a strange answer; my head was throbbing with a heated confusion of ideas and images. The clue to the woman's identity seemed only just out of my reach; she was familiar to me as an old friend; but when, where, and how could I have seen her before?

"But for you," she went on, "I might have died an easy death, an early death. *He* had little vital force to put into me. I should hardly have known or understood before the end came and I faded out of life, how I came to be, and what I was. I could not have resented the cruelty of him—and you."

"Of me!" I answered, in deeper

wonder. "How can I have injured you—and when?"

"Do you not understand *yet*?" she said. "And there are the others, too."

"What others?" I demanded, with a feeling of growing chilliness and discomfort. Could I be in a world of ghosts, of ghosts gone mad with trouble, who mistook me for their injurer? I seemed to have wandered into a strange corner of spirit-land, and to have at last learnt to see the sights there, and hear the sounds; but the land was a dismal one indeed.

"Come with me and see," she answered; and rising from the chair in which she had seemed to sit, she walked towards the door.

I had no choice of action; the possibility of resistance did not even occur to me. Her will was stronger than mine, and, when once she had overcome the preliminary difficulty of my stupidity (a stupidity which had proved serviceable for once in delaying this unpleasant experience), when she had forced upon me the consciousness of her presence, I was compelled to follow her and to receive the end of the revelation.

She led me up the dark staircase to a little unused bedroom. It had, at least since my residence in the house, been always empty before of any human presence. As the door opened before her now, I was conscious that some one was within. The woman with the dark eyes turned and watched the effect upon me of the scene she revealed.

At first I was hardly aware what I saw; my hold on the spirit-world seemed slight, its sights and sounds reached me with difficulty; but as my guide kept her eyes fixed upon me, frowning with displeasure at my perplexity, the whole scene grew into distinctness as she had done.

A candle burnt on the little table; beside it, on a low chair, sat a lovely girl with a little baby in her arms. She could hardly be twenty years old, but her face was wan, her large eyes

bright with suffering. She was watching with anxiety a young man who paced up and down the room with an angry countenance.

"I am sick of it all," he said, "sick of you and the child, and the whole lot of it. I shall be off to the colonies and begin a new life. To-morrow will see the end of this one. You may go back to your friends."

"George!" She rose to her feet with a cry of dismay. "They will not have me. I quarrelled with them all for your sake."

"More fool you!"

"George!" she repeated, as she put the baby in the cradle and went forward to catch at his hand; "if you go, take me with you. I will go—anywhere."

"Didn't I tell you I was sick of the sight of you?" he growled.

"But, George, it is for the child," she answered, with a catch of the breath. "I am sick, I am ill; I cannot work for him; if you leave us I shall die, and then—my little baby!"

She held his hand passionately, and, partly through weariness, partly in terrified entreaty, she sank on her knees beside him, arresting his impatient walk.

"You ought to be precious glad to get rid of me," he answered roughly; "you can't pretend to be fond of me yet."

"No," she said, with passionate imprudence, "I can't; I know you too well. It is because of the child!"

He snatched his hand from her in his sudden rage, and struck her a fierce blow on the forehead. With a low cry she fell to the ground, and lay there sobbing painfully.

I stood in my place dumb with horror and indignation; but my guide aroused me with an impatient word, drove me with the force of her look (I can describe it in no other way) back into the passage, and shut the door of the room again.

"Now," she said, "do you know us at last?"

"It is," I answered in a low voice

of wonder and dismay, "it is a scene out of Wilfrid Gale's novel."

It was with a smile almost of triumph that my companion led me back to the sitting-room. She pressed her wasted hands on the table there, and leaned over it towards me as she said, "Is it satisfactory to you? Would you like it to go on for ever?"

"I?" was my perplexed and troubled answer.

"Yes, *you*," she repeated, with gentle insisting, as if she could now afford to be forbearing with me. "Do you realise it all, and the weary length of it? Would you like us never to reach the end?"

"You?" I repeated again, helplessly.

"Yes, I; I and the others. It is no better for me, knowing what we are and all the thin uselessness of our existence, than for the others, who do not guess, who go through it all again and again as if it were for the first time and the last. Does it help me, do you suppose it *can* help me, in the misery of my life here, to know that I am but the shadow of a man's thought—a shadow that would have faded away if it had not been strengthened by the force of another man's will, and stamped by the recognition of so many others with the seal of a miserable continuance?"

"I do not think I understand you," I replied, although I began to fear that I did.

She smiled incredulously.

"It adds to the bitterness of my sufferings—from which I cannot escape, because they are myself and I am them—to know that they are nothing, the reflection of a man's disappointment, of his sadness, which he put into form and made alive in this way; to know that I can never escape, never feel or think for myself, but must live over and over again the wretchedness which he mapped out for me, in order to buy for himself fame—and a fame of which he knows nothing!"

"This, at least," I said, "is not in

Wilfrid Gale's story; this scene he did *not* plan."

"No," she said, her brow darkening, "but it is not much; it is the effort of despair. You can help us, and no one else. I knew that, and the knowledge gave me strength for once to break through the fetters of *his* mind, and to act for myself. I am not like the others," she went on gloomily, "who guess nothing, but feel on the lines that *he* laid down and have no thought of escape. I suppose," she said, a faint smile showing through the bitterness of her speech, "that the evolution which explains all things to you may work also in the world of fancy, where we, like the creations of other artists, are doomed to live; and *he* had made me so self-conscious and analytical, and *you* had thrown so much reality into his sketch of me, that it is not wonderful for the self-consciousness to have deepened into a knowledge of what I am, and how I came to be. I fought and struggled towards the knowledge as soon as I dimly guessed it, in the hope that it might set me free; for if I *knew* myself to be only the dream of a novelist, would not the dream vanish at the touch of the daylight truth? But it was not so; my knowledge helped me no more than yours does. Do not the Buddhists teach that consciousness is ignorance, and that knowledge will destroy it and absorb all life into the eternally Unconscious? But who among you has reached this height, except by those gates of death which are closed to *us*? Some of your poets have said that creation is only a breath of God, which He will inhale again and so destroy. But the man who gave life to *us* by his fancy is dead himself, and has left us to survive him. Some of you have said again that you are only a thought of your Creator; but do you suffer less because it is only in *His* thought that you suffer! If you know that you are nothing, does it help you when you feel cold or hunger? It helps me no more than that, when I go through those pangs which your

friend appointed for me to suffer. And there is no more any hope of appeal to him; he has gone away and left us to take our chance. Nay, he wanted our sufferings to have the immortality which he had not; and, because his will was too weak to enforce his desire, you came forward to help with the strength of yours."

"Do you mean," I said, "that it is at all my fault that you suffer so much?"

"Whose fault besides?" she answered indignantly. "Your friend's fancy created us, but it was not strong enough to give us lasting life. We should have passed away and been forgotten, as *he* would have been; but you have given us a place in the thoughts of men from which we cannot escape; you have breathed new vitality into what was dying before. As long as we are real in the minds of many we must be real to ourselves too; we must work out over and over again the problems of our existence, and love, and hate, and suffer, even though we may come to have the bitterness of knowing—as I know—that our passion is foolishness, our pain a shadow, and ourselves the mere playthings of a vain man's ambition."

"But," I said, slowly and wonderingly, "if you exist, there must be so many of you."

"And why not?" she asked, with a bitter laugh. "Are there not so many of all created things, all things that suffer? And to each one the problem is as terrible as if no others felt it. The fact of the consciousness of a creature does not stay the forces that create it. They go on turning the machine just as much as ever, even when the grain begins to feel and to suffer for the grinding of the wheels. Consciousness does not count in the laws of nature; it does a little in the morality of man, but not much—not outside the region of his own interests. Did not your friend, who gave me so much knowledge and so many thoughts, did he not reveal

to me also what your clever men, your most cultivated men, the advanced men of your age, think about consciousness? How they tell us that when there is an end to be achieved—*any* end, whether of knowledge or of benevolence—it cannot be counted that the instruments may suffer? Do they not say that in the hands of science the throbbing nerves of an inferior creature are but as the lifeless quartz lines in the unvitalised rock, that the mere fact of *consciousness* can make no difference in the treatment of them? When you read these things, can you help knowing that the increase of suffering is regarded as no check on the multiplication of energy? Men must do things and make things, even if the things are only made to suffer."

"Some men, if they knew, would cease to make," I answered abruptly.

Her dark sad eyes fixed themselves more intently upon me with the eagerness of a great anxiety.

"Are you," she said, "one of those men?"

I felt myself flush under her searching gaze. The oppression of finding myself closed in by an unpleasant yet just demand was beginning to weigh upon me; but I answered briefly, "I am not one of the men who make."

"You have given life to the dying creations of another man. Oh," she said, clasping her hands together, and stretching them before her in an outbreak of passionate appeal, "I have fought for the strength to speak to you, for the power to burst the limits of my life, and to make an independent effort; it was not for myself only, it was for the others too, all the others who suffer and do not know. Perhaps I am the first who ever did it, but I shall not be the last. For, ever more and more, the artists, the creators, strive to give us more reality and more individual life. They are not satisfied to make us pictures or types; they want us to be real men and women like themselves. They do not make us very great, or very good,

only very real—and unhappy. And no man ever tried harder to escape from the sadness of his life by putting it into the lives of his characters than Wilfrid Gale. No one knows this better than you do. Yet for a long time you would not see my appeals to you, you would not hear me when I spoke. You have looked into my face with the cruel reality and incredulity of your eyes until you drove me back into the shadowy hopelessness of that existence from which I tried to reach you. Now, when you can doubt no longer, you are going away, away where I cannot follow you. Will you leave us then to our misery?"

The intensity of the woman's look, the reality of her speech impressed me strangely. I could not refuse to answer even as if she were all she seemed to be.

"What can I do to help you?" I asked her at last.

"Undo what you have done. You write in many papers without signing your name, write in all of them the opposite of what you have said before; speak slightly of us, say that we are nothing, encourage the world to pass us by and forget us."

"But I shall never forget *you*."

She sighed a little. "That is the danger of it; and I knew that. You will forget the others at least. It was only for your friend's sake that you thought of them so much. When you go to other work it will wipe out the memory of what you really never cared for. As for me, I must take my chance. Even if *you* don't forget, the world's hold on me will grow less and less. I shall fade out of other minds, until at length my thread of suffering will become very slight indeed; then, at last, when you die—" she smiled here faintly, and did not finish.

"I see—your troubles will be over," I answered somewhat dryly. "But does it not occur to you—capable as you seem to be of independent thought—that my position has its duties?"

"You strained your convictions for the sake of your friend; you have

only to do as much in another direction and the mischief will be counteracted," she answered quickly.

"There is also the memory of my friend to consider, and his wishes," I replied, determined to argue the question out.

"A dead man, one who does not know, who has *escaped*," she said scornfully, as if indeed the gate of death was a haven of refuge denied to her.

"And his sister, whose happiness is bound up in his success?"

She looked at me keenly then, pressing her thin fingers heavily on the table again.

"One woman," she said, "only one. You must love her much to put her happiness against that of so many."

"She is living, and my friend."

"And we only dream that we live. Ah, but the dreaming is bitter!" She caught her breath in as if with the horror of some remembrance. "And she can go her own way, and make her own life; help those she loves, and leave those she hates; die at the end and have done with it. Would you sacrifice *us* to *her*?"

"It is a terrible thing that you ask me to do."

"And a terrible thing which I beg you to undo."

"If I did it, and told why, no one would understand me, or believe me," I said, speaking more to myself than to her.

"Has that anything to do with the rightness of it?" she asked, quite gently, and moving a little nearer to me. When I started at the movement she stopped and flushed all over her pale face, as if recognising my instinct of separation; but she resumed her speaking softly—"You do not always act for such reasons," was what she added.

I looked at her surprised.

"You are a clever woman," I said, "and have worked your way to a very individual life: you have got quite beyond my friend and me. I

doubt if even I can help you to—escape."

Her eyes saddened perceptibly.

"That is what I fear. On my way to—this, I have learned many things. When we begin to help ourselves, we get, sometimes, beyond the help of others. We grope our way to death through fuller life, and if we do not quite get there it would have been better perhaps not to start. This I did not know at the beginning; but even if I had known I might have gone on for the others' sake. You know how much I mean when I say that. I have shown you very little of all the truth, but the rest you can remember. You have guessed dimly what has been going on around you before to-night, all the sorrow of it, and the pain; all the shame that some suffer undeserved, and the wretched remorse of others who were created to do the sin, and make the trouble. You cannot let it go on as before, and go away, and forget."

There was a certain dignity in her address which lifted it above the level of an entreaty, while its gentleness kept it away from the harshness of a demand. The consciousness that the release she asked for might not include herself had purified her mood of its bitterness, and ennobled her whole attitude.

"I cannot answer you now," I said, "you must give me time to think it out and to realise that this is no dream."

"At least you will not go away without speaking to me again?" she said.

"No, I will not. If you are here to be spoken to again you shall speak: I will certainly not deny you that chance."

"Thank you," she said, smiling sweetly, and lifting her hands from the table. There was a swift look of farewell in her eyes, and then she was gone; and I was alone, more alone than I had been for many days.

II.

WHEN the morning came I broke my promise, and ran away. It was a cowardly thing to do, but I said to myself that I had dreamt a dream which ought not to interfere with my waking movements ; that I had no need to keep a promise made to a vision ; and that, if I wished to preserve my sanity, I must leave at once the place where I had been subject to such a strange delusion.

As I walked to the station, a letter was put into my hand from Alison Gale—

"I am glad to hear where you are staying," she wrote. "That is the house in which my brother wrote his great book—his last book. The whole place must be haunted by his thoughts, and beautified by the memories of those creations which had their beginning there."

I crumpled the paper up in my hand with a feeling of irritation. This fact I had not known before, for I had always believed that Wilfrid Gale stayed at the inn to which I had meant to go ; it was a fact which I did not feel pleased to have put before me at this moment. I desired to learn no new circumstance which would add to the vividness of my recent impressions, or confirm any haunting belief in their reality. I wanted to forget 'The Valley of Utter Darkness,' and all the other books which my friend had written, and all the characters in them. I decided that fiction was a nuisance, and ambition a vulgar mistake. I bought a morning paper to divert my mind to politics.

The first person I went to see when I reached London was Alison Gale. I did not ask myself why I did it, nor try to decide whether I desired to strengthen my resolution to escape, or only to receive the reward of it.

The reward was given to me ungrudgingly. I still looked ill and worn ; my residence at Alderthwaite had failed to restore me to my ordinary condition of cynical cheerfulness ; the

memory of what I had left behind stood between me and my personal hopes ; I could get little enjoyment out of them ; they were at best but a necessary consolation.

Alison perceived my melancholy mood, and was full of compassion and sympathy. These feelings gave the touch of tenderness to her gratitude which had been wanting before ; and her surrender to me was very easy and simple. She promised to be my wife with a gentle humility, as if she would not refuse anything I wished, yet doubted the sufficiency of herself to be all that I deserved to have.

But then, so she was pleased to say, no one could be sufficiently paid for being good and noble and great. When people did very good things, their own generosity had to be their reward. As for herself—and here she looked down, blushing very prettily, and playing with the flowers in her belt—it would be a great happiness to her to spend her life with one who had come forward with so much perception and generosity to make the world understand what Wilfrid was, and to save his genius from being wasted. She had always thought that she would never marry, because marriage would take her from Wilfrid, and she would rather care for him most of all ; but to become my wife now seemed only like going on with her life with him, and she felt sure that her brother in heaven, if he could know about it, would be happy to think of our spending the rest of our lives together.

I saw that she over-estimated my opinion of her brother's genius, and placed me in a false position as a fellow-worshipper with herself at his shrine. I could also have wished that she had shown more personal regard for me, instead of putting me forward as a substitute for the brother she had lost. But the personal feeling would come with time, and she would also learn to understand that I had a career of my own, and talents worth considering.

In the meantime, her excess of sub-

missive gratitude was somewhat embarrassing, and it made it all the more painful for me to oppose any wish of hers when she brought it forward. Almost the first suggestion she made on her own behalf was a painful one.

"I should like," she said, blushing brightly, "when we are married, instead of going to the places that so many go to, to stay at Alderthwaite Hall for a little while. He liked it so much, and you know it already, and could show it to me."

I answered quite abruptly that this was out of the question; the place was altogether unsuitable. Then I recovered myself, and said I was sorry not to agree to anything she would like; but the situation was melancholy, the house old-fashioned and uncomfortable. It would not do at all.

She was a little hurt and surprised at first, having evidently felt confident of my sympathy with this desire. She had a great deal of sentiment, and was sure that I had it too, in a cleverer way; but, being satisfied with the main thing, my devotion to her brother's memory, she was willing to be guided and corrected in smaller things. After a time she began to seem somewhat abashed at herself for having meddled in an arrangement which she ought to have left altogether in my hands.

Her shyness and submission troubled me, and I was sorry to have driven her back into the mood of grateful devotion. However, it could not be helped, and I did not doubt that we should learn to understand one another better in course of time.

Our marriage was to take place after an interval of a few months, and Alison went to pay a series of visits to friends meanwhile. I was left without the solace of her society, and felt disinclined to go back into my own circle, or to accept invitations in general. Alison's suggestion about Alderthwaite Hall had come upon me with a kind of shock; it brought back all the memories from which I was trying

to escape; for I could not help realising the impossibility of taking to that trouble-haunted place the young wife for whose sake I had shut my ears to the appeal made to me.

I could never tell her all that happened to me there, how I had nearly yielded to the strange demand forced upon me, or how I had fled in a cowardly manner from the consideration of it. After my marriage that chapter of my memory must be a closed book, and Alderthwaite a forbidden place. I could never face the reproaches possibly waiting for me, nor could I mingle my love for Alison with my sympathy for that strange vision of a woman who had appealed to me so passionately for herself and her fellow victims.

I tried to think that it had all been an illusion, a dream; and that now, in my happier mood, it could never return. And yet the perplexity of it haunted me; and I asked myself continually whether I had run away before the visions of a disordered fancy, or broken a promise to a creature who was capable of judgment and consciousness. I felt a great desire to settle the problem while my life was my own, before it was quite bound up with Alison's. Her absence at this time gave me an opportunity of testing my recovered nerve, and proving that Alderthwaite Hall had been haunted only by my own dreams. To convince myself of this fact seemed really necessary to my peace of mind.

I did not write to Alison to tell her where I was going, for I knew that her letters would be forwarded to me; but I packed up my portmanteau and went down again to the old house by the lake.

I shall not tell all that happened to me after I went back to Alderthwaite Hall; the recital of it would be painful, and would bring back too vividly the memory of all that I endured at the time.

At first indeed there was a false air of peace and quietness about the place, as if it held no secret and hid no

trouble; and yet this calm failed to satisfy me. I was not convinced that there was nothing strange to hear or see; I only felt that I had perhaps sacrificed my power of hearing and seeing, and with it all hope of helping those who had appealed to me.

The sunny quietness of the fells and the shining stillness of the lake were not without their sense of desolation. Somewhere, pushed out of sight by my determined action, the miserable lives might go on, with the power of prayer or reproach denied to them. I felt like one of those pitiless experimenters on living animals who content themselves with administering the cruel drug curari, which binds their victims in a hopeless stillness and silence, while it leaves them full powers of perception and pain. Of all prisons such a one must be the most horrible, because it is the narrowest; the walls of it are the tortured flesh of the creature, within which it can make no struggle, beyond which it can cast out no cry. Had I done something like this in refusing to hear the appeal so painfully made to me; in cutting myself off at once from sympathy and communion with those I might have helped?

This was my first sensation when I found only a commonplace world awaiting me at Alderthwaite, the chickens cheerfully scratching in the yard, the sandpipers crying shrilly over the water. It was succeeded by one of relief and triumph. My past experiences had been delusions born of weakened nerves and solitude. I had broken no promise after all, and been guilty of no unkindness.

This happy assurance was, however, very soon to be dispelled, and I was to go through more than my last experience of horror. Gradually the power of knowing what was going on around me returned, at first with a painful sense of awakening to a lost consciousness and of fighting with intervening dreams. I knew that there was trouble near me, and strove vainly to understand what it was; I was certain that voices spoke and people moved around

me, but the thread seemed lost which would guide my perceptions to a clear knowledge of what they were.

This time I had to grope my way alone out of the spiritual darkness; my old guide had abandoned me, discouraged by my unfaithfulness. And when at last I forced my way back into the shadowy world from which I seemed shut out, no one recognised my presence there: I was a stranger even to *her*.

My experience was a remarkable one; I doubt if any one ever went through the like before. By the force of my sympathy, communicated to me in the first instance by the strange woman who had spoken to me, I was admitted into a world which had little to do with my own, and enabled to see all that happened there.

I saw many unpleasant things, nearly everything that one would desire not to see: a grey-haired father insulted by his worthless son; a noble woman cast off and scoffed at by an inferior lover; a child murdered by its mother; a wife weeping over her dead husband. Even the pleasanter scenes brought their own horror; I knew they were but the flowery ways which lead—without any hope of a turning—straight to a wretched end. I grew sick of them at last; sick of watching the bright beginnings of a young affection which must turn to hatred and humiliation; the budding of hopes whose fruit would be despair. The whole thing was a horrid mockery, with the dreadful sense of reality behind it. It was I who was a phantom, my presence disregarded and even ignored, while the tragedy went on around me.

One of the most painful experiences was to see the woman who had appealed to me, who had shown herself capable of self-sacrifice and noble thoughts, lavish her fondness on a vulgar villain who laughed at her. The sight was revolting to every instinct I had. She seemed to have gone back, at least at times, to the ignorant completeness of her original

life; at other times she would half awake, look around her in a kind of horror and perplexity, and struggle to understand the second consciousness which slumbered within her.

At such times I wondered if it could be the shock of my desertion which had driven her back from the higher station, if the violence of the effort which she had made in vain had resulted in a hopeless relapse into her old helplessness.

Perhaps it was my sympathy which helped her at last to re-emerge, for she began once more to show some consecutive consciousness of the shadowiness of her life, and to revolt against the things it compelled her to be and to do. Then she recognised my presence, and—though she did not speak to me—looked at me often with mingled humiliation and reproach; as if ashamed that I should see the things she was forced to do, and yet indignant that I should have left her with no choice but to do them.

It was long before she attempted to speak to me again, or to take that place of leader and advocate which had been hers before. She was too proud to appeal for herself, and at first too miserable to appeal for others. Meanwhile it was my fate to watch, from hour to hour, so many creatures go helplessly on the way marked out by the caprice of a man's fancy to inevitable sorrow.

I could not interfere, I could not influence—I was entirely outside; but a week's watching made me feel like Dante in his journey through the Inferno; or, worse than that, like a brute who is beguiling helpless creatures into torture for some purpose of his own.

I had forgotten my own future; I had forgotten Alison; I struggled only with the one thought that these victims were Wilfrid Gale's, and not mine; that I had no right to interfere and put an end to their sorrows. This was the argument with which I lulled my conscience, or fought against my

temptation—whichever way you like to put it.

After many days of the struggle I felt quite broken down; all power of resistance seemed to have gone from me; I must yield, or once more, like a coward, find safety in flight.

"It is enough," I felt inclined to cry; "the brightness of life is gone for ever if I must buy it at the price of this knowledge. I will have no more of it."

And then I knew that for the first time since my return my old guide waited for me, patiently, quietly; and that, however much I might desire to refuse, I must get up and follow her.

She led me out to the lake, and there, as we stood beside the shining water, bright with gleaming moonlight, I became aware of a presence near us. It was the girl whom I had first seen the night before I fled from Alderthwaite.

She had her baby in her arms, and she bent over it, speaking to it softly.

"Little baby," she said, in her childlike voice, "he will not come back to us any more; and my mother is dead, and my father will never forgive. If I left you to grow up as I did, would you leave me for some one who did not care much, as I left my mother, and should I have to die alone? Little baby, it is better to die now—now—before your heart is broken as mine is; before you break some one else's as I did. It is not worth while living; it is better to die. The trouble is so long, and the happiness so short." She spoke pleadingly, as if the child could understand and might reproach her for what she meant to do, rocking it gently all the while in her arms. "I am hungry, baby, and very ill. When you wake you will cry because I have so little food to give you. It is better never to wake, never to feel any more."

She stopped with a shudder, and looked round as if frightened, and I saw then how thin she was, and how wan her cheeks.

"It is dreadful to do it myself," she said in a low voice; "if some one would only do it for me, and I never know, as I can do it for baby! Oh! if he would not give me the means to live he might have given me death instead; but I must seek that for myself, even that."

She seemed to be relenting in her purpose, and looked back along the path by which she had come; but the child stirred in her arms and uttered a faint moan, more pitiful to hear than any cry. She bent over it with passionate kisses, and said, "I will do it, baby, for your sake; I will not be afraid."

She laid it down then, very gently and carefully, in a boat moored to the beach. With her wasted fingers she undid the fastening and put the oars into their places; then, slowly and painfully, she began to row into the deeper water. She paused once among the water-lilies and looked at her baby, as if she thought of laying him down among their roots; but she remembered the uncertainty of her own resolution and went further away from the shore. In the still, deep water near the centre of the lake she stood up, letting the oars fall away out of her reach. She took the baby up and remained for a moment, a dark, straight figure in the moonlight; the boat had drifted a little, the oars were black lines some feet away. Then she held out the child suddenly at arm's length, uttering a strange despairing cry, which was no appeal for help, but rather a protest and a last declaration of pain to the indifferent universe. The cry rang down the lake, and the fells cast it back; it was followed by a splash. She had opened her arms and let the child fall into the water.

A strange thing followed. She had evidently meant to spring in after her baby, but now her courage failed her, and she cowered down shuddering in the boat. Then she leaned over and tried to reach the oars, but they were too far away; after that she burst into a fit of bitter sobbing, and covered

her face with her hands, longing perhaps for courage to finish what she had begun.

In another moment she stopped and looked round her, timidly and cautiously. She seemed afraid of what she might see, and her fear was not without foundation, for a dark object was apparent in the water near her. At the sight of it she rose as if she had been struck, and, without a moment's hesitation, leapt over the side of the boat towards it.

"My baby, come back to me!" was her cry as the ruffled waters closed over her. In the gleaming moonlight only the boat was left drifting, and near it the floating oars.

I turned away with something between a shudder and a sigh of relief.

"Yes, it is over," said my guide, speaking for the first time since my return, and answering my thought. "Must it begin again and go on, through all the weary course of it, to the dreadful end?"

I looked at her actually with something of anger and repugnance. She was like an accusing spirit from which I could not escape. I uttered no word in reply, but I went in-doors, took pen and paper, and wrote through all that night and into the following morning.

It was not one thing that I wrote, but many. There was a serious essay pointing out the intrinsic weakness of my friend's writings and the sketchiness of his characters; there was a jesting discourse, which laughed at the public for having taken seriously what was only worth a passing thought; there were other papers in other styles. The substance of all was the same, but the forms were different, and each, as I wrote it, I addressed to the magazine for which it was most suited, among those to which I was an accepted contributor.

I did this work without pause or hesitation. When it was done I had my breakfast, packed up my portmanteau, and departed. I posted my productions *en route*, paid a flying

visit to my lodgings, and took the earliest train to Dover. My next letter to Alison was dated from Paris. I told her that I had been suddenly obliged to go abroad on business, that I should travel from place to place, and that I could not at present give her any address to write to.

My great desire at that time was to get out of the reach of letters and magazines. If my papers were printed, it must be without any proof correction from me. I was determined to have nothing more to do with them. If they came into my hands again, it could only be to renew the old struggle, which I hoped to have concluded for ever.

When I next saw Alison more than three months had passed away. I had written to her several times, but always when on the point of changing my quarters, and I had taken care to avoid giving any instructions for the forwarding of letters. If this thing had to be done, let it be done irretrievably before I had any more knowledge of it.

I spoke to Alison in my brief letters of much business and travel in which I was involved : and I spoke truthfully, for I had chosen to absorb myself in an exhaustive study of certain districts of the Continent, on which, with their people and their history, I had been invited to write a series of papers.

"I cannot create," I wrote to her, with a ghastly effort to be playful, "but I can at least *amass* ; and I am trying hard to lay the foundation of some future fame before I come back to you. This sort of travelling will be out of the question *for you*, and after we are married I shall not like to do it alone."

When I had actually started on my return journey, I telegraphed the time at which I expected to arrive at home, and on reaching my London lodgings I found a note from Alison awaiting me. It was very brief, and only stated where she was to be found ; but I guessed from the tone of it that

something was wrong, and that she had some revelation to make.

When I actually stood before her, she looked very pale and sad. The mourning which she wore for her brother before I went away had not been changed for anything brighter ; it had not even been modified. She listened to my greetings quietly, and then sat down, clasping her hands in the intensity of some emotion.

"I want to tell you," she said, "of something dreadful that has happened since you went away," and then I knew that the thing had been done, and that my wild shots had not missed their mark.

A heap of papers and magazines lay beside her ; she took them up now, and began to finger them in an agitated manner.

"Some one," she said, "has done a wicked thing—some one who must have hated my brother, and been angry that justice had been done to him at last. See!" she went on, holding the papers towards me, "every one of them contains something written against his books."

I took them from her, and was glad to hold my head down, examining them. As I turned over the pages rapidly, I perceived that the writing in question was all mine. Some of it had been abbreviated, some a little altered, the editors having taken the responsibility of correction in my absence. One little essay, light and sarcastic in tone, had evidently fallen in altogether with the editorial mood ; it had been polished to a keener intensity of mocking evil, and some very sharp strokes of severity had been added to it.

"What is so strange," said Alison, in her low, troubled voice, "is, that people believe those wicked things. I know they do. I can see it by the way they begin to look at me, as if they were a little sorry, but it did not matter much. They are not *interested* as they were before, and glad to talk of my brother ; they just look at me for a moment in an observing sort of

manner, and then turn away. The most they will say now is, 'What a pity your brother died so young,'—as if he did not do enough to make his fame first!"

"You must be mistaken," I answered, still turning over the leaves, and wondering how I could have thought of so much severe criticism in one night; "such a change cannot take place all at once."

"Yet it has; and oh! how I have wished for you to come back and do something. My friends talk to me, and say that my brother's fame had not been established long enough to resist this attack; that your praise of him had started it, and that now every one remembers that you were his particular friend. Nobody cared for his writing, really—that's what they try to tell me in other words, to make me patient, but people were ashamed of not seeming to care when they heard that he was so clever, and a real genius. Now they can please themselves, because some one has dared to write slightly of him; and the sale of his books has stopped quite suddenly. It must be a very jealous and wicked person who has done it!"

"Why do you think it is one person? There are six essays here, in different papers."

"They are none of them signed; and I do not believe there are two persons in the world so cruel as that," she ended conclusively.

I put the papers down and looked at her at last.

"Alison," I said, "you know that I love you."

"I believe that you do," she answered, her face flushing, "that is why I ask you to help me."

"And that I was your brother's friend, and liked to be of service to him?"

"You have been before, and you will be again now," she said; but I went on without heeding her.

"How will you believe me, then, when I tell you that I wrote these papers, every one of them?"

"You!" She rose to her feet, confronting me.

"Yes, I!" I answered, rising too, and putting the papers down.

"I do not believe you. You are mad. You are ill. You do not know what you are saying."

"I know very well. It was to get away from this trouble that I left you and went abroad."

She trembled a little, and leaned on the table to support herself, looking at me with a white face.

"You could not do it," she said. "There was no motive. It is—some cruel joke."

"It is the miserable truth; and I will tell you the motive."

Then I sat down again, and told her, as rapidly and yet as fully as I could, the history of my temptation, how I had fled from it, returned to it, yielded to it.

She sank back in her chair as she listened, a look of perplexity, of incredulity, of pain, on her face. Once I thought there was a glimpse of fear there; but my calm manner, my steady voice, the coherence of my discourse, in spite of its strange subject, reassured her. She could not think that I was dangerously mad; it was easier to believe that I was, for some unknown reason, deceiving her.

When I had finished she looked at me quietly, and said, "You have had a strange delusion; and now you will confess all, and undo it."

"No," I said, "much as I love you, I don't think I shall ever undo it."

"Do you mean," she said, "that you will let the world go on reading those papers, not knowing why they were written?"

"Does the world know why I wrote the first; because he was my friend, and you were his sister?"

She paled a little at this, but answered, "It was true; you believed it."

"With modifications. And these papers are true, and I believe them, with modifications. No, I will interfere no more. I have but undone

what I did. If your brother's fame is a real thing, if his genius is a sufficient thing, his works will survive this attack. If they cannot survive it, if they owed their success entirely to what I wrote before, let them be forgotten; it is their proper fate."

"But I," she said, her eyes beginning to flame somewhat, "I can tell the world what you will not."

"You can please yourself," I answered; "the world will not, any more than you do, believe in my true motive. They will think my explanation a mere excuse to escape your anger. Will it then benefit your brother's fame for it to be known that the critic who praised him so highly at first repented afterwards and wrote these things?"

She became very pale indeed, and faltered, "You are too clever for me. I did not think of that."

I was touched with pity and tenderness at the sight of her trouble.

"Alison," I said, "forgive me, and let this go by. You cannot believe or understand what I have told you, but you can at least suppose that I have some good reason, and would not grieve you without cause. I have but undone what I did; your brother's fame stands as it was before I touched it. If it fades away and he is forgotten, he is spared the trouble of knowing it. He is gone, and can suffer no more from the world's caprices; but we have years of life before us. Let this be a closed book in the future. If you can forgive me I will strive to make up in other ways for this trouble; why should we not be happy yet, since we love one another?"

"I?" she said, drawing back, and speaking with scorching emphasis. "Do you think that I can love *you*, the traitor, the wicked injurer of the dead?"

"I hoped you loved me," I answered, "since you promised to be my wife."

"I will not break my promise," she said, "if you will undo this wickedness that you have done."

"It is impossible, much as I love you."

"Then let me never have the misery of looking on your face again," she answered passionately. And so she turned and left me.

I have never seen Alison since that day, but I have heard of her marriage to a clergyman, a very second-rate sort of man, who fancies, entirely without foundation, that he has a talent for composing hymns.

I cannot say that I have ever repented what I did, though it has made my life lonely, and brought trouble to the girl I loved. If I made a mistake, the error was a cruel one, to me as well as to others; but I am to-day as convinced of the reality of what I saw and heard as when I sat down and wrote those papers.

Alison did not exaggerate the consequence of their almost simultaneous appearance. Wilfrid Gale had not the qualities necessary to ensure popularity, though he was clever enough for people to admire him when told—with authority—that they ought to do so. When told, however, with equal authority, and more numerical force, that they might please themselves, they pleased themselves in the direction of forgetfulness and neglect.

After my parting with Alison Gale I went abroad again, and did not return to England for some years. During my absence Alison married, and many of my friends had time to forget me.

They had time also to forget the poor genius who had died too young, and for whom the mistaken zeal of a friend—as gossip said—had achieved a momentary popularity. When I came back I found that his name had slipped from people's memories, and his books had disappeared from the stalls. There was no demand for his works in the libraries, no reference to his productions in the current literature. Very few read him, and nobody quoted him. He was remembered, as a name one or two literary persons, but his

writings had, even with them, sunk into the haze of oblivion.

I went down to Alderthwaite Hall once more, and found a great peace and silence resting on its ivied chimneys and dwelling in its ancient walls. The ghosts had gone, set free at last from the sadness of their unreal existence. None thought of them, none remembered them; that mission of reflecting in a shadowy life the intense consciousness of men and women who believed in their identities, was over and done with. All were gone, except one, whose sad face still haunted the place with its patient sweetness.

It was even as she had guessed. The effort which broke the narrow bonds of her life, and rendered her capable of original action, had set her in a higher circle of existence than those who were her companions. As their consciousness grew less intense, their joy and sorrow less real, her individuality remained the same. Gradually she became more and more separated from those for whom she had done so much, and also from the old chain of circumstances and feelings which had bound her before. She stood aloof in her solitude, and saw the old life fall away, saw the old companions die out, till they were only faint echoes, or dim visions.

Then she was left alone, with no life to live, her career ended; her work successful for others, a failure for herself alone.

"But I do not repent," she said, speaking to me for the last time, "it was a good thing to do, and the rest are free. I would have done it for that alone. It used to seem a terrible thing to me, when first I grew to understand it, to think of all those lives marked out to live, those loves to be felt, those sins to be done, without any choice. But since then I have wondered in my great loneliness whether you in the larger world have any more choice, though you think you have. Those poor things thought they had, too, and I thought it once; and I have wondered whether

if any of you get far enough to see what you are, the hopelessness and the triviality of it will drive you to despair, as it did me. But I cannot tell. Will any of you be strong enough to reach a higher knowledge, and will it also prove to be death and oblivion? Will it be the fate of one, as it has been mine, to find that greater truth which is the end of life, and, having opened the door by which the others go out, to be left alone in all eternity with no way of passing through?"

"I should never have the courage to seek such a way," I answered, shuddering.

"You cannot tell what you would do if the need proved strong enough. And now I want to ask one thing for myself: this is for myself alone. It is that you will go away from this place again, and never return to it. I think of you always with gratitude and kindness. To have known you is some compensation for having been compelled, in the existence from which you delivered me, to love"—she stopped and shuddered. "I will not go back to that evil thought, which covers me still with humiliation. Your memory is pleasant to me, but your presence fills me with too strong a life. Too strong because I have nothing to do with it, and am as purposeless as a shadow. When you are far away my thoughts are dim like a dream. I hardly know that I go on existing; one day perhaps I may go out altogether. For you will forget me, perhaps, and it is only in your mind that I now live—not the old life, a newer though a lonelier one."

"I fear that I shall never forget you," I answered in a low voice.

"I must wait longer then," she answered with a wan sweet smile; "when the end comes for you it will come for me too. There is some pleasure in the thought. We have never lived the same life, I have been only a vision to you; but we may at least die together, and that will be a kind of meeting. Good-bye."

She smiled with a quivering lip, and

I put out my hand to touch hers. It seemed so real to me that I felt as if I might clasp it, and draw her from her shadowy world to my real one. But she drew back, shook her head, and smiled again.

"Let me go!" she said; "never call me to this stronger life again. It can only be an added pain to us both."

My hand dropped. I had no strength to protest, but watched her as she faded from my sight, and then put my hand over my eyes, feeling as if I had parted from a friend who was very dear to me.

I never saw her again. If she still haunts the old Hall at Alderthwaite I shall not know. Peace be with her sweet strong spirit if it has not yet found its rest!

I shall never marry. Alison was my first love; after I lost her I never looked on another woman whom I desired to make my wife. About them all, in spite of their fairness, there was something hard, and cold, and worldly. That vision that I had had of a suffering creature, who was willing to suffer still if her companions might be set free, came between me and all the bright beauty of girls who hardly knew what trouble was. It comes between me and my old ambitions now.

What a strange thing it is to look forward to my own death, knowing that it will bring *her* freedom and therefore her reward!

AMERICAN LEADS AT WHIST.

EVER since whist became a scientific game authorities have been agreed on one fundamental point, viz., that the original lead should be from the strongest suit.

About the year 1728, so far as is known, whist was first studied scientifically by a party of gentlemen frequenting the Crown coffee-house in Bedford Row. It is on record that these players laid down as their first rule, "Lead from the strong suit."

Shortly after this (1743) appeared Hoyle's 'Short Treatise on the Game of Whist.' Hoyle echoes the Crown dictum. His first "general rule" is, "When you lead, begin with the best suit in your hand." Payne, 'Maxims' (1773), says, "Begin with the suit of which you have most in number." Matthews, 'Advice' (1805), recommends leads from sequences of three cards or more, and adds, "If you have none, lead from your most numerous suit;" but when weak in trumps, he does not like leading from a long weak suit. This, however, is rather a contradiction in terms, as one of the elements of strength is number. "Cœlebs," 'Laws and Practice of Whist' (1851), states that "generally the primitive lead is from the strongest or most numerous suit." Clay, 'Treatise on Short Whist' (1864), remarks, "Let your first lead be from your strongest suit." The above list could be extended, but enough has been quoted to carry the point that there is a general *consensus* among writers on the game, as also among players, that *the original lead should be from the strongest suit*.

By "the" original lead is meant the very first lead of all. When the original leader loses the lead, and some one else opens a fresh suit, his lead is original in one sense, but is not *the* original lead. After one or two tricks

have been played, the fall of the cards may influence the next lead. It is not proposed to discuss here leads late in a hand. The following observations apply in their absolute form to "the" original lead only.

By the strongest suit is meant the suit of greatest number. It is not denied that there are exceptional hands, from which the suit of greatest number is not led originally. Thus a player may hold five, four, three, two, in one suit, and ace, king, queen, in another, and in his judgment it may be advisable to open the tierce major in preference to the suit of four small cards. But, in a theoretical discussion, such hands may be ignored, for the very reason that they *are* exceptional.

Four cards is the minimum number of a strong suit. Three is somewhat below the average of cards of the same suit in one hand; four is somewhat above the average. Hence, for present purposes, it may be taken that a strong suit is a suit of four or more cards.

The selection of card depends on the number of the cards in the suit, and on the number and value of the high cards.

Thus, a small card is led when the suit contains no honour; or, with two exceptions, when it contains only one honour. The honours are, of course, ace, king, queen, knave.

With ace and more than three small cards in a plain suit, ace is led, as, owing to the number of cards held in the suit (five at least), it is not great odds against the second round being trumped. Also when the only honour is the knave, and it is accompanied by at least the ten and the nine, then the knave is led.

When the suit contains two honours, if they are ace and king, it is obviously right, in plain suits, to lead

them in preference to a low card. If the two honours are king and queen, the king is led. Further, if the ten accompanies queen, knave, queen is led; and if ten accompanies king, knave, ten is led. In other cases a small card is led with two honours in the suit. With more than two honours in the suit, a high card is always led.

And observe, in three combinations from which a high card is led the second lead is a low card, viz., ace and four small cards; king (led from king, queen), when the king wins the trick; and ten (led from king, knave, ten), when the ten wins the trick.

In all other cases (bar exceptional conditions owing to the fall of the cards in the first trick, which can only be taken into account in a complete treatise), when a high card is led, the lead is followed by another high card.

A strong suit, then, may be opened in one of three ways:—1. A low card may be led. 2. A high card may be led, followed by a low card. 3. A high card may be led, followed by a high card.

Take first the case of a low card led. Which of the low cards of the strong suit should the original leader select?

A player somewhat advanced in the game would answer that, having no pretension to win the trick, the lowest card of all should be led, so as to avoid the possibility of any unnecessary sacrifice. He might add that, as between such cards as a two and a three, it is true there can be no sacrifice in leading the three; but that, having a rule of play, it is advisable to apply it uniformly, and that consequently he would always lead his lowest when opening a strong suit with a small card. And, indeed, this was the practice from the earliest period of scientific whist, until the year 1872.

About that time a number of highly intelligent players were in the habit of pursuing their favourite pastime at the County Club, in Albemarle Street.

They observed that the invariable lead of the lowest sometimes lost a trick to a very small card on the first round, should the third hand happen to be very weak in the leader's suit. Thus, leader has king, ten, nine, eight, two; second hand has queen, knave, five, four; third hand has six, three; fourth hand has ace, seven. The old-fashioned game was to lead the two. The second and third hands would play the four and the six respectively, and the fourth hand would win the trick with the *seven*. If, with these cards, the first lead is the *eight*, it forces the *ace* from the fourth hand, and leaves the leader with the winning card. From such a combination as the above there can be no doubt, as was soon decided, that the *eight*, and not the lowest card, is the most favourable one for the original lead.

Then the question arose—How far is this scheme to be carried? Holding an intermediate sequence of knave, ten, nine (say with the king above and the two below the sequence) even the old-fashioned players would begin with the nine in preference to the two. The example set out at length has already shown that if the intermediate sequence is ten, nine, eight, it is also right to begin with the eight. Who shall say that it is not right to begin with the seven, holding an intermediate sequence of nine, eight, seven? And how about an intermediate sequence of eight, seven, six?

The line could not be drawn, so the knot was cut by pursuing a uniform practice with *all* intermediate sequences of three cards. That is to say, with such a suit as queen, seven, six, five, two (containing an intermediate sequence of seven, six, five), the leader would open the game with the five, and not with the two.

And "Lo! a marvel came to light." Given the original lead from a strong suit, it was remarked that when the leader first produced, say, a five, and afterwards played a two, he must necessarily have led from great nume-

rical strength, that is from a suit of at least five cards.

Now it has been a maxim of scientific whist from time immemorial that it is an advantage to inform partner of strength in any particular suit, and especially of great strength. Hence, it having been discovered that a player could inform his partner of great strength by first leading his penultimate card, when he held an intermediate sequence, it began to be considered whether he should confine this advantage to suits containing such sequences. Why should he not, it was suggested, extend the rule to all suits of five or more cards, irrespective of their containing an intermediate sequence? To give a concrete example. From queen, six, five, four, two, the four was led, and the information was given. But from queen, six, four, three, two, the two was led, and the information was withheld. Why? Because the four, three, two sequence was not "intermediate." It was soon felt that this was splitting straws, and the rule to lead the penultimate card from all suits of five cards opened with a small card (whether containing an intermediate sequence or not), became established.

It was, however, hotly disputed in some quarters whether it is advisable to inform partners of such details of strength, bearing in mind that the information is also imparted to the adversaries. It would require a separate essay to thresh out the *pros* and *cons* of the Battle of the Penultimate. Suffice it to say that, with the exception of a small contingent of Irreconcilables, the penultimate system is now approved of by good players. And it is not to be supposed that penultimates are led, by gentlemen who play to win, out of any compliment to Drayson, Pole, "Cavendish" or other writers who uphold the system. Far from it. The plan is followed because it has been found to answer.

There is yet one step further. What is to be done with suits of more than five cards?

For a long time (that is, from 1872 to 1884) the penultimate was led from suits of five or more cards. The lead of the ante-penultimate from suits of six cards had been several times proposed, notably by Drayson in 1879. But the proposals fell flat until a year or two back, when Mr. Nicholas Browse Trist, of New Orleans, U.S.A., hit the nail on the head. He laid it down as a general principle that all long suits opened with a low card should be treated as though they contained the minimum of numerical strength only (that is, four cards), and that the *fourth-best card* should always be the one chosen for the first lead—lower cards being disregarded. Thus, from king, ten, nine, six, lead the six. From king, ten, nine, six, five, lead the six. From king, ten, nine, six, five, four, lead the six. And so on, whatever the procession of small cards lower than the six. The difference between the two schemes may be briefly stated thus:—for "lowest" and for "penultimate" read "fourth-best."

The advantage of this uniformity of lead is that partner always knows the leader holds exactly three cards in his suit higher than the one led. If the leader afterwards plays lower cards he still retains the three higher cards. An example will render the working of the fourth-best rule apparent. Put out the cards of one suit, and give the leader queen, knave, eight, seven, four, three. Give the second hand the ten; the third hand ace, king, nine; and the fourth hand six, five, two. The penultimate leader starts with the four. Second hand plays ten; third hand plays king; and fourth hand plays two. To the second trick the third hand leads ace. The fourth hand (now second to play) plays five; the original leader (now third hand) plays three; the other player renounces.

Now the original leader's partner knows (owing to the penultimate) that the lead was from at least five cards; but he cannot infer the value of any one of the three or

more cards remaining in the leader's hand.

Replace the suit as at first, and let the leader open with his fourth-best card—the American lead. He leads the seven; the others play ten, king, two, as before.

The third hand knows that the leader holds three cards all higher than the seven; ten having been played, and holding ace, nine, himself, he can mark queen, knave, eight in the leader's hand, just as though he saw them there. And, what is most valuable, the third hand knows *at once* that the leader has the entire command of the suit. This he did not know, even after the second round, according to the penultimate way of leading. The second trick the cards are played thus—ace; five; three; renounce. The play of the five shows that the leader holds the four, in addition to queen, knave, eight; and the only card the leader's partner cannot place is the six.

The difference, then, as regards partner's knowledge under the two methods is, that according to penultimate play the third hand knows almost nothing about the leader's suit; according to fourth-best, or American, play the third hand knows nearly everything. Especial attention is drawn to the fact that the most useful information, namely, that the leader commands the suit, is imparted by the American lead on the *first* round.

It is amazing that players who have got as far as penultimates should hesitate about adopting fourth-bests. They lead the fourth-best from a suit of four cards, they lead the fourth-best from a suit of five cards; but many of them will not lead the fourth-best from a suit of six cards. They have swallowed the camel and they strain at the gnat. For the first rule of American leads is simplicity itself. All it asks is this—

When you open your strong suit with a low card, lead your FOURTH-BEST.

There are three cases, already enumerated, where a high card having

been first led, the second lead is a low card. If these combinations are calculated it will be found that, bar trumping, the original lead of the low card is more likely to win tricks than that of the high card. So having led the high card the leader of the low card, to the next trick, is in much the same position as though he were about to open his suit with a low card, subject, of course, to contrary indications from the previous fall of the cards.

It is pretty evident then, if the fourth-best law is adopted, that the leader should continue with the low card he would originally have selected had he led that first. For instance; with ace, eight, seven, five, two, if the suit were opened (as it is in trumps) with a low card, the five would be chosen. In plain suits the ace is led. Prior to the introduction of fourth-bests the two was next led. But the fourth-best law points to the original fourth-best, viz., the five, as the card to be proceeded with. Hence the second rule of American leads (which is only supplementary to the first) is—

On quitting the head of your suit, after the first round, lead your ORIGINAL FOURTH-BEST.

The Battle of the Fourth-Best is now raging, as did years ago the battle of the penultimate. The old stock arguments against penultimates are urged against fourth-bests. It will be well to examine these arguments. They are three:—1. That the lead of the fourth-best complicates the game. 2. That fourth-bests seldom affect the result. 3. That the exact information given by fourth-bests is more advantageous to the adversaries than to the leader and his partner.

The complication argument, if sound, might be met by remarking it is no objection to the rules of play of an intellectual game that they should exercise the brains of the players. But it is more readily met by denying its soundness in fact. The leader's partner is only expected to observe that the leader holds three cards.

higher than the one he first led in the suit of his own choosing; or, in the case of a high card followed by a low one, that the leader holds two cards higher than the one led on the second round. That is all. If the leader's partner is clever enough also to note the absence of certain small cards, he may mentally place them in the leader's hand. But should he be a moderate player he is not obliged to do this. If he can do it he will derive the fullest possible advantage from the lead of the fourth-best; if he cannot (owing to inexperience or to want of observation), he will only derive part of the advantage he might obtain. As Clay wisely puts it, "The beginner should at first content himself by carefully observing the broad indications of the game. With care, and his eyes never wandering from the table, each day will add to the indications which he will observe and understand. Memory and observation will become mechanical to him and will cost him little effort, when all that will remain for him to do will be to calculate at his ease the best way of playing the remainder of his own and his partner's hands, in many cases, *as though he saw the greater portion of the cards laid face upwards on the table.*" The italics are ours.

The result argument overlooks the fact that, in their most important features, American leads have been anticipated. Whenever a young player leads his lowest from a suit of four cards, he, like M. Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it, makes an American lead without knowing it. So, whenever he leads the penultimate from a suit of five cards, he makes the American lead without knowing it. It is only when he comes to a six card suit, or to a suit of more than four cards from which he first leads a high card and then a low one, that he is invited to lead a card which, but for American leads, he would not have led. Consequently, the American lead only differs from the ordinary lead in a few cases; and it necessarily follows that the

result can only be affected in some of these few cases.

The advantage-to-adversary argument is more troublesome to combat. It is freely admitted that hands can be so arranged as to give the adversaries an advantage, in consequence of the adoption of the American system. The question remains—On which side will the balance of advantage lie in the long run? This question can only be answered by experience. So far as our experience goes no one who has once practised American leads has abandoned them because the practice has resulted in a loss.

And, it being admitted that it is an advantage to convey information of strength, it is contrary to all experience that incomplete information should be better than precise information. It may turn out to be so in this particular instance; but more than mere assertion is required to convince American leaders of the soundness of the doctrine that the leader ought to give his partner not too much information but just information enough.

When a suit is opened with a high card, and another high card is next led, it will in most instances be because the leader holds a third high card. Thus, with ace, queen, knave, &c., ace is first led, and then queen or knave. It is well established that with ace, queen, knave, four in suit, ace should be followed by queen; with more than four in suit, that ace should be followed by knave.

The reason is that, with the four card combination, the leader is not strong enough to tempt his partner to unblock the suit on the second round by playing the king; but that, with the five card combination, if partner originally holds king and two small ones, the leader wants the king out of the way, on the second round, to free his suit. The same applies to queen, knave, ten, four in suit or five in suit. With four lead queen, then knave; with more than four, lead queen, then ten. And, by analogy, from knave, ten, nine, four in suit, lead knave,

then ten; from knave, ten, nine, more than four in suit, lead knave, then nine.

It will be noticed that, in the examples, the higher of two indifferent cards is led when the lead was from a suit of four cards; that the lower of two indifferent cards is led when the lead was from a suit of more than four cards. About these leads happily there is no dispute.

It must be assumed that the reader knows the usual leads from combinations of high cards. The only point sought by the American plan is to procure a uniform system of leading from high indifferent cards. And seeing that, in the cases quoted, the second lead depends on the *number* of cards held in the suit, the American law follows almost as a matter of course, viz. :—

With two high indifferent cards, on the second round lead THE HIGHER if you had four in suit originally; THE LOWER if you had more than four.

Thus, with king, knave, ten, &c., the ten is led. If the queen is not played to the first trick the remaining cards are not indifferent, and the rule does not apply. But if queen, or queen, ace, come out on the first round and the leader now obtains the lead again, his king and knave are indifferent cards. If, then, he proceeds with the king, the higher of the indifferent cards, he tells his partner he remains with knave and one small card; if he proceeds with the knave, the lower of the indifferent cards, he tells his partner that he remains with king and at least two small cards.

Or, in trumps, if the lead is from ace, king, queen, the queen is first led. Now king and ace are indifferent cards. Ace being the second lead, the leader still holds king and at most one small trump; king being the second lead the leader still holds ace and at least two small trumps. Or, from king, queen, knave, at least two small cards, knave is led, both in trumps and in plain suits; and king and queen are in-

different cards. If the king is the second lead, the cards in the leader's hand are queen and two small ones exactly; if the queen is the second lead, the leader has still in hand king and at least three small ones.

In order to lead properly from high cards it is essential to be sure that the high cards *are* indifferent. In this consists the only trouble with regard to these leads. Players who know the ordinary leads can apply the rule readily. Players who are not familiar with leads from high cards will first have to learn, by heart, what everybody who pretends to play whist ought to know.

Some few writers have recently advised the adoption of the American system when the leader is strong in trumps, and the retention of the old-fashioned system when the leader is weak in trumps. This may be all very well as a matter of judgment on obtaining the lead and opening a suit for the first time towards the middle of the hand. But as regards "the" original lead it can hardly be argued that a mixed system—or rather no system—is preferable to a uniform method. "The" original lead proceeds on the assumption that the third player holds his average of good and bad cards. Hence, if the leader's partner has a strong, or even an average hand, his play may be seriously hampered by withholding information which must be given by the first lead of all or not at all.

It may be asked, Why should players trouble themselves to learn American leads when in many cases the old-fashioned lead answers nearly or quite as well? The answer is simple. American leads propose a systematic course when opening the strong suit, and substitute general principles for rule of thumb. They thus elevate the character of the game, and they enable even beginners to speak the Language of Whist intelligibly for the benefit of partners who understand it.

CAVENDISH.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

THE GREAT GLADSTONE MYTH.¹

IN the post-Christian myths of the Teutonic race settled in England no figure appears more frequently and more mysteriously than that of Gladstone, or Mista Gladstone. To unravel the true germinal conception of Gladstone, and to assign to all the later accretions of myth their *provenance* and epoch, are the problems attempted in this chapter. It is almost needless (when we consider the perversity of men and the lasting nature of prejudice) to remark that some still see in Gladstone a shadowy historical figure. Just as our glorious mythical Siegfried has been falsely interpreted as the shadowy traditional Arminius (the Arminius of Tacitus, not of Leo Adollescens,) projected on the mists of the Brocken, so Gladstone has been recognised as a human hero of the Fourth Dynasty. In this capacity he has been identified with Gordon (probably the north wind), with Spurgeon,² whom I have elsewhere shown to be a river god, and with Livingstone. In the last case the identity of the suffix "stone," and the resemblance of the ideas of "joy" and of "vitality," lend some air of speciousness to a fundamental error. Livingstone is *ohne zweifel*, a form (like Cox) of the midnight sun, now fabled to wander in the "Dark Con-

tinents," now alluded to as lost in the cloudland of comparative mythology. Of all these cobwebs spun by the spiders of sciolism, the Euhemeristic or Spencerian view—that Gladstone is an historical personage—has attracted most attention. Unluckily for its advocates, the whole contemporary documents of the Fourth Dynasty have perished. When an over-educated and over-rated populace, headed by two mythical figures, Wat Tyler and one Jo,³ rose in fury against the School Boards and the Department, they left nothing but tattered fragments of the literature of the time. Consequently we are forced to reconstruct the Gladstonian myth by the comparative method, that is, by comparing the relics of old Ritual treatises, hymns, imprecations, and similar religious texts, with works of art, altars, and statues, and with popular traditions and folk-lore. The results, again, are examined in the light of the Vedas, the Egyptian monuments, and generally of everything that, to the unscientific eye, seems most turbidly obscure in itself, and most hopelessly remote from the subject in hand. The aid of Philology will not be rejected because Longus, or Longinus, has⁴ meanly argued that her services must be accepted with cautious diffidence. On the contrary, Philology is the only

¹ A chapter from Prof. Boscher's 'Post-Christian Mythology.' Berlin and New York, A.D. 3886.

² Both these names are undoubtedly Greek neuter substantives.

No. 316.—VOL. LIII.

³ Lieblein speaks ('Egyptian Religion,' 1884, Leipzig,) of "the mythical name Jo." Already had Continental *savants* dismissed the belief in a historical Jo, a leader of the Demos.

⁴ There seems to be some mistake here.

real key to the labyrinths of post-Christian myth.

The philological analysis of the name of Gladstone is attempted, with very various results, by Roth, Kuhn, Schwartz, and other contemporary descendants of the old scholars. Roth finds in "Glad" the Scotch word "gled," a hawk or falcon. He then adduces the examples of the Hawk-Indra, from the Rig Veda, and of the Hawk-headed Osiris, both of them indubitably personifications of the sun. On the other hand, Kuhn, with Schwartz, fixes his attention on the suffix "stone," and quotes, from a fragment attributed to Shakespeare, "the all-dreaded thunder stone." Schwartz and Kuhn conclude, in harmony with their general system, that Gladstone is really and primarily the thunder-bolt, and secondarily the spirit of the tempest. They quote an isolated line from an early lay about the "Pilot who weathered the storm," which they apply to Gladstone in his human or political aspect, when the storm-spirit had been anthropomorphised, and was regarded as an ancestral politician. But such scanty folklore as we possess assures us that the storm, on the other hand, weathered Gladstone; and that the poem quoted refers to quite another person, also named William, and probably identical with William Tell—that is, with the sun, which of course brings us back to Roth's view of the hawk, or solar Gladstone, though this argument in his own favour has been neglected by the learned mythologist. He might also, if he cared, adduce the solar stone of Delphi, fabled to have been swallowed by Cronus. Kuhn, indeed, lends an involuntary assent to this conclusion (*Ueber Entwick. der Myth.*) when he asserts that the stone swallowed by Cronus was the setting sun. Thus we have only to combine our information to see how correct is the view of Roth, and how much to be preferred to that of Schwartz and Kuhn. Gladstone, philologically considered, is the "hawk-stone," combining with the attributes

of the Hawk-Indra and Hawk-Osiris those of the Delphian sun-stone, which we also find in the Egyptian Ritual for the Dead.¹ The ludicrous theory that Gladstone is a territorial surname, derived from some place, "Gledstane" (*Falkenstein*), can only be broached by men ignorant of even the grammar of Sanskrit; dabbblers who mark with a pencil the pages of travellers and missionaries. We conclude, then, that Gladstone is, primarily, the hawk-sun, or sun-hawk.

From philology we turn to the examination of literary fragments, which will necessarily establish our already secured position (that Gladstone is the sun), or so much the worse for the fragments. These have reached us in the shape of burned and torn scraps of paper, covered with printed texts, which resolve themselves into hymns, and imprecations or curses. It appears to have been the custom of the worshippers of Gladstone to salute his rising, at each dawn, with printed outcries of adoration and delight, resembling in character the Osirian hymns. These are sometimes couched in rhythmical language, as when we read—

"[Gla]dstone, the pillar of the People's hopes,"—

to be compared with a very old text, referring obscurely to "the People's William," and "a popular Bill," doubtless one and the same thing, as has often been remarked. Among the epithets of Gladstone which occur in the hymns, we find "versatile," "accomplished," "philanthropic," "patriotic," "statesmanlike," "subtle," "eloquent," "illustrious," "persuasive," "brilliant," "clear," "unambiguous," "resolute." All of those are obviously intelligible only when applied to the sun. At the same time we note a fragmentary curse of the greatest importance, in which Gladstone is declared to be the beloved object of "the Divine Figure from the North," or "the Great

¹ "Le pierre sorti du soleil se retrouve au Livre des Souffles." Lefébure, 'Osiris,' p. 204. Brugsch, 'Shai-n. sinain,' i. 9.

White Czar." This puzzled the learned, till a fragment of a Muellerian disquisition was recently unearthed. In this text¹ it was stated, on the authority of Brinton, that "the Great White Hare" worshipped by the Red Indians was really, when correctly understood, the Dawn. It is needless to observe (when one is addressing scholars) that "Great White Hare" (in Algonkin, *Manibozho*) becomes *Great White Czar* in Victorian English. Thus the Divine Figure from the North, or White Czar, with whom Gladstone is mythically associated, turns out to be the Great White Hare, or Dawn Hero, of the Algonkins. The sun (Gladstone) may naturally and reasonably be spoken of in mythical language as the "Friend of the Dawn." This proverbial expression came to be misunderstood, and we hear of a Liberal statesman, Gladstone, and of his affection for a Russian despot. The case is analogous to Apollo's fabled love for Daphne = Dâhana, the Dawn. While fragments of laudatory hymns are common enough, it must not be forgotten that dirges or curses (*Diræ*) are also discovered in the excavations. These *Diræ* were put forth both morning and evening, and it is interesting to note that the imprecations vented at sunset ("evening papers," in the old mythical language) are even more severe and unsparing than those uttered ("morning papers") at dawn.

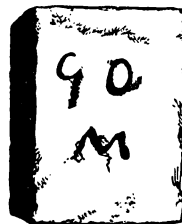
How are the imprecations to be explained? The explanation is not difficult, nothing *is* difficult—to a comparative mythologist. Gladstone is the sun, the enemy of Darkness. But Darkness has her worshippers as well as Light. Set, no less than Osiris, was adored in the hymns of Egypt, perhaps by kings of an invading Semitic tribe. Now there can be no doubt that the enemies of Gladstone, the *Rishis*, or hymn-writers who execrated him, were regarded by his worshippers as a darkened class, foes of enlightenment. They are spoken of as "the stupid party,"

¹ 'Nineteenth Century,' December, 1885.

as "obscurantists," and so forth, with the usual amenity of theological controversy. It would be painful, and is unnecessary, to quote from the curses, whether matins or vespers, of the children of night. Their language is terribly severe, and, doubtless, was regarded as blasphemy by the sun-worshippers. Gladstone is said to have "no conscience," "no sense of honour," to be so fugitive and evasive in character, that one might almost think the moon, rather than the sun, was the topic under discussion. But, as Roth points out, this is easily explained when we remember the vicissitudes of English weather, and the infrequent appearances of the sun in that climate. By the curses, uttered as they were in the morning, when night has yielded to the star of day, and at evening, when day is, in turn, vanquished by night, our theory of the sun Gladstone is confirmed beyond reach of cavil; indeed the solar theory is no longer a theory, but a generally recognised fact.

Evidence, which is bound to be confirmatory, reaches us from an altar and from works of art. The one altar of Gladstone is by some explained as the pedestal of his statue, while the anthropological sciolists regard it simply as a milestone! In speaking to scholars it is hardly necessary even to touch on this preposterous fallacy, sufficiently confuted by the monument itself.

On the road into western England, between the old sites of Bristol and London, excavations recently laid bare the very interesting monument figured here.



Though some letters or hieroglyphs are defaced, there can be no doubt that the inscription is correctly read G. O. M.

The explanation which I have proposed (*Zeitschrift für Ang. Ant.*) is universally accepted by scholars. I read *Gladstonio Optimo Maximo*, "To Gladstone, Best and Greatest," a form of adoration, or adulation, which survived in England (like municipal institutions, the game laws, and trial by jury) from the date of the Roman occupation. It is a plausible conjecture that Gladstone stepped into the shoes of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. Hence we may regard him (like Osiris) as the sum of the monotheistic conception in England.

This interpretation is so manifest, that, could science sneer, we might laugh at the hazardous conjectures of smatterers ignorant even of the grammar of Sanskrit. They, as usual, are greatly divided among themselves. The Spencerian or Euhemeristic school,—if that can be called a school

"Where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments all day long
On all things, unashamed,"—

protests that the monument is a pedestal of a lost image of Gladstone. The inscription (G. O. M.) is read "Grand Old Man," and it is actually hinted that this was the *petit nom*, or endearing title, of a real historical politician. Weak as we may think such reasonings, we must regard them as, at least, less unscholarly than the hypothesis that the inscription should be read

"90 M."

meaning "ninety miles from London." It is true that the site whence the monument was excavated is at a distance of ninety miles from the ruins of London, but that is a mere coincidence, on which it were childish to insist. Scholars know at what rate such accidents should be estimated, and value at its proper price one unimpeachable equation like G. O. M.=*Gladstonio Optimo Maximo*.

It is, of course, no argument against this view that the authors of the *Diræ* regard Gladstone as a maleficent being. How could they do otherwise? They were the scribes of

the opposed religion. Diodorus tells us about an Ethiopian sect which detested the Sun. A parallel, as usual, is found in Egypt, where Set, or Typhon, is commonly regarded as a maleficent spirit, the enemy of Osiris, the midnight sun. None the less it is certain that under some dynasties Set himself was adored—the deity of one creed is the Satan of its opponents. A curious coincidence seems to show (as Bergaigne thinks) that Indra, the chief Indo-Aryan deity, was occasionally confounded with Vrittra, who is usually his antagonist. The myths of Egypt, as reported by Plutarch, say that Set, or Typhon, forced his way out of his mother's side, thereby showing his natural malevolence even in the moment of his birth. The myths of the extinct Algonkins of the American continent repeat absolutely the same tale about Malsumis, the brother and foe of their divine hero, Glooskap. Now the Rig Veda (iv. 18, 1-3) attributes this act to Indra, and we may infer that Indra had been the Typhon, or Set, or Glooskap, of some Aryan kindred, before he became the chief and beneficent god of the Kusika stock of Indo-Aryans. The evil myth clung to the good god. By a similar process we may readily account for the imprecations, and for the many profane and blasphemous legends, in which Gladstone is represented as oblique, mysterious, and equivocal. (Compare Apollo Loxias.) The same class of ideas occurs in the myths about Gladstone "in Opposition" (as the old mythical language runs), that is, about the too ardent sun of summer. When "in Opposition," he is said to have found himself in a condition "of more freedom and less responsibility," and to "have made it hot for his enemies," expressions transparently mythical. If more evidence were wanted, it would be found in the myth which represents Gladstone as the opponent of Huxley. As every philologist knows, Huxley, by Grimm's law, is Huskley, the hero of a "husk myth" (as Ralston styles it), a brilliant being enveloped in a husk,

probably the night or the thunder-cloud. The dispute between Gladstone and Huskley as to what occurred at the Creation is a repetition of the same dispute between Wainamoinen and Jonkahainen, in the Kalewala of the Finns. Released from his husk the opponent becomes Beaconsfield = the field of light, or radiant sky.

In works of art Gladstone is represented as armed with an axe. This, of course, is probably a survival from the effigies of Zeus Labrandeus, *den Man auf Münzen mit der streitaxt erblickt* (Preller, i. 112). We hear of axes being offered to Gladstone by his worshippers. Nor was the old custom of clothing the image of the god (as in the sixth book of the 'Iliad') neglected. We read that the people of a Scotch manufacturing town, Galashiels, presented the Midlothian Gladstone (a local hero) with "trouserings," which the hero graciously accepted. Indeed he was remarkably unlike Death, as described by Æschylus, "Of all gods, Death only reckes not of gifts." Gladstone, on the other hand, was the centre of a lavish system of sacrifice—loaves of bread, axes, velocipedes, books, in vast and overwhelming numbers, were all dedicated at his shrine. Hence some have identified him with Irving, also a deity propitiated (as we read in Hatton) by votive offerings. In a later chapter I show that Irving is really one of the Asvins of Vedic mythology, "the Great Twin Brethren," or, in mythic language, "the Corsican Brothers" (compare Myrriantheus on the Asvins). His inseparable companion is Wilson-Barret.

Among animals the cow is sacred to Gladstone; and, in works of art, gems and vases (or "jam-pots"). He is represented with the cow at his feet, like the mouse of Horus, of Apollo Smintheus, and of the Japanese God of Plenty (see an ivory in the Henley Collection). How are we to explain the companionship of the cow? At other times the Sun-hero sits between the horns of the Cow-Goddess Dilemma, worshipped at Westminster.

(Compare Brugsch, 'Religion und Mythologie der alten Aegypter,' P. 168, "Die Darstellungen Zeigen uns den Sonnengott zwischen den Hörnern der Kuh sitzend.") The idea of Le Page Renouf, and of Pierret and De Rougé, is that the cow is a symbol of some Gladstonian attribute, perhaps "squeezability," a quality attributed to the hero by certain Irish minstrels. I regard it as more probable that the cow is (as in the Veda) the rain-cloud, released from prison by Gladstone, as by Indra. At the same time the cow, in the Veda, stands for Heaven, Earth, Dawn, Night, Cloud, Rivers, Thunder, Sacrifice, Prayer, and Soma. We thus have a wide field to choose from, nor is our selection of very much importance, as any, or all, of these interpretations will be welcomed by Sanskrit scholars. The followers of McLennan have long ago been purged out of the land by the edict of Oxford against this sect of mythological heretics. *They* would doubtless have maintained that the cow was Gladstone's totem, or family crest, and that, like other totemists, he was forbidden to eat beef.

It is curious that on some old and worn coins we detect a half-obliterated male figure lurking behind the cow. The inscription may be read "Jo," or "Io," and appears to indicate Io, the cow-maiden of Greek myth (see the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus).

In addressing scholars it is needless to refute the Euhemeristic hypothesis, worthy of the Abbé Banier, that the cow is a real cow, offered by a real historical Gladstone, or by his companion, Jo, to the ignorant populace of the rural districts. We have already shown that Jo is a mythological name. The tendency to identify Gladstone with the cow (as the dawn with the sun) is a natural and edifying tendency, but the position must not be accepted without further inquiry. Caution, prudence, a tranquil balancing of all available evidence, and an absence of preconceived opinions, these are the guiding stars of comparative mythology.

THE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

So much has been written and said about Egypt during the past few years that it may be asked, "What circumstances can justify a further infliction upon such a tiresome subject?" The question is so reasonable that I will at once explain the motives which induce me to give publicity to the impressions produced upon my mind by a visit in November last to that interesting country. The circumstances in which I visited it were in some respects exceptional. Ten years ago I left Egypt after a residence of about four years, having interested myself in all its concerns, and especially in its financial position, and having mixed freely with its people, with whom I had the advantage of conversing in their own language. Thus, in revisiting the scene of former labours, I was perhaps enabled to realise more fully than those who had followed events from day to day the importance and significance of the changes which had taken place since Egypt was administered by a Government under British guidance. Over those who visited the country for the first time, I had the decided advantage of comparing the actual situation with well-known past conditions. Further, from a varied circle of acquaintances, both native and foreign, and in virtue of my absolutely independent position, I heard the views of all parties, from the contented foreign functionary to the rabid anti-British foreigner, and the simple peasant. I went to Egypt entirely unbiassed; indeed, rather prepared to find the situation better than many supposed it. I heard with perfect impartiality what every one had to say, and I am certain no one had cause to play a part before me. My motive, therefore, in writing my impressions upon some

important questions affecting our position in Egypt is the belief that an altogether impartial opinion, in the exceptional circumstances just described, may prove interesting and profitable.

The subject is one of far wider and more intense interest to our nation than I find is appreciated by the mass of the British public. It is no party question, but essentially an imperial one, involving our national honour and affecting the pockets of the British taxpayers. We have assumed in Egypt a position of the gravest responsibility, and it is now too late to examine whether the assumption of that responsibility was wise or necessary. My conviction is that a series of diplomatic acts, I had almost said *errors*, led us into responsibilities which we might have avoided, and which there was no imperious necessity to assume; but in the life of nations, as well as of individuals, there are often created situations from which retreat is impossible, and when the acts of yesterday can neither be ignored nor annulled to-day.

Rightly or wrongly, we upset the order of things which existed in Egypt, and in doing so, perhaps unwittingly but no less truly, we excited foreign jealousies and aroused national and natural prejudices. We wrought havoc in our course with individual interests, and destroyed the fortunes of many. The ruins of Alexandria and the extinction of a trade with the Soudan which represented at the lowest calculation a value of two millions sterling per annum are only some of the more palpable evidences of that havoc. We undertook the responsibility of guiding the destinies of a people who did not seek our guidance, and we promised to create a new order of administration which would be more

beneficial to the people than that which existed in the past. In our efforts to accomplish this we have already squandered some twenty millions of British money, and, including indemnities, have burdened Egypt with some six or seven millions sterling, have sacrificed thousands of precious lives, and have lost to Egypt territory of vast extent and of vital importance to the tranquillity of what remains. Terrible as all this seems to be, it is so well known that it requires no detailed proof to the even cursory reader of newspapers during the past three years. But what is still more sad is that our action, as far as I could see in Egypt, has been so barren of results as to fill us with feelings of despair. Thanks to a military occupation of the country by some fifteen thousand British soldiers, our road to India may be considered secure; but every one of these soldiers is required to hold in check enemies which we should never have heard of had we not assumed our Egyptian responsibilities, and which probably would never have existed had we left the country alone.

In these sentiments no one would more willingly advocate than I the oft-talked-of policy of scuttling from Egypt. But it is with infinite regret that I have been brought to the conviction that such a policy is now impossible, and would involve disaster to Egypt, and dishonour as well as disaster to England. It would be to intensify all the evils we have already unintentionally caused to Egypt—to kill brutally the patient we had in moments of heedlessness interfered to possess and engaged to cure. I desire distinctly to be at one with my readers on this point; for it is the conviction of the impossibility now to throw off the responsibilities we have assumed which leads me to examine the causes of the unsatisfactory position in Egypt, to indicate certain modifications in our mode of action, and to draw attention to evils which require to be remedied even at the cost of some inconvenience

to ourselves. The past as well as the present Government have invariably admitted that we cannot quit Egypt until we can leave behind us a settled Government; and this essential contingency places the policy of scuttling in a future of which there is no possible vision in the present. The statement may be proper in diplomatic correspondence with other powers, but it is of no practical interest to the British public, whose purses and blood have to be drawn upon until that problematic contingency occurs.

Some, and I found their number numerous among foreign residents of all nationalities in Egypt, advocate, as a remedy for a situation which they find intolerable, the taking over entirely by Great Britain of the government of Egypt; and another solution, of which we often hear, is the proclaiming of a Protectorate by England. I will not waste time in examining the possibility or the opportunity of either of these propositions. To my mind the first would be a folly, the second a useless formality.

The only practical view of the question is this. Seeing that we cannot reverse our action in the past, can we not, guided by apparent defects in its execution hitherto, and undertaking courageously its manifest obligations, hope to redeem our pledges, and working upon clearly defined lines gradually obtain the objects we have in view? It is because I think we can that I undertake the invidious task of criticising what has been done, and the duty of stimulating the British public to discard from the consideration of the Egyptian question all party feelings, and to assist in the improvement of the material situation of Egypt.

Our first necessity is clearly to define the position which England has taken up in regard to Egypt. Our direct interference in Egypt—an interference supported by a military force—had, in general terms, three objects in view: first, to establish a settled native government there; second, to advance the material interests of the country;

and third, to see that its international engagements were properly respected. Such, I think, fairly represent the expressed views of the past and present government of England in regard to Egypt. Now, the impression which I carried away with me from Egypt was, that the progress we have made and are making to the first and second of these objects is very small.

Let us examine the situation in reference to the first of them. Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive-elect of England, seems to have an easy position, and looks the very picture of health and happiness. But ask whether His Highness is gaining possession of the hearts of his people; whether he is becoming such a part of the national existence as to give us the near prospect of seeing him the cherished father of his people—the head of an established order of things which exists on account of its inherent vitality? I am sorry to say that I did not meet any one who would have answered those questions affirmatively. On the contrary, the consensus of opinions which I heard was that Tewfik Pasha, notwithstanding his many deserving qualities, exists only as Khedive in virtue of the presence of British bayonets in the country. The Council of Ministers in Egypt means Nubar Pasha, just as the Liberal party in England means Mr. Gladstone. The reputation of Nubar Pasha is European. He is certainly the ablest man in Egypt, and a statesman who would make his mark in any country. Yet no one could pretend that the Council of Ministers in Egypt possesses the sympathy of the nation. Little need be said of the Legislative Assembly which forms part of the administrative machinery to which Lord Dufferin's mission gave existence. It is treated as a kind of *enfant terrible*, whose voice is to be heard as little as possible, for it is sure to utter discordant notes. The fact is the Legislative Assembly simply expresses the unpopularity of the present administrative state of things. It is not that Tewfik

Pasha is a bad Khedive, or that Nubar Pasha is an incompetent Minister. Quite the contrary. But it is that the foreign counsel which we impose upon them is too patent, too fussy, too arbitrary and too absorbing. They cannot acquire popular sympathy, for they are no other in the eyes of the people than the executive agents of a foreign power. No effort is made to conceal this foreign action. It is flaunted in the face of the public on every possible occasion, and served out to it in financial, judicial, and administrative literature in foreign languages, which seem to know no end. We do not leave the initiative to the native rulers, but we take every means of demonstrating that all the initiative comes from foreigners. And as that initiative is most frequently the invention of Western innovators, in consonant with Eastern ideas, it is not only popularly distasteful, but renders the executive agents, through whom it is dispensed, odious to the country. The "masterful hand of the resident," to which Lord Dufferin alluded in his able report, would have been a hundred times more beneficial—for its essential characteristic is that it works unseen by the people, and does not lessen the prestige of the ruler. Our counsel in Egypt is not of the nature of advice given in a discreet and entirely confidential way, which may influence while publicly unheard of, but rather the noisy imposition of new-fangled schemes. Given that we wish to create a native government which possesses the sympathy of the country, we have hitherto gone a strange way to work in its creation. We have seemed to fancy, or proceeded as if we fancied, that the foreign element we have put into the administration might become popular either from its individual characteristics or from its exploits. No greater fallacy can be indulged in, and we shall never succeed in our objects until we frankly recognise this. The Egyptian people do not differ in this respect from any other peoples. It is in human nature that an element

foreign in sympathies, essentially different in education and experience, destitute of the direct touch which comes from intercourse and knowledge of the language of the country, should be antipathetic to the native population. And it is in recognition of this fact that we preferred to select as our object the strengthening of a native element rather than the imposition of a foreign. But in the execution of our plan we have miserably failed. The task which we set ourselves was not the reformation of Egypt by substituting a highly-civilised administration in place of a semi-civilised, but rather the gradual strengthening of the existing semi-civilised organisation. This latter is a work of patience—the achievement of years of persevering effort, whose progress must not be judged by results obtained in a few months, but by a steady advance towards the desired object during a series of years. And yet we introduce in feverish haste far-reaching innovations before the country is prepared for them; ignore native opinion when it is not in harmony with our Western ideas; allow our agents to assume the part of initiators when their duty ought to be to eclipse themselves as much as possible from public view; and we impair the authority of the authorised native agents by the high-handed action of foreign functionaries. A few examples will suffice to justify this statement.

An important foreign functionary was justly indignant at the number of persons he found under arrest during several months without trial; but his remedy of opening the prison doors and letting all go free was an unwise and high-handed proceeding, which might be justifiable on the part of a conqueror desirous of making himself popular, but subversive of all discipline on the part of a subordinate functionary.

We have introduced judicial innovations in regard to the forced sale of land for debt. However reasonable the measure may appear to Western legislators, it is entirely opposed to the

principles of legislation which have always existed in all Mussulman countries, where the doctrine is established that “no sale or transfer of land can take place without the express consent of the proprietor, except for the unique purpose of public utility.” Under this system creditors and debtors had got along for centuries, and all conventions between the two had been established in conformity with these conditions. Justice at least demanded that in introducing an innovation which improved the position of the creditor, the terms of the bargain to which the debtor had consented, should have been modified. Because the produce of the land was the security of the debt, the debtor had consented to pay a usurious rate of interest; but when, by a forced innovation, the security of the debt became supplemented by the land itself, no more than a legal rate of interest should have been accorded to the creditor. To the imprudence, therefore, of hastily modifying the long-established principles which had regulated the possession of property, was added a neglect of the first elements of justice towards the weakest of the two parties interested. Instead of contenting ourselves with improving the administration of justice gradually, we introduce precipitately new principles of law; and it is to such precipitate innovations, which were entirely outside our programme, that we owe the largest amount of the antipathy and hostility to foreign intervention which exists in the great mass of the Egyptian people.¹

¹ In connection with the anti-Mussulman innovation of judicial sale of land for debt a circumstance often repeated to me shows how strong are the prejudices of the natives and how little confidence they have in the permanency of the present order of things. Even when the natives desire to acquire land exposed for sale judicially they prefer to pay a much higher price to a first purchaser who accepts the risk of what they consider an illegal sale, and who gives them a title-deed before a “Kadi.” They have the conviction that on the return of purely Mussulman jurisdiction in Egypt all the present judicial sales would be declared illegal and the title-deeds worthless.

Again, from time immemorial a common punishment in Egypt was what is known as the *kourbash*, a punishment resembling the "cat o' nine tails" in common use in our own country thirty years ago. The *kourbash* was the weapon of order in the country. From sentimental motives we forced the native government, against its better judgment, to throw away that weapon, not gradually but precipitately. We might have recommended the suppression of the penalty in trivial cases, and that its illegal use should be a misdemeanour of the highest gravity; but its precipitate abolition was unwise because we had prepared nothing to replace it in a country where imprisonment is only looked upon as a transfer to more comfortable quarters than are enjoyed at home. Thus along with the shout of triumph upon the abolition of the *kourbash*, which is recorded in the Blue Book No. 15 of 1885, we hear on all hands of the difficulties created in the preservation of order, and in the execution of necessary works of public utility.

At a railway station in Egypt I heard a native farmer loudly crying out that he had been forcibly deprived of the produce of twenty-five acres of his best land, and adding a variety of maledictory expressions towards the foreign administration represented by two Englishmen whom he was addressing. I had occasion to converse with the latter at the next station, and was informed of the cause of this scandal. Complaint had been made to the irrigation-officers that the land of a certain peasant was receiving no water. On repairing to the spot the officer found that the owner of the piece of ground between the water-course and the dry patch of land had ploughed up and sown the passage through which the water should have been led. The matter was reported to the local Mudir, and he was requested to remedy the evil. Some days passed during which no action was taken. Losing patience, the young English-

man proceeded himself to discharge the functions of the local Mudir, and cut a channel through the intervening land. "I admit," he said, "that I took a deal of the man's land, but he deserved it. There will be a grand row about the thing; at all events the patch is watered." No doubt there was a case of injustice, and some days would have been required to bring pressure upon the local Mudir to do his duty; yet the pressure would have delivered the Mudir from the ill-will of the perpetrator of the injustice, who was an influential proprietor, and the disagreeable action would have been taken in a legal way. The "grand row" which the officer foresaw as the result of his extrajudicial procedure would have been avoided, and possibly a solution less disastrous to the proprietor of the intervening land might have been found. Our young and zealous functionaries boil over at the sight of injustices which they find existing around them; they are impatient of the slowness which characterises all action in Oriental countries; but they are too apt to forget that a violent remedy is often more hurtful than a slow but patient curing. In this case the land was watered a few days sooner, but the authority of the local Mudir was impaired and his administrative superiors were ignored. This is only a trivial example of what goes on in frequent instances and in important matters.

To create a native government which can hope for popular sympathy we must be more careful than in the past to allow it all the prestige of power; we must leave it to work towards its ends in the way which its local knowledge and experience dictates, and we must diminish to its utmost minimum all foreign interference and the use of foreign officials. This course may imply slower progress and the continuance of much that is discordant to the notions of Western civilisation, but only by it can we hope to work

out a plan which has no other pretension than to assist Egypt to govern herself. The plan may not succeed, but at least it deserves a fair and favourable trial, which it has not yet had, and never will have until the Egyptian ministry is left more free to administer according to its own lights and to devise in its own way its projects for the general good. Whatever we may individually think of the corruption of subordinate Egyptian officials we must remember that they are the only properly available administrative element in the country, and that they must be used and improved, not set aside. We have joined in imposing upon Egypt international obligations of a most grievous and burdensome nature for the benefit of foreign creditors, and our duty is to diminish to the utmost in our power, and even accept certain sacrifices to alleviate, the load and the vexations which we too heedlessly assisted in imposing.

This last observation leads me naturally to explain the impression which I formed of the present and future condition of agriculturists in Egypt. I had hoped to find a decided improvement in the position of that interesting class upon which the welfare of Egypt depends. Greater regularity in the collection of the taxes which weigh upon property, and the improvements in irrigation from the able and experienced efforts of Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, led me to anticipate that I should find the farmers in a materially better condition than they were before we upset the government of Ismail Pasha and undertook to guide the destinies of Egypt. Both of these benefits, I was glad to find, existed in reality. The system pursued in the collection of the taxes upon land is admirable. By the tax-paper which is furnished to the proprietor of land at the beginning of each financial year not only does he know the exact amount which he owes, but also the date before which each instalment has to be paid. Thus the farmer is freed

from all vexatious exactions, and is enabled to provide beforehand for his engagements to the State. Also the good work which Colonel Scott-Moncrieff has already been able to achieve was demonstrated by the fact that last year, notwithstanding a most unfavourable Nile, the irrigation of the land was accomplished with an almost perfect regularity, and the employment of artificial and costly means of raising water to its requisite height was greatly diminished. On this last point I heard an indirect testimony of the highest value. The most extensive furnisher of steam-pumps for irrigation was summoned to the Commission sitting at Alexandria to examine into the causes of the general depression in trade. His frank explanation of the depression in the trade with which he and English engineers were concerned was that Colonel Moncrieff's administration had diminished largely the number of farmers who required to raise the water for their lands by artificial means. This testimony confirms in the most emphatic way the value of Colonel Moncrieff's services.

But, notwithstanding the reality of these two important benefits, I heard a general wail from all agriculturists as to their prospects in consequence of the steady and persistent reduction in the value of cotton and grain during recent years. "Prices have fallen to such a point that agriculture leaves no longer a reasonable profit," was the remark of cultivators, both small and great. I had heard in Cairo and Alexandria of the large number of peasants who were unable to repay the advances which they had contracted towards money-lenders, of the ruinous depreciation in the value of lands and the impossibility to find purchasers for it; but it was only in the interior that I found the real cause of these unsatisfactory symptoms. Government functionaries in Cairo told me that the peasants were paying their taxes with fair regularity; but in the interior I heard that to do so

many had to resort to loans at the ruinous rates of four or five per cent. per month. A Greek capitalist in Alexandria told me that the peasants were not paying their debts because the British administration had transformed these formerly honest debtors into rogues of the worst class; but in the interior I was convinced that after paying expenses and taxes there was little left for the peasant to become a rogue upon. As I was conscious that the opinion which I had formed was at variance with very largely circulated statements I took especial pains to examine with care and impartiality the allegations of agriculturists. If true, these allegations afford an explanation of the discontent to which all give utterance, with the exception of a few foreign functionaries.

The productions which chiefly affect Egypt are cotton and grain. Of the total exportations from Egypt, amounting to, in round numbers, twelve millions and a half sterling, cotton and cotton seed contribute about ten millions, and grain about half a million, so that cotton represents in the proportion of four-fifths all the imported wealth of the country. It may therefore be said that upon cotton the agricultural prosperity of Egypt depends. The steady shrinking in the value of that article is a fact of which all are cognisant; but to show the full effect of that circumstance upon Egypt we must define its extent. I did so in two ways: first, from prices obtained by growers in Egypt, and secondly, from independent statistics of the value of cotton in Liverpool, the largest market in the world for the staple.

From accurately kept accounts of a native proprietor, which I was allowed to examine, I ascertained that the average price at which he sold his cotton in 1878 (in no wise an exceptional year) was 350 piastres per cantar (98 lbs.), whereas, the highest price which he could obtain last November was 200 piastres per cantar. Thus, the extent of the reduction in

price since 1878 is forty-three per cent.

By statistics of the price of "fair" Egyptian cotton in Liverpool, I find that its average price during the decade of 1861 to 1870 was seventeen-pence per pound, and from 1871 to 1880 it was eightpence per pound, whereas it was quoted on the twenty-fourth of December last at five and a half pennies per pound. The shrinking thus represents fifty-three per cent. in the second decade as compared with the first, and thirty per cent. in the present price as compared with the average price between 1871 and 1880. It may therefore be asserted, without exaggeration, that the fall in the value of Egyptian cotton since 1878 is equivalent to thirty-five per cent.

Although grain is not an article of large export from Egypt it is one of large local consumption, and its price consequently affects materially the producer. From the accounts before-mentioned, I ascertained that in 1878 the wheat crop realised to the farmer at the place of production, one hundred and fourteen piastres per ardeb ($9\frac{1}{2}$ bushels), whereas last year it only obtained fifty-six piastres per ardeb. The fall, therefore, represents close upon fifty per cent.

To appreciate properly the disastrous result of the reductions in the value of cotton and grain, we must bear in mind the undeniable fact that all of these reductions fall upon the profits of the farmer. His charges for production have not diminished since 1878, and his land-tax has remained the same, if it has not increased. Consequently, if the profit of farmers in Egypt represented forty per cent. of the gross income in 1878 it dwindled away to nearly zero in 1885.

It is extremely difficult in all countries to estimate with accuracy the profits of farming, and especially so in a country like Egypt, where comparatively few farmers keep accounts. The majority of native farmers in Egypt, when asked on the subject of

their profits, reply in a general way, that "in former years, when the value of wheat was above one hundred piastres per ardeb, their cotton crop remained as clear profit, the other produce of the farm sufficing to cover all expenses. But this is no longer the case since wheat has fallen to nearly half that price." As only one acre out of every three can or ought to be devoted to cotton, the produce of that acre of cotton was, in former times, considered to be the profit of three acres of land. Taking the average yield of cotton as three cantars per acre, the profit of three acres in 1878 might be estimated at 10*l.* 10*s.* To-day, however, the value of three cantars of cotton is only 6*l.*, and from this last sum a deduction has to be made, seeing that, on account of the fall in the value of grain, all expenses of production are not otherwise covered.

Vague though this system of appreciation may appear, my inquiries led me to believe that it represents the most favourable view of the present situation. It indicates that the profits of farmers are to-day about forty per cent. less than they were seven years ago. I heard it very commonly remarked in Egypt that *now* the farmers are entirely delivered from the irregular exactions of Ismail Pasha, and so far this is true. But it is easy to exaggerate these exactions. They were chiefly in the nature of advances upon future payments, and we must not forget that Ismail Pasha was constantly bringing new money, borrowed from foreigners, into the country, and that at least he paid the interest of debt by these borrowings. I admit that Ismail Pasha participated largely in the good profits which farmers made in his day; but the participation which he extorted did not amount to anything like the depreciation which has since taken place in profits.

I cannot pretend to say positively that the present reduced profits do not give a fair return in a good year

to a farmer who is not burdened with debt. But seeing the risks which are incident to farming—disease of cattle, ravages of worms and various atmospheric contrarieties—the profit of 1*l.* 10*s.* per acre upon land worth at a minimum 25*l.* per acre appears to me a feeble and uninviting return. Certainly it cannot support usurious interest upon advances; and such interest must necessarily extinguish the profits of those whose circumstances have obliged them to borrow to an extent which nearly represents the value of their land as well as the outlay necessary to bring their crops to maturity. By all competent to express an opinion I was informed that the majority of the peasants are heavily burdened with debt, and consequently the condition of that majority is now reduced to a painful struggle for existence.

The results of the Daira and Domain administrations might be cited as proof of the feeble return obtainable from farming in Egypt. These administrations cultivate the best lands in Egypt, and the land-tax which they pay is proportionately much lighter than that imposed upon other proprietors, yet they do not yield a net profit of more than two per cent. upon the value of the estates. It may be said that these administrations, being managed by an international trinity, two members of which are ignorant of the country and its language, do not fairly represent the results of intelligent farming, and in this opinion I agree. Still I cannot admit that the most perfect system of administration possible would succeed in doing more than double the present return, and in that case we have a right to ask whether four per cent. as net profit is either a reasonable or inviting return upon operations exposed to considerable risks and in a country where capital is scarce.

By the courtesy of a most intelligent native proprietor I was allowed to examine his farming accounts of the past eight years. They were ap-

parently kept with great accuracy, and treated of the most minute details. The land which he farms amounts to twelve hundred acres of moderately good quality, but far from being the best land of Egypt. With the exception of thirty-seven acres, all the lands pay taxes under the class of ouchouri, and the results therefore represent those of the most lightly-taxed lands in Egypt. However interesting all the details might be, it is impossible for me in

such an article as the present to give a translation of them, but I will burden my readers with their results on two points, namely, the net profits per acre and the annual burden of the land-tax. These two points furnish us with facts of great importance in regard to present profits as compared with the profits previous to 1880, and also the present burden of taxation as compared to what it was before 1880. The following table represents these results :—

Year.		Net Profit per Acre.		Burden of Land-Tax per Acre.	
Egyptian Era.	Our Era.				
		<i>Piastres.</i>	<i>Shillings.</i>	<i>Piastres.</i>	<i>Shillings.</i>
1593	1876—7	138½	28½	51	10½
1594	1877—8	107½	22	48	9½
1595	1878—9	218½	45	48	9½
1596	1879—80	171½	35½	75	15½
1597	1880—81	97½	20	75	15½
1598	1881—82	109½	21½	75	15½
1599	1882—83	73½	15	69½	14½
1600	1883—84	68½	14	69½	14½

The accounts were not made up for last year, as the cotton crop had not been entirely gathered before I left Egypt. Its yield was expected to be twenty per cent. inferior to that of 1884, which was the largest yield ever known. But without taking into account a reduced yield in 1885, the reduction in the price of cotton would alone diminish the net profit per acre to sixty piastres, or 12s. 3d., as against 14s. 3d. of land-tax.

The total outlay, for farm buildings, cattle, and utensils, was about 1,800*l.*, equal to 1*l.* 10s. per acre, and the value of the land minimum 20*l.* per acre. Thus we have a capital outlay of 21*l.* 10s. per acre yielding only a net return of 12s. 3d., equal to a shade less than three per cent. I may add that all the information which I obtained from other native proprietors confirmed, in a general way, these results. In my notes I find the following clear statement by a most influential proprietor: "I pay upon my

lands 1,300*l.* of taxes—ouchouri lands—and the profit they left me last year was 800*l.* Had they been kharadge lands I should have paid 480*l.* more of taxes, which would have reduced the profit to 320*l.* If present low prices continue all this small profit will disappear."

From the preceding remarks it would appear therefore evident that the reduction in the prices of grain and cotton has diminished the profits of farmers to such an extent that, even upon the exceptionally favoured lands of the class "ouchouri,"¹ the return is feebly remunerative. What then must be the condition of those lands called "kharadge,"¹ which pay a much greater burden of taxation? By an official return we learn that in Upper and Lower Egypt there are three million four hundred and forty-one thousand seven hundred and forty-four acres of

¹ The word 'ouchour' means a tenth part or tithe, and 'kharadge' means a servitude without indication of quantity.

"kharadge" lands, and only one million three hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and twenty acres of "ouchouri" lands; and that the average taxation upon the former is piastres one hundred and twenty-eight (1*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*) as against piastres fifty-one and a half (10*s.* 6*d.*) upon the latter. The classification does not indicate a difference of quality in the lands but simply a difference in tenure. The "ouchouri" lands were ceded upon exceptional conditions by the Viceroys, whereas the "kharadge" lands represent the most ancient tenure in the country. We have already found that on a farm almost entirely composed of ouchouri lands the profit was only 12*s.* 3*d.* per acre, while the land-tax amounted to 14*s.* 3*d.* per acre. But had these lands been kharadge lands the results would have been, on the most favourable conditions, a profit of only 7*s.* 6*d.* as against 19*s.* of land-tax!

When we take these facts into account is it marvellous that we find throughout the rural population of Egypt sentiments of general discontent? Is it extraordinary creditors should cry out that their debtors do not repay them their advances, or that land should find no serious purchasers? Is it to be wondered at that shopkeepers should complain that trade with the peasants is bad, and that credit in the country is at the lowest ebb? Superficial observers invoke the increased value during the past two years of importations, but they forget that these increases are the result of the repairs necessitated after the havoc of war (of which the four millions of indemnities represent only a portion) and of the exceptional expenditure supported by the British tax-payer, which our recent military expeditions and present military occupation give rise to. Underneath the surface, over which a certain calm is shed by exceptional and regrettable causes, there exists a rottenness which is bringing the most important interests of the country to the brink of ruin, and we

are blindly disregarding it. The first of Egyptian statesmen has been warning us of the danger for more than a year, but the optimistic views of our counsellors have been preferred, and we have followed those who cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." To the credit of Lord Northbrook I must say that those who had occasion to know the real impressions which he carried away from Egypt assured me he was fully convinced of the dangers ahead, and foresaw the necessity of a radical remedy, but obedience to party induced him to change his original report. Still in his compromise he obtained a reduction of 456,000*l.* on the land-tax, which has, however, not yet been placed at the disposal of the Egyptian Government, although nearly a year has passed since it was sanctioned.

There is evidently a pressing necessity of relieving the burden of taxation upon "kharadge" lands if we would save their owners from ruin, and advance the material interests of the country. In view of the reduced values of produce this measure is not only necessary but is also equitable. In 1868, when one-sixth was added to the land-tax, cotton was worth double its present value, and an increased taxation could be supported. But such is no longer the case. Not only is it equitable to remit the increase imposed in 1868, but a further reduction is necessary. In the opinion of the most moderate and most competent authorities in Egypt, "the minimum of reduction, which ought to be made is one million sterling, temporarily accorded for the few years until the cadastre is terminated and proportioned upon the most necessitous lands." Nearly half of that reduction has already received the sanction of the Powers, and it should be made at once without stint or hesitation. It might be expected that I should prove that the financial situation renders the remission of the other half possible; but besides that my present space will not admit of such

an examination, I have no desire to inflict upon my readers its tiresome details. Fully a year before Mr. Cave went to Egypt I published the details of the Egyptian budget as they were communicated to me by the then Minister of Finance, and I have seen nearly identical figures reappear in the reports of the various financial missions since that time. Figures were transposed and the groupings were changed, but in all the main features the budget was the same.

The great blot in the financial position in Egypt has always been that too much money is exported out of the country in payment of interest and tribute. More than a half of the revenue leaves the country for these two purposes, and as long as this is the case, capital cannot grow in the hands of the people. Notwithstanding this, the last financial year left the large surplus of about three-quarters of a million sterling, and competent authorities assured me this surplus would be largely increased at the end of the current year. In these circumstances it need not be difficult to sacrifice a sum of half a million to save the most vital interest in the country—a sacrifice which would do much to allay the general discontent, and which would have the immediate effect of giving a value to land, and of restoring credit, thus assisting in the material development of the resources of the country. The commercial interests of all the European countries are deeply concerned in the attainment of this desirable result, and were it necessary we might profitably lend, in a small measure, our credit to make it certain. The debt of Egypt pays five and six per cent. to its creditors. To

twenty-five millions of it we might attach our guarantee, and thus economise to Egypt a sum of nearly half a million. The risk run by the guarantee is *nil*, and, doing so, we may get rid of two of the most unpopular and costly foreign administrations in the country. Suffice it to say, that the financial situation of Egypt presents no insuperable difficulties, if the material interests of the country are husbanded and not killed. The prosperity of all classes in Egypt depends upon her agriculture, and if we can raise that from its present dejection we shall inaugurate a new era for the country, and give a stimulus to her trade both at home and abroad.

It has often been said to me that the British Parliament will shrink from accepting further pecuniary responsibilities towards Egypt. This would be to strain at a gnat after having swallowed a camel; to prefer costly sacrifices to inexpensive facilities. It is vain to expect to secure the goodwill of the Egyptian people unless we are ready, on our part, to confer upon them such benefits as it is in our power easily to bestow. Without risk and without cost we can ease her burdens, and it is both our duty and our interest to do so. It is our duty, as some reparation for the severe losses we have inflicted upon Egypt. It is our interest, because whatever we can economise to her of her revenues and devote to the improvement of her agricultural position will return to us multiplied a hundred-fold, and create cargoes for our ships, orders for our looms, and food for our poor.

R. HAMILTON LANG.

POETRY AND POLITICS.¹

WITH almost all that Mr. Lang has said on this subject² I entirely agree. It appears to me to be manifest that political party names ought not to be allowed to beset the mind when it is engaged to the enjoyment and estimation of poetry. And he would be a hard-hearted man who would not sympathise with Mr. Lang's distress at this confusion of boundaries. He feels the pang of a romantic traveller confronted by a London advertisement in a mountain glen. Like some hart in a secret covert, he starts sadly as he hears, or thinks he hears, the political horn wound suddenly in the grove of the Muses, and the hunter preparing to

"lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer."

It appears to me also plain that although such argument and analysis as are undertaken by Mr. Courthope in his ingenious, but rather confusing book, may incidentally, perhaps accidentally, throw light on poetical qualities, yet they may more easily lead to fallacies and strained judgments. Above all do I most emphatically agree that in such lines as those quoted by Mr. Lang from Homer and Virgil, and Milton and Wordsworth (to which hundreds more might, happily for the world, be added), there dwells a peculiar enchantment at once indefinable and

indispensable to the highest poetry; and that the appreciation of this quality is matter "not of argument, but of perception."

Being thus so entirely at one with Mr. Lang as to his main positions and his mental attitude toward poetry, I am disappointed to find, further on in his paper, what seems to make an exception to this agreement. The attitude with which I sympathise is that of distrust and aversion toward the arbitrary labels which many attempt to affix to the works of poets, and toward the exaggerated desire to classify and assign them to definite "schools." But Mr. Lang himself seems to lend some countenance to the mistaken hankering after such labels in his use of the cant terms "classical" and "romantic," as applied to poetry. The terms, I conceive, were first used in French or German literature, and it might be of a certain interest to trace their origin in those countries; but I cannot but think that they are likely to do at least as much ill service as good in general discussion of the poetry of any race or country, and especially of our own. When Mr. Lang says that he is "a romanticist," and that "the best things in Aristophanes, and Racine, and the Book of Job, are romantic," what does he mean? Does he mean anything more than that the best things are what he likes best? What will he say of the two lines concerning Helen's brothers which he quotes from the third book of the *Iliad*, or of the other lines from Virgil? Are these "romantic?" If the epithet "classical" has any meaning applicable to poetic qualities, it would surely be the appropriate one in these cases. It should, I imagine, imply restrained force, chastened grace, pregnant simplicity of phrase, as opposed to more fantastic and start-

¹ Since I wrote this paper I have read Mr. Courthope's reply to Mr. Lang in the *National Review*. With part of it I can agree; with part I cannot. But as it belongs to a special controversy, I think that probably any value my remarks may possess will be better retained by leaving them as they are than by modifying them to follow the course of Mr. Courthope's argument. I need hardly say that this is from no want of respect toward what he has written, but, on the contrary, because I would avoid the least semblance of a pretension to play the arbiter between him and Mr. Lang.

² *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1885.

ling methods of appealing to the imagination; and such force, grace, and simplicity are eminently present in these passages. Is Mr. Lang, then, as a "romanticist" to recant or qualify his admiration of them? And why is this misused epithet of "classical" to be bestowed on the English poets of the eighteenth century? What makes poetry classic unless it be the possession of high poetic genius? Even by the admission of its admirers, the genius of the eighteenth century poets was prosaic compared with that of those preceding and succeeding them. It cannot be held that there is more to be found in this period of either the spirit or the form (if, indeed, these can be rightly viewed apart in poetry) of the great poets of antiquity. What influence from antiquity is to be found here seems rather to be that of the silver age of Latin poetry. Shall we not do more wisely to discard, or at least use with great wariness, all such cant terms as these of "classical" and "romantic," as belonging, or tending to belong, to a cloud of parasitic pedantries, invented for the benefit of lecturers and critics, but merely obscuring and obstructing our enjoyment of poetry? Undoubtedly a poet is influenced by his age and its action, and also by his predecessors and contemporaries in his own art, as well as by the more permanent elements of human life, and by the phenomena of the visible universe. But who shall foretell from his multiform "environment" what part of it is to find expression in his poetry? That depends on his own free genius.

No definitions of the nature of poetry can ever be entirely satisfactory, but it is generally interesting to hear what a poet has to say of his art. Well worthy of attention is Mr. Swinburne's remark, quoted by Mr. Couthope, that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony. There is no discrepancy, and no less significance, in the words of an older poet, a fold of

whose lyric mantle has fallen on Mr. Swinburne. Pindar is somewhere speaking of the qualities by which poetry lives. It will live, he says, "whensoever by favour of the Graces the tongue hath drawn it forth out of the depth of the heart."¹ The favour of the Graces—that is, the power of imagination to conceive, and of harmonious words to express—this is indispensable; but so also is a certain state of the heart, of the feelings. It is not meant, of course, that a poet has deeper or stronger feelings than men who have not the gift of expressing them in poetry, still less that his feelings need exceptionally affect his moral action. Very likely they are too transient or too imaginative, or have little reference to practical life. A man of any other kind is as likely to "make his life a poem." But strong and pervading feeling, however transient, however merely imaginative, there surely must be to produce real poetry. Whatsoever things are lovely, or majestic, or piteous, or terrible (if there be beauty in their pity and terror)—all these can draw poetry from a poet, and that whether the images come to him in woods and mountains, or in oral tradition, or in books, from his own time, or from times remote. No classification as "classical" or "romantic" can debar him from his common rights on all these pastures of the mind. Only these things must have possessed his imagination, and through his imagination his feeling, before they will call forth his best poetry. It is indeed this need of penetrated and penetrative feeling, and presentation of beauty and grandeur, combined with the intellectual formative effort, that makes the production of poetry of sustained excellence so hard and rare, and makes us feel that almost all poems would have been better if they had been shorter. Now in this newly-revived question of the claims of Pope and kindred writers to be counted poets, is it not primarily the continuous absence of deep imaginative

¹ 'Nemean,' iv. 7, 8.

feeling which prevents some of us from so counting them in any but a very imperfect sense? Neglect of inanimate nature—possibly even glaringly false description of it, as in Pope's *Homer*—need not argue the absence of poetry, any more than mere accurate and picturesque description need argue its presence. Descriptions of picturesque phenomena are used with much greater reserve by the great poets of antiquity than by most English writers since Thomson and Cowper; yet they are by no means used with less effect, for they are always strictly relevant to the human interest. But the most fatal want in Pope and his fellows is a want of passion. By passion is not necessarily meant, of course, any tumult of the mind; more often a kind of fervent stillness; but at any rate a condition in which the intellectual perception is, so to speak, steeped throughout in emotional contemplation of a possessing idea, with which it is for the time identified, yet without losing its intellectual formative energy. Only by "possession" of this kind, coinciding with the requisite faculty of words, is the perfect poetic expression of the idea elicited. Though it often includes, it yet differs from, that "ardour and impetuosity of mind" allowed by Wordsworth to Dryden. Ardour of this kind is necessary to the orator also, but then the orator is always thinking first, or at least equally, of his audience, and the effect of his words on them: the poet is entirely occupied with the object of his imagination. In this lies the reason why didactic poems are in continual danger of degenerating into mere rhetorical verse—a danger which even the genius of Lucretius could not altogether surmount, and which repeatedly compelled Virgil to choose in the *Georgics* between instruction and poetry. He seldom fails to choose the latter alternative. It is not of students of agriculture that he is thinking when he loses himself in imagination among the cool glens of *Hæmus*, beneath the umbrage of the

giant boughs. But in Pope and Addison and Dryden, and the eighteenth-century poets generally, the rhetorical quality is predominant, and it is only in this rhetorical quality that I can see plausible justification of Mr. Courthope's attributing to that century a closer connexion between poetry and public life than is found during other periods. In the sonnets alone of the recluse Wordsworth there would seem to be more memorable witness to things of national concern.

It is by no means intended here that a man may not be both a rhetorician and a poet. Macaulay, for instance, was both; and though his vein of poetic metal is a small thing among the vast mines of his rhetoric, it runs pure and unconfused when it appears in his 'Lays.' Rhetoric must be included in the genius of a dramatic, and even of an epic, poet. Yet there are few momentous speeches in *Homer* or in *Shakespeare* which do not contain a poetic element far beyond the rhetoric with which it blends. Through the stern brief utterances of *Achilles* avenging, pierce such haunting strains as the lines—

ἔσσεται ἡ ἡὺς ἡ δέλη ἡ μέσον ἡμαρ
ὁππότε τις καὶ ἐμείο' Ἀρεὶ ἐκ θυμὸν ἔληται,
ἡ ὅγε δούρι βαλὼν ἡ ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν οἰστέ.¹

It is only through the presence of imaginative passion that the metrical form of expression justifies its use, at once as a necessity, and as an inexhaustible charm. Metre not only provides, as has not seldom been remarked, a balance and law which harmonises the passionate flow of imaginative emotion; but it also deepens and intensifies that emotion by bringing it into accord, so to speak, with the inner music which is at the heart of things, and through which alone their existence can have its fullest meaning, and be the object of vivid conception. Thus the art of poetry, instead of removing us from nature, brings us closer. This

¹ "There cometh morn or eve or some noon-day when my life too some man shall take in battle, whether with spear he smite or arrow from the string."

is an effect of metre far beyond the conciseness and power of impressing the memory in which Pope seems to have seen its chief merits.

The things which fertilise one poet's imagination may be very different from those which fertilise another's; the seed may be wafted from mediæval romance, or from Hellenic mythology, from the idea of the fall of man, or of the founding of a state, from clouds or from flowers, from mountains or from the sea. It may even be found, under limitations to which I will return, in some of the political interests shudderingly repudiated by Mr. Lang. But whatever it may be, it is something which the poet must transfer, so to speak, from his imagination to ours, by means of his art and his feeling combined, or rather interfused. Some degree of sympathy, of course, is needed: the subject which interests him may seem so remote from humanity in general, or perhaps so trivial, that such transference is hardly possible; but this is only a question of degree. Now Pope not only generally chooses things to write about which are unlikely to inspire poetic feeling; but even when his subjects are moving (as the grief of *Eloisa*), they seem to contend in vain with the antithetical point-making of the expression. The fact of his writing in metre, and giving his readers pleasure by his epigrammatic skill in wielding it, is surely beside the mark in considering whether he is to be called a poet. The mere terseness and compendious convenience of metre can give pleasure when they fix a witty epigram on the mind, but this is not a poetic pleasure. Pope's deficiency may be well seen by comparing him with Gray, of whom Mr. Courthope speaks as "carrying on the ethical impulse communicated to poetry by Pope." Many lines of Gray share largely the mannerism of Pope's age, and yet by their interpenetrative glow of imaginative feeling are stamped as indisputable poetry. And not only in Gray, but also in Crabbe, there is at times imaginative passion; it is

lack of beauty, rather than lack of passion, that gives Crabbe but a low place among poets. For in high poetry this penetrative feeling must have its cause, however indirectly, in the contemplation of beauty of some kind; this is part of what Pindar means when he speaks of the favour of the Graces as indispensable. Verse of which the pervasive feeling and imagination are mainly excited by mean or hideous things may attain great power as satire, but not as pure poetry. It is as a satirist rather than as a poet that Byron seems to me to be entitled to rank high, in spite of the directness and facility, the rhetorical force which his prodigious ability gave him on subjects of many kinds. The 'Vision of Judgment' and 'Don Juan' seem to me his most successful works. I do not forget that this postulate of beauty might seem to deprive most of Dante's 'Hell' of its place in pure poetry. Some parts must be so excepted, I think, and also such parts of the 'Purgatory' and 'Paradise' as treat of matters where there is not enough feeling transmitted to the reader to prevent his thinking that they might as well have been in prose. Such are most of the theological and philosophical disquisitions. But even in the 'Inferno,' besides the broken lights of pathetic beauty, such as the meetings with Francesca, or with Brunetto Latini, the horrors are redeemed to poetry by the sense both of the noble and melancholy presence of the guide Virgil, and of the righteous judgments of God which overshadow the whole. Nor can there be a nobler poetical idea than that of the progress and purgation of the human spirit, symbolised through the entire poem by Dante's upward journey through hell and purgatory to the spheres of heaven.

The argument has somewhat led us away from the title of this paper and of Mr. Lang's, but a few further remarks more directly relevant to it may yet find room. On the principles suggested above, it is plain what kind of power political theories or interests

may have in affecting poetry. If they attract a poet's imagination by something in them which he happens to feel vividly noble or imposing, they may contribute an element to his poetry. But it is also plain that this is not likely to happen in the case of contemporary party politics, because these are commonly involved in a cloud of prosaic and even mean associations, which render an imaginative presentment practically impossible. Of course a poet may be a politician, like any one else, when not concerned with his art, and the broad fundamental principles on which his politics are based may be capable of poetical expression. But it can only be when remoteness has caused the prosaic details to disappear that the imagination will be sufficiently impressed by some moral or picturesque beauty discoverable beneath these to find material for poetry. And English politics of the eighteenth century would be among the least likely to afford such material. In the preceding age there was obviously far more idealism in the political world. And a knowledge of Milton's ardent political aspirations, and of his part in public affairs, repeatedly add great interest to his poetry. But from his poetry itself politics are excluded, unless it be in a few of his sonnets. Even these, though they are inspired by contemporary men and things, deal only with the generalities and moralities of politics. Scott also, though of course in a far less degree, was involved in the party politics of his time. But it is one of the especial glories of his sane and kindly genius that this fact could never be discovered from his works of imagination. When he presents historical characters and parties in which analogies to modern politics might be found, no tinge of partisanship ever disturbs the serene and frank impartiality with which he depicts all the lights and shades of the "mighty opposites," who have, under whatever flag, animated the stage of human life by battling for the fulfilment of some political or religious

ideal, or, it may be, for little but the satisfaction of a barbaric love of strife. It is only natural, perhaps, that, among political ideas, those of a "Liberal" or progressive kind should have been more often and more directly expressed in poetry, for the vague future lends itself more readily to the moulding of imagination than the familiar order of things seen in the light of common day. Even if the idealisation be of the past, this is hardly more corroborative of a practical and political Conservatism of existing institutions. But happily the instinct of poets has pretty nearly banished party politics and definite political specifics of all kinds from poetry—at any rate from the best. The one great exception is an exception that may really be said to go far to prove the rule. Dante not only argued systematically for his cherished political theory in prose, but also eagerly welcomed all occasions for vindicating it in his great poem. The doctrine of the divinely appointed ordinance of the Holy Roman Empire may be said to be incorporated in the fabric of the 'Divina Commedia.' Going beyond generalities in praise of freedom or tradition, progress or order, Dante urges his specific remedy for the political ills and difficulties of the world—its repose under the wing of the imperial "bird of God." But then this was a remedy at which no practical politician had at that time any intention of aiming. Doubtless the idea of the Roman Empire had still some traditional authority over the minds of men. But the then emperor was too fully occupied with affairs on a much smaller scale to listen to Dante's cry to him on behalf of "widowed" Rome. As to the Ghibellines, they only profaned *il sacrosanto segno* by usurping it.

"Faccian gli Ghibellin, faccian lor arte
Sott' altro segno; ch'è mal segue quello
Sempre chi la giustizia e lui diparte."¹

¹ "Let the Ghibellines practice their arts under some other banner than this; for ever is he an ill follower thereof who dissevers it from justice."

If the universal empire of Rome had been before Dante's view as a militant or a triumphant reality, instead of as a visionary ideal of the reign of justice and peace, it would probably soon have lost its power of inspiration.

When we speak of the failure of politics to inspire poetry, it need hardly be said that such politics do not include the sentiment of patriotism, of resistance to oppressors or invaders, or to national enemies generally. This is happily a sentiment which has known no distinction of parties in our country, and has found expression alike in the Conservative Wordsworth, the Liberal Tennyson, and the Radical Burns; and I am glad to see that Mr. Lang reminds his readers that in the falsely-named "classical period" of the eighteenth century English patriotism found no poetic expression comparable to that achieved in the age when it has been alleged that the Revolution had corrupted our literature with cosmopolitan indifference. To the eighteenth century in England belong great and solid achievements, but not the imaginative aspirations of the Reformation, or of the Revolution, or of the age of the Crusades and the foundation of the great monastic orders of Dominic and Francis. Out of all the nineteen centuries since the Christian era, only in the three periods containing those three great movements can Europe claim to have felt the full influence of those "golden stars" beneath which poets are said to be born.

But such wide fields of disquisition are not to be entered now. In conclusion I would merely say a word to deprecate any imputation of dogmatism in these matters. In the first place, I am well aware that if several people write about a subject of this kind they are very likely to misunderstand each other, and also to use the same words in senses that differ with the user. They may be repeating when they mean to controvert, and possibly controverting when they mean to repeat. Further, with regard to the view here

supported—the view that the estimate of poetry is ultimately a matter of perception rather than argument, that the highest poetic qualities are apprehensible but indefinable—those who think thus are by virtue of their faith especially bound (however hard it seem) to be most careful to hold frankly to the principle, and not merely to "respect the right of private judgment," but to try to believe that when a judgment differs from theirs it may be based on some real perception of qualities not apparent to themselves, perhaps overlaid with defects which their idiosyncrasy makes exceptionally disfiguring in their eyes, perhaps appealing to associations which to them are insignificant. Personally, for instance, I would most willingly sacrifice the whole of 'Childe Harold,' if need were, to preserve Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan,' or Wordsworth's 'Solitary Reaper,' or one of Macaulay's 'Lays.' Yet it is undeniable that a great body of opinion would be opposed, that a great number of persons who derive genuine pleasure from poetry think as highly of Byron as a poet as I think of him as a satirist. Others, again, may hold Wordsworth's 'Reaper' a simple and graceful piece without any especial rare and penetrative charm. Others (including a greater number of respectable judges) will allow little to Macaulay's poetry except "a certain ardour and impetuosity." Dr. Mommsen classes the 'Æneid' with the 'Henriade'; and we know Voltaire's opinions on Dante and Shakespeare. All this only shows how subtle is the appeal of poetry, and on what complex associations it depends in each individual case. Probably, therefore, not very much is to be gained by discussion of whether this or that is true poetry, still less by too elaborate attempts at artificial classification of poets. Let us by all means know all we can of what there was in the concerns of a poet's age,—political, religious, social, literary, artistic—which was likely to influence his mind and

his work, so that we may hereby apprehend more fully the significance of what he wrote. There will be natural and legitimate occasions when such knowledge will contribute an element in our appreciation of him. But let his poetry be judged as poetry, on the ground of its own merits, its own appeal to the perception of the

reader, and without reference to theories as to its supposed connexion with something else, to find which the mind must leave its due enjoyment, and travel forth on a barren quest among academic formulæ and illusive classifications and definitions of the indefinable.

ERNEST MYERS.

FEBRUARY FILLDYKE.

O February Filldyke! darkly pour
Rivers of rain from out your cloudy sky,
And heed not slanderous men. Right glad am I
To see thee soften earth so hard and froze.
Thine aconites do make a golden floor;
And snowdrops, winter's kindest legacy,
Droop dainty heads, and are, like maidens, shy,
Knowing that boisterous March is at the door.
Thy scented breath, thy blackbird's broken stave,
Do charm delight; and thrice more welcome thou,
With hazel catkins twined about thy brow,
Than that last gleam that old October gave.

The Indian summer let my rivals sing,
But I will praise the Spring before the Spring.

A CHAMPION OF HER SEX.

CLARISSA HARLOWE has recently been spoken of in a flippant and mocking spirit as "the aboriginal woman's rights person." The same claim has been advanced for more than one of the three daughters of King Lear, and one might make out a case for aboriginals of much earlier date, our choice ranging from Medea to Hypatia, according to our fancy of what constitutes the type. But there is a real aboriginal of considerably greater antiquity than is commonly supposed, a "woman's rights person" of the fifteenth century, whose claims to this high honour rest on the substantial foundation that she not merely acquired fame as a writer in man's most peculiar fields, composing the best mediæval manual of military tactics and international law, but also wrote a formal treatise on the disabilities of women, in which she defended her sex against the aspersions of monks and men of the world, and anticipated most of the arguments familiar to the present generation.

This mediæval paragon, who has to her credit more than fifteen thousand verses besides her prose works, was Christine de Pisan. She is mostly known to historians as the author of the '*Livre des Fais et Bonnes Meurs du sage Roy Charles V.*,' a vivid picture of the court and the policy of that monarch; but this was only a small part of her literary work. There was no kind of composition known in her day which she did not attempt, from *ballades* and *virelays* to moral and scientific treatises. Of course she was obliged to take part in politics. She had no other means of attracting the notice and conciliating the support of noble patrons; and six persons, besides herself, were dependent on her pen. It is to Christine's honour that,

living in the troubled reign of Charles the Sixth, she used what influence and eloquence she had on the side of peace. The woman's influence was used as women's influence ought to be, but according to the satirists, with whom Christine exchanged many words, so seldom is. She was driven at last to take shelter in an abbey, and from this seclusion, in 1429, she issued her last writing, a song of triumph over the victory of Joan of Arc.

Thus Christine vindicated the dignity of her sex by example as well as by precept. Her reputation was deservedly great among her contemporaries, and it stood high throughout the fifteenth century. At that time it was already an object of ambition with princes to attach learned persons to their courts, and Christine seems to have received tempting offers from more than one to leave her adopted country. Gian Galeazzo Visconti, whose honours in this kind were not conferred without good reason, invited her to Milan. Henry the Fourth was so pressing in his invitation to England that she could evade him only by stratagem. One of her sons was in the service of the Earl of Salisbury, who had made Christine's acquaintance and conceived a great admiration for her when he visited the French court to negotiate the marriage of the child Isabella with Richard the Second. After the execution of Salisbury, Henry took possession of the boy, and would not allow him to return to France, but invited his mother to join him in England. Thereupon Christine practised what she would have called a "cautel;" she professed herself highly honoured by the king's invitation, and requested that her son should be sent to fetch her; then.

when she had him safe and sound, she excused herself and remained in France. Christine herself records these evidences of her high reputation, and modestly suggests that the wide fame of her writings, which spread rapidly into many lands, was less owing to their worth than to the strange fact that they were written by a woman.

All through the century her reputation stood firm. A translation of the 'Moral Proverbs' of Christine was one of the earliest productions of Caxton's press; and he published also a translation of her 'Livre de Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie,' the manual already mentioned of military tactics and international law. Even in the reign of Henry the Eighth this manual continued to be quoted, although written by a woman, as authoritative. In this reign also, in 1521, was printed and published 'The Boke of the Cyte of Ladies,' a translation of Christine's 'La Cité des Dames.' The printer was Henry Pepwell, and he set forth in his prologue that the book came into his custody from the hands of Bryan Anslay, one of the king's yeomen of the cellar. This would seem to be the only form in which Christine's defence of her sex against monastic scurrility and depreciation ever appeared in print. Strange to say it was never printed in France, although the king's library contains many manuscripts of it, and it was apparently one of the most popular of her works for several generations.

That 'La Cité des Dames' has been printed only once, and then in a translation, and is now entirely forgotten, is a sad instance of the disproportion between fact and expectation. The authoress intended it to be, and her contemporaries had good reason for expecting it to be, a perpetual city of refuge for ladies; a storehouse of arguments good for all time against men who should say that "women are fit for nothing but to bear children and spin." It is a surprisingly modern book in spite of its

antiquated allegorical dress, and its quaint pre-Renaissance notions of history, in accordance with which Minerva, Medea, and Sappho figure, as shining examples of female capacity and virtue, side by side with Christian martyrs and noble ladies of the Middle Ages. Mediæval allegories are often condemned as tedious; but they are not really so except to students who are anxious to get at the pith of a treatise, and have no time to enjoy the lively play of fancy, and the realistic settings with which the mediæval artist tried to beguile readers into the perusal of solid morality and instruction. We find the preliminary flourishes and collateral graces tedious when we are eager to get at the substance, and do not give them a fair trial. These allegories were the novels of the Middle Ages; most of them novels with a very obvious purpose, yet often brilliantly written, and as full of action and lively circumstance as if the leading characters had borne the names of a common humanity instead of those of abstract qualities. Riches and Magnificence, Avarice and Jollity, even Reason and Justice, are often in the pages of the mediæval allegorist as strongly defined and vitalised personages as the heroes and heroines of modern novels. Apart from the dramatic skill of individual writers, the difference between the mediæval Abstraction and the modern Person is mainly a difference of naming.

Christine's 'City of Ladies' is not a conspicuously brilliant example of the allegory. Its allegorical setting is, in fact, slight and conventional, and affords hardly any artistic protection to the mass of facts arranged in support of her argument. Yet the book opens with a brightness and animation that must surprise those who expect to find dullness or inartistic clumsiness in pre-Renaissance literature. This is how the opening is rendered by the English translator, modernised only in spelling and punctuation:—

"One day as I was sitting in my little cell, divers books of divers matters about me, mine

intent was at that time to travail, and to gather into my conceit the weighing of divers sentences of divers authors by me long time before studied. I dressed my visage towards those foresaid books, thinking as for the time to leave in peace subtle things and to disport me for to look upon some pleasant book of the writing of some poets, and as I was in this intent I searched about me after some pretty book, and of adventure there came a strange book into my hands that was taken to me to keep. I opened this book and I saw by the intitulation that it called him Matheolus. Then in laughing because I had not seen him, and often times I had heard speak of him that he should not speak well of the reverence of women, I thought that in manner of solace I would visit him. And yet I had not looked long on him but that my good mother that bare me called me to the refection of supper, whereof the hour was come. Purposing to see him in the morning, I left him at that time, and in the morrow following I set me again to my study as I did of custom. I forgot not to put my will in effect that came to me the night before to visit the foresaid book of Matheolus."

It was "in manner of solace" that Christine proposed to visit the ribald Matheolus, but she had not read far when she concluded that the matter was "not right pleasant to people that delighted them not in evil saying," that it was of no profit to any edifying of virtue, and that both in word and in matter the book was ungentlemanly. This curiosity in the scurrilous humour of the middle ages has been reprinted in the present century, and we can see for ourselves that Christine's taste was not at fault. She soon put the book aside, she tells us, and gave her attention to higher and more profitable matters. Still, worthless as the book was, it set her thinking why it was that so many clerks, not merely persons like Matheolus of no reputation, but philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians, had agreed with one accord to speak evil of woman as a being predisposed to all vices. She began to examine herself as "a woman natural," then all her acquaintances, princesses, great ladies, and middle-class gentlewomen. She could not see that the judgment of the philosophers was right. Yet she argued strongly within herself against these women, saying that it would be too much that so

many famous men and solemn clerks of high and great understanding should be mistaken. Every moral work contained some chapters or clauses blaming women. Her understanding must be at fault. She recalled all the hard things that she had heard of women, and applied them to herself. "Right great foison of ditties and proverbs of divers authors" came before her. She remembered in herself one after another, as it had been a well springing. Overwhelmed by the weight of this authority, Christine could only conclude that "God had made a foul thing when he made woman," and she "marvelled that so worshipful a workman deigned ever to make so abominable a work." Great sorrow took possession of her, and she addressed God reproachfully, asking why she had not been born in the masculine kind, so as to have been able to serve him the better. Then came a vision that comforted her.

"As I was in this sorrowful thought, the head downcast as a shameful person, the eyes full of tears, holding my hand under my cheek, leaning on the pommel of my chair, suddenly I saw come down upon my lap a streaming of light as it were of flame. And I that was in a dark place in which the sun might not shine at that hour, started then as though I had been waked of a dream; and dressing the head to behold this light from whence it might come, I saw before me standing three ladies, crowned, of right sovereign reverence. Of the which the shining of their clear faces gave light unto me and to all the place. There as I was marvelling, neither man nor woman with me, considering, the door close upon me and they thither come, doubting lest it had been some fantasy, for to have tempted me, I made the sign of the cross in my forehead full of dread. And then she which was the first of the three, in laughing began thus to reason with me:—'Dear daughter, dread ye nought, for we be not come hither for nothing that is contrary with thee, nor to do thee to be encumbered, but for to comfort thee as those that have pity of thy trouble, and to put thee out of the ignorance that so much blindeth thine understanding. Thou putttest from thee that thou knowest of very certain science, to give faith to the contrary, to that which thou feelest not, ne seest not, ne knowest otherwise than by plurality of strange opinions. Thou resembltest the fool of the which was made a jape, which was sleeping in the mill and was

clothed in the clothing of a woman, and to make resemblance those that mocked him witnessed that he was a woman, and so he believed more their false sayings than the certainty of his being. How is it, fair daughter, and where is thy wit become? Hast thou forgotten how the fine gold proveth him in the furnace that he changeth not his virtue, but it is more pliant to be wrought into divers fashions. . . . It seemeth that thou trowest that all the words of philosophers be articles of the faith of Jesu Christ, and that they may not err. And as to these poets of which thou speakest, knowest thou not well that they have spoken in many things in manner of fables. And do intend so much to the contrary of that that their sayings sheweth. And it may be taken after the rule of grammar the which is named Antiphrasis, the which intendeth thus as thou knowest well as one should say, "Such an one is a shrew," that is to say that he is good, and so by the contrary. I counsel thee that thou do thy profit of their sayings and thou understand it so whatsoever be their intent in such places whereas they blame women."

Christine's three visitors proceed to tell her that they have come to constitute her the champion of her sex, and to help her to build a city in which women, hitherto scattered and defenceless, might for ever find refuge against all their slanderers. In Pepwell's edition of the 'City of Ladies' there is a woodcut representing the scene, a rough reproduction of a drawing in the manuscript, Christine seated at her desk, and the three visitors in a row each with an appropriate symbol, Reason with a mirror, Righteousness with a rule, Justice with a measure. "We shall deliver to thee," these personages say, "matter enough stronger and more durable than any marble, and as for cement there shall be no better than thou shalt have. So shall thy city be right fair, without fear, and of perpetual duration to the world." Reason is to help her to lay the foundations, Righteousness to build the walls and the cloisters, and Justice the battlements and high towers. Against all but ladies of good fame and women worthy of praisings, the gates of the city are to be strongly shut. "I prophecy to thee," says Reason, "as very sibyl, that this city shall never be brought to nought."

Then Christine is told to set to work at once and dig deep in the earth for a foundation, which, being interpreted, means that she is to ask questions of Reason and record the answers. To read these questions and answers brings into mind the saying of La Bruyère—*Les anciens ont tout dit*. A specimen or two will show at least that the question of woman's business and other capacities was very fairly raised in the fifteenth century. For example, Christine asks why women sit not in the seats of Pleading and Justice. The answer is in effect that there are sufficient men, and that men are stronger of body to enforce the laws. But if any say that it is because women have not sufficient understanding to learn the laws, the contrary is made manifest by many examples. A long array is quoted, partly mythical, partly historical, of empresses, queens, duchesses, and countesses celebrated for their administrative successes and martial exploits—Menalippe, Hypolyta, Semiramis, Tamaris, Xenobia, Fredegund, Blanche, the mother of St. Louis, and many more recent widows "who maintained right in their dominions as well as their husbands had done."

"Of women of worship and knight-hood," Reason says, "I might tell thee enough;" and the knightliness of woman being thus established, Christine proceeds to ask "if ever God list to make a woman so noble to have any understanding of the highness of science." In answer to this, Reason is most explicit:—

"I say to thee again, and doubt never the contrary, that if it were the custom to put the little maidens to the school, and they were made to learn the sciences as they do to the men-children, that they should learn as perfectly, and they should be as well entered into the subtleties of all the arts and sciences as men be. And, peradventure, there should be more of them, for I have taught heretofore that by how much women have the body more soft than the men have, and less able to do divers things, by so much they have the understanding more sharp there as they apply it."

Reason does not think that women

should meddle with that which is committed to men to do, but doubts not but that if they had equal experience they would be equally full of knowledge. And she quotes many examples of women "illuminated of great sciences," from Sappho down to Christine's countrywoman Novella d'Andrea, daughter of a Professor of Civil Law at Bologna, who lectured to her father's students with a curtain before her, that her beauty might not distract the attention of the young men. But Christine, resolved to meet boldly the worst things said of the female intellect, demands next "if there was ever woman that found anything of herself that was not known before." To this Reason promptly answers that the Roman letters were invented by Niçostrata, otherwise called Carmentis; that Minerva invented iron and steel armour, Ceres the tilling of the earth, Isis gardening, Arene the shearing of sheep, Pamphila the weaving of silk; that Thamar was a mistress of the art of painting, and that Sempronia knew Greek and Latin and was a most accomplished musician. After enlarging on the wealth that has come to the world through the inventions of these noble ladies, Reason has a fling at the "evil-saying clerks"—"they should be ashamed and cast down their eyes, seeing that the very Latin letters, upon the knowledge of which they pride themselves, were invented by a woman."

Such were the foundations of Christine's city of refuge for ladies. When Reason has laid the foundations the walls are raised and crowned with most prosperous speed. Her sisters Righteousness and Justice dispose easily of the arguments of those who deny the moral qualities and the piety of women. All the gibes of monastic cynicism are triumphantly refuted by examples. The work runs to considerable length, as Christine has gathered into it all the materials she used in her numerous battles on behalf of her sex. We dare say it will

be news to many of the modern advocates of the cause that it found so eager and thorough a champion nearly five hundred years ago. Christine's city is a large and rambling range of building, with many quaint towers and turrets, but though time has undermined some of its argumentative defences, one is astonished to find how much of it is still suited for modern habitation.

Another of Christine's works enjoyed a still greater reputation in its day. The manual of military tactics and international law is perhaps the most surprising of her achievements. It is the book known to antiquaries in Caxton's translation as 'The Boke of Fayttes of Armes and Chyvalrye.' The importance and authority attached to the work may be judged from the fact that it was at the desire of Henry the Seventh that Caxton undertook the translation. To describe it as a manual of military tactics and international law is strictly correct. The productions of Caxton's press are oftener referred to than read, and the common impression about the Boke of Fayttes, derived from a fanciful construction of the title, is that it is a collection of stories of chivalrous exploits. It is a grave, solid, systematic treatise, handling many topics of the highest policy, from the manners of a good general and the minutiae of siege operations to the wagers of battle, safe-conducts, and letters of marque.

For a woman to attempt the compilation of a soldier's manual was such an extraordinary undertaking that Christine felt bound to make an apology before she went beyond her prologue. She appealed again for her main justification to Minerva, the goddess of war, "the inventor of iron and of all manner of harness." A woman might fairly write about the laws of war when it was a woman that invented its chief implements. But Christine did not profess to be original. She trusted partly to recognised authorities and partly to the

kind offices of knightly friends. Indeed, when she was half through her work, it seems to have occurred to her that she might be accused of plagiarism, and she prepared an ingenious defence, in which the vexed question how far an author may help himself from the works of others is solved with great plausibility. One evening after she had completed the second of the four parts of the book she fell asleep, and a venerable figure appeared to her in her dreams which she recognised as the impersonation of her master Study. "Dear love, Christine," he said to her, "I am hither come to be thy help in the performing of this present book. It is good that thou take and gather of the Tree of Batailles that is in my garden, some fruits of which thou shalt use." This was the master's figurative way of saying that Christine was now to have recourse, for that part of her work which dealt with political questions arising out of war, to Honoré Bonnet's 'Arbre des Batailles.' Hitherto she had been chiefly indebted to Vegetius and Frontin. "But, my master," she objected, "I beg you to say whether any rebuke will be cast at me for using the said fruit." "By no means," Study replied. "It is a common use among my disciples to give and impart one to other of the flowers that they take diversely out of my gardens. And all those that help themselves were not the first that have gathered them. Did not Maister Jean de Meun help himself in his Book of the Rose of the sayings of Lorris, and semblably of others? It is, then, no rebuke, but it is laud and praising, when well and properly they be applucked and set by order. And there lieth the maistrie thereof. And it is better to have seen and visited many books."

To the statement of this theory of literary communism it ought to be added that Christine not only shows her "maistrie" in "applucking" skilfully, but is most explicit in the acknowledgment of her obligations. The knights who assisted her

in her elaborate directions for siege operations—certain knights wise in these feats of arms—did not desire their names to be known, but everybody else from whom she borrows receives due credit.

The life of this remarkable woman has attracted very little notice from English writers. Horace Walpole touches lightly on her career in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, commenting with polite levity on the attachment entertained for her by the Earl of Salisbury. This is the only notable reference to her in English literature, and it might have been more respectful. But in France Christine has naturally received more attention. Her biography rests upon autobiographical passages in her own writings, most of which are accessible only in manuscripts in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The antiquary Boivin the younger led the way in exploring these at the beginning of last century. His paper on Christine and her father, Thomas de Pisan, printed in the *Transactions of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, restored the once famous authoress from her obscurity. Unfortunately, though the Abbé Boivin produced a curious scrap of biography, he did not perform his task with sufficient care. Doubtless with the best of intentions, he killed Christine's husband thirteen years before, according to Christine herself, his death actually took place. Nobody has discovered on what authority Boivin fixed the date. It may have been that he considered it necessary to account for Christine's resort to authorship as a livelihood. It may have been that he considered it necessary to account for the warmth of the language used by the Earl of Salisbury in his love songs to Christine. At any rate it was unfortunate, for it gave Horace Walpole an opportunity for sneering both at Christine and at her lover. The amiable cynic of Strawberry Hill was under the impression that Christine was a widow when the earl addressed her, and expressed some little con-

tempt for him because he could not persuade the mother to leave Paris, and consoled himself by taking her young son under his protection. The truth is that Christine's husband, Etienne du Castel, was alive at the time. This fact was brought to light by the writers of the notice of Christine in the *Petitot* collection of memoirs. But Boivin's paper, being first in the field, has continued to be the basis of notices of Christine de Pisan in dictionaries of biography, although an excellent monograph has since then been written by Mme. Raimond Thomassy.

It is indeed a very interesting life. By birth Christine belongs to the illustrious company of Italian women who adorned the early years of the Renaissance. She was a native of Italy, and, though she wrote in French, her place is with the female poets, jurists, and scholars whose learning and talents excited the admiration of the Italian courts and universities in the middle ages. Her father, Thomas de Pisan, was a renowned astrologer. To the modern ear this is as much as to say that he was a disreputable quack. The whirligig of Time and the researches of the Psychical Society may bring round its revenges to astrology, but it is difficult nowadays to attach even the idea of respectability to this occult art. It was otherwise in the reign of Charles the Fifth of France. The latter half of the fourteenth century was the palmy period of astrology. Its position then was an adumbration of the position now occupied by science. All the honours now paid to men of science were then absorbed by the astrologers. The catalogue of famous astrologers drawn up by Simon de Phares, and the recital of their achievements in predicting great events and detecting great criminals, commanded as much respect as would now be given to a catalogue of European men of science and their most notable discoveries. The feats of Nicolas de Paganica and Mark de Gênes in foretelling births

and deaths in royal families passed from gossip to gossip, and from writer to writer, like the fame of Helmholtz or Pasteur. For a time all the affairs of life, public and private, were regulated by the advice of the stars. Charles the Fifth, who had an especial respect for the science, kept many astrologers on handsome pensions. Such a patron as he, with men always about him to make the requisite calculations, would not have undertaken a journey, or made a present of a jewel, or put on a new robe, would not even have gone outside the gates of his palace, without first ascertaining whether the aspect of the heavens was favourable. And every great baron, every dignitary of the Church had at least one astrologer in his pay, and would not have dreamt of making an addition to castle or chapel until this authority had selected the propitious moment. Chaucer may or may not have meant to be ironical when he said of his doctor—

“ Well coude he fortunen the ascendant
Of his ymages for his patient.”

But fashionable patients undoubtedly expected as much of their doctors in Chaucer's time. Wars were undertaken and battles begun only with the same high sanction.

In these palmy days of astrology, Thomas de Pisan, according to his daughter, was at the very top of his profession. She says that in the opinion of experts entitled to judge there was not in his own generation, and there had not been for a hundred years before, a man of such profound knowledge in mathematical science and astrological calculation. She mentions one great proof of his skill that could not easily be surpassed. He predicted the hour of his own death, and he died punctually at the appointed time. Respect for his art could not have been carried farther. Christine is suspected of having been guilty of a little exaggeration in her description of her father. Other contemporary chroniclers do not assign him the same

prominent place. It is remarked that she speaks in terms of very high praise of all her relations—an amiable feature in her character. Concerning Thomas de Pisan she even goes so far as to say that the great prosperity of the reign of Charles the Fifth was chiefly due to his counsels. If that monarch undertook affairs of moment only when his favourite astrologer told him that the conjunctions were propitious, this is at least an evidence of the good judgment of Thomas de Pisan. Putting aside the question whether Christine was misled by filial affection, her account of her father is to the following effect. He was a native of Bologna, where he had considerable property. He married the daughter of a Venetian doctor, a councillor of the republic, and, fixing his residence in Venice, was himself soon promoted to the same dignity. In a few years his reputation as an astrologer and an adept versed in all the sciences spread beyond Italy. Having occasion to visit his native city of Bologna, he there received at the same time pressing invitations from the King of Hungary and the King of France to pay them a visit. He decided in favour of the King of France, being influenced to this decision partly by Charles the Fifth's great repute as a patron of science, and partly by the high character of the university of Paris, which he wished to see. He did not propose to stay more than a year in France, and left his wife and children behind him in Bologna, but Charles was so charmed with his conversation that he resolved to attach Thomas de Pisan permanently to his court. The astrologer received, besides his courteous entertainment, the substantial temptation of a most munificent salary; so he sent for his family and settled in France.

Christine was five years old when, in 1368, she was presented along with her mother at the court of Charles. She does not forget to say that they were magnificently appraised *à la Lombarde*. Although a somewhat

ostentatious man, with a turn for magnificence, and careless of the money liberally bestowed upon him by the king, Thomas de Pisan was a good father. He took great pains with Christine's education, taught her French and Latin as well as Italian, and made her study science as well as *belles lettres*. She acknowledges also that he acted wisely in the choice of a husband for her. She had many offers, knights, nobles, and rich officials being among her suitors. "Let it not be supposed that I boast of this," she writes in recording the circumstance, "for the authority of the honour and great love that the King showed to my father was the cause, not any worth of mine." This was Christine's modesty, for in addition to her brilliant talents and vivacity, she thanks God elsewhere that she had a person free from deformity and pleasing enough, and a complexion that was not in the least sickly. The extant portraits represent her as a comely woman, with regular features and a tendency to *embonpoint*. Whatever her personal attractions, she, or her father for her, with her subsequent approval, declined all the "*chevaliers*" and *riches clercs* in favour of a young Picard gentleman, a man of good family, greater in virtues than in wealth, by name Etienne du Castel. Through the astrologer's influence he was appointed one of the financial secretaries of the king. Christine was only fifteen years old at the time of her marriage.

It was well for Christine that her father had taken pains with her education. Two years after her marriage, in 1380, Charles the Fifth died, and with him departed the good fortune of the family of Thomas de Pisan. The astrologer, with his turn for magnificence, had always lived up to his income, and his son-in-law as well as himself found much less lucrative employment after the King's death. Thomas de Pisan soon followed his patron to the grave. Christine's

husband was disabled by ill health, and it fell upon her to support the family. Her mother and two poor relations, beside three children of her own, were dependent on her. She undertook the duty with heroic energy. She had acquired a reputation as a writer of *ballades*, *virelays*, and other poetry. but she resolved to qualify herself for what seems to have been more profitable work, and, counting all that she had learned in her youth as insufficient, she set herself, as she tells us, anew to the *a b c* of learning. "I betook myself to ancient histories from the commencement of the world, the histories of the Hebrews, the Assyrians, and the principal empires, proceeding from the one to the other, descending to the Romans, the French, the Britons. and other subjects of chronicle; then to the problems of the sciences, as far as the space of time that I studied could comprehend them; finally to the books of the poets." The number of authors that Christine refers to furnishes an index to the extent of her studies. M. Petitot has compiled a list of them:—"Among Greek authors one remarks the names of Homer, Sappho, Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen, Chrysostom, &c. She mentions even several sayings and maxims attributed to Socrates, to Democritus, to Diogenes, to Pythagoras, and several other philosophers. Among the Latins, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, Juvenal, Lucan, Cicero, Valerius Maximus, Suetonius, Seneca, Boethius, Apuleius, Vegetius, Pompeius Trogus. The works of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Ambrose were familiar to her. Her writings prove that she had not only read these various authors, and many others that we cannot add to the list, but that she had made a profound study of them, and one cannot but feel a certain astonishment when one finds in a woman of the fourteenth century an erudition such as is hardly possessed by the most laborious men."

That Christine had read in the

original every passage from every author that she quotes it would be too much to believe. There were compendiums in those days by the aid of which it was possible to make a great display of learning at small expense; and students were necessarily very much dependent upon these compendiums, copies of the originals not being accessible to everybody. But with every allowance for this, it is obvious that Christine was a great reader, and for her age a very accomplished scholar. There is an air of scholarly substantiality, an amount of literary flesh on the bones of her works, very rare in the middle ages. All the writers that were known in France in her time were known to her. Charles the Fifth had a collection of nine hundred volumes in the Library Tower of the Louvre. She had access to this, and through her friend Gerson, the chancellor, to all the literary treasures of the University of Paris. Christine shows not only great skill in the handling of her materials, but unmistakable evidence of businesslike industry in the accumulation of them. When she had bravely made up her mind to subsist by her pen, Anthony Trollope himself did not go to work with steadier energy and purpose than Christine de Pisan. She reminds us frequently of Trollope in her precise enumerations of the quantity of work accomplished in a given time. Her first six years of authorship, begun after the above elaborate preparation, were especially prolific. "Between the year 1399," she says, "and the year 1405, during all which time I never ceased, I compiled fifteen principal works, without counting other occasional little writings, amounting altogether to about seventy quires of large size." This period of vigorous industry was distracted by the death of her husband in 1402, by lawsuits following thereupon, and by the death of her most munificent patron, Philip of Burgundy, in 1404: but misfortunes only stimulated the courageous woman to increased exertions.

Christine did not escape calumny. The warmth of her amatory verses, which excited the suspicions of Horace Walpole, exposed her also to disgraceful insinuations from her contemporaries. She complained bitterly of these slanders, and solemnly protested her innocence. She had no time for intrigues. She did not speak in her own person; the warmth of sentiment in her lays and ballads was purely dramatic, and an imaginative assumption. "When people speak evil of me," she says, "sometimes I am vexed, and sometimes I only smile and say to myself, 'The gods, and he and I, know that there is no truth in it.'" Apart from the impassioned tone of her love songs, which was simply that of the period, there is not a tittle of evidence against the lady's reputation. Her detractors found support for their slanders in the brave show that, womanlike, she kept up when her fortunes were at their lowest ebb. Even when reduced to the necessity of borrowing money, she never relaxed in her determination to keep up appearances, and carefully concealed her poverty from the world. Her repast was often sober, she says, as became a widow, and under her mantle of grey fur and her gown of scarlet, not often renewed but well preserved, she was often sick at heart; and she had bad nights on her bed, though it was handsome and stately; but there was nothing in her face or her habit to show the world the burden of her troubles.

A hard struggle Christine seems to have had. The income of authorship was very precarious in those days. A copyist had a more certain livelihood. Once an author had parted with his manuscript, copies might be multiplied to any degree without his consent. He was not consulted, and he was not paid; the copyright belonged to the owner of the manuscript. There was no great demand for original works. An author's only chance of obtaining remuneration for his labours was to present his work to a powerful patron

No. 316—VOL. LIII.

with a flattering dedication, leaving it to the patron to make such a return as his generosity dictated. The fulsomeness of dedications, highly peppered to please a patron and enlist vanity on the side of generosity, is often denounced by modern writers, who are perhaps not much more scrupulous in their appeals to the great modern patron, the public. The author of the fifteenth century was probably as conscientiously persuaded of the virtues of his patron as the author of the nineteenth century is of the virtues of his. When Christine de Pisan resolved to support herself and her family by authorship, she had peculiar difficulties in her search for a patron. The patronage of literature was indeed already established as a thing becoming the high station of a prince. Charles the Fifth had done much to encourage a healthy rivalry in this matter among the princes of Europe. But the distracted reign of his successor was a bad time for the literary aspirant in France. Why Christine persisted in clinging to her adopted country at such a time, and steadily refused the tempting offers of the Duke of Milan and the King of England, is not clear. The secret of her attachment to Paris must remain one of the mysteries of her life. It may simply have been that all her friends were there; and that as a sensible woman she doubted the permanence of the favour of patrons in every country, even if she could depend upon the permanence of their power. Anyhow, she remained in France, and addressed herself to one after another of the factious chiefs, by whose struggles for prominence the unhappy kingdom was torn.

She flattered them all in her dedications—the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Berry, Isabella of Bavaria, the queen—but she did not attach herself to any party, and she maintained a lofty tone both in morality and in politics. There was nothing base in her

flattery. She credited the objects of it with virtues that they did not possess, but the virtues were such as they would have been much the better for possessing. Praise for any quality that was really virtuous, even though the recipient of the praise did not deserve it, was a wholesome influence in a generation when the corruption of the chivalrous ideal had reached its worst, when courtly magnificence of living was disgraced by shameless orgies, and public honours were sought by the vilest intrigues and the most treacherous assassinations.

One of Christine's first works was a collection of chivalrous precepts thrown into the form of a letter sent by the goddess Othea to Hector of Troy at the age of fifteen. Othea is a personification of Wisdom, and she tells the boy, in a succession of maxims in verse, each followed by explanations and exemplifications in prose, after the manner of the Cato Major, what he must do, and what he must avoid, in order to become a perfect knight. It was dedicated to the Duke of Orleans, whose faction was in the ascendant at the close of the fourteenth century. The Duchess of Orleans, Valentine Visconti, was a countrywoman of Christine's, and this may possibly have influenced her first choice of a patron. There is, unfortunately, no reason to believe that the excellent precepts of this treatise had any effect on the Duke himself. The paramour of Isabella was probably too far gone in unknighthood to be reclaimed by precepts. But it is possible to believe that the epistle of Othea was not without an influence on the character of one of the brightest mirrors of chivalry, Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, whom Valentine with rare generosity educated, and who had already before her death given proof of his truly chivalrous spirit. Valentine's reputation stands out fair and spotless from the dark background of that profligate and intriguing court. After the assassination of her husband, and her fruitless attempts to

have justice done upon his murderer, she lamented that she must look for redress in the future to Dunois rather than to any of her own sons. The exhortations of Christine may have found a suitable soil in his gallant spirit.

But Christine was indebted also to the House of Burgundy, from which came the unfair blow that laid her first patron prostrate. A few years after she began authorship, in 1403, she sent her treatise on the Mutation of Fortune as a new year's gift to Philip the Hardy, who was for the time at the head of affairs in Paris. Philip sent her a munificent present in return, commissioned her to write the work by which she is best known, the 'Life of Charles the Fifth,' and placed documents at her disposal. He died three months afterwards, before Christine, rapid writer as she was, had finished the first part of her work. M. Petitot remarks with justice on this instance of Christine's extraordinary facility in writing. The book was ordered in the month of January. The first part was completed on the twenty-eighth of April. It is true that a large proportion of the work consists of general reflections and historical comparisons for which no research was required, and that the method followed allowed the writer to put down her facts as fast as she acquired them. Still, even this first part contains many details about the management of the royal household, and the administration of justice and finance that could not have been obtained without vigorous study of documents. The whole manuscript was completed on the first of November, and is certainly a remarkable achievement of rapid study and composition.

The completed work was presented to the Duc de Berry, but John of Burgundy also patronised the indefatigable authoress, and the Register of the Chamber of Accounts contains several entries of donations made to the widow of Etienne du

Castel for books presented to him. Her life became more difficult after 1405, when the struggle between Burgundy and Orleans waxed hotter. We find her in the October of that year writing till past midnight to finish a *plourable requeste des loyaulx Francoys* to the queen, a touching appeal to Isabella of Bavaria to remember the danger to the realm incurred by these dissensions. Again and again in the course of the next ten years she addressed similar appeals to the royal family and the leaders of the factions. She was the mouthpiece of the moderate party in the state, and her writings give a vivid idea of the horror and shame with which they looked on helplessly while the kingdom was being torn in pieces. After the battle of Agincourt, which verified her gloomiest anticipations, Christine dis-

appeared into a convent, and nothing reached the public from her pen till she was able, in 1429, to celebrate the triumphs of Joan of Arc.

The life of this first champion of her sex, so denominated by herself, and thoroughly worthy of the title, would furnish occasion for a complete picture of the position of women in the Middle Ages. The various mediæval conceptions of woman as she is and woman as she ought to be are shown in Christine's writings in full argumentative conflict; and practical illustrations of the best and the worst are to be found in plenty in the court of Charles the Sixth. Christine herself is cast after the noblest type of mediæval womanhood, and a certain stage of feudal society is mirrored in her works as it is nowhere else.

W. MINTO.

FOOTPRINTS.

SCENE, a sandy beach at evening : a little boy speaks, "I tread in your steps, papa, and they bring me to you."

A GLORIOUS coast, where mountains meet the sea :
 (The marriage of our earth's divinest things,
 The power of mountains with the life-like voice,
 The grandeur, and the pathos of the sea :)
 A small stone town, built nowise orderly,
 And partly perched in niches natural
 Of rifted crags, whence every day at dusk
 Each household light gleams like a lofty star :
 A level waste of broad wave-bordering sand
 And a long snowy line of breaking surf :
 Above, the verdure of far-rolling slopes,
 Where skylarks warble, sheep-bells tinkle soft,
 And heather flames a purple deep as dawn :
 And higher still, the giants of the hills,
 That raise their mighty shoulders through the clouds,
 And sun themselves in ecstasy of light :
 The homes these are of the wild choral winds,
 The haunts of the fair ghosts of silvery mists,
 The birth-beds rude of strong and stormy streams
 That down the piny gorges swoop amain
 In the long thunder of their power and joy ;
 Within whose granite arms sleep glens of green,
 Lighted by one bright tarn of lonely blue,—
 Places of peace so still and far away,
 So lifted from the murmurs of the world,
 So kindred with the quiet of the sky,
 That one might look to see immortal shapes
 Descending, and to hear the harps of heaven.

O'er three proud kingly peaks that northward tower,
 And through their sundering gullies, silent poured
 Rich floods of sunset, and ran reddening far
 Along the sandy flats, and, Christwise, changed
 Old ocean's ashen waters into wine,
 As once we wandered towards the church of eld
 That on the brink of the bluff headland stood
 (God's house of light to shine o'er life), and shook
 Its bells of peace above the rumbling surge,
 And spoke unto us of those thoughts and ways
 That higher than the soaring mountains are,
 And deeper than the mystery of the sea.

It may be we shall roam that marge no more,
Or list the voice of that far-booming main,
Or watch the sunset swathe those regal hills
With vast investiture of billowy gold ;
But unforgetting hearts with these will hoard
(With mountain vision and the wail of waves)
Some wistful memories that soften life,
The peace, the lifted feeling, the grave charm,
The tender shadows and the fading day,
The little pilgrim on the sun-flushed sands,
The love, the truth, the trust in those young eyes,
The tones that touched like tears, the words, "I tread
In your steps, father, and they lead to you."

SOME RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

"Every writer of mark leaves behind him shreds and remnants of stuff, some of which are characteristic and worthy of preservation, and some are otherwise; and it is, in my deliberate opinion, an injustice to any such writer to dilute his reputation by publishing every scrap of writing that he is known to have produced, merely because the necessity of making a choice may expose the editor to the risk of censure."

THIS golden sentence stands in the introduction to the last published volume of that edition of Charles Lamb's works which has in happy time been placed in Mr. Ainger's hands.¹ It will not be a popular sentence. To judge from the opinions already passed upon it, and, still more, from the practical expression of those opinions which our printing-presses send forth in battalions, nothing could well be conceived more adverse to the spirit of the time. Most scrupulous now are we to gather up all the fragments that remain; not only every scrap of writing that the most liberal conjecture can assign to a name is dragged into the pillory of print, but every variation of that scrap. The art to blot Pope calls the last and greatest art a writer can learn; yet it is an art one is tempted sometimes to wish had been even more neglected by our writers than it has been, for we must be spared, it seems, no single blot.

Something, no doubt, may be said for this broad view of an editor's functions; though not everything, perhaps, is said quite unselfishly. In this curious age some editors are a little too apt to plume themselves on

their industry. Industry is a great virtue; but industry without perception is for an editor—may one not say, for every man?—but a will o' the wisp. "Reading," wrote Burke once to his son, "and much reading is good; but the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your own mind, and of applying it to every occasion that arises, is far better." The industry which plumes itself on unearthing from the limbo of forgotten things every unconsidered or rejected line of a great writer, without any care for its quality, its relevancy, or the harm it may do his position in the great hierarchy of letters,—such industry is surely but a futile thing, or worse than futile. It is an even worse thing than that other fashion of cumbering the text with notes on every possible and impossible opportunity; a fashion so obviously honoured for the chance it gives of glorifying the editor rather than the author, so irresistibly recalling Pope's terrible picture—

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears."

A foolish young gentleman, with the editorial rash very strong upon him, declared not long ago his opinion that the text was made for the notes, not the notes for the text. Many a true word is spoken in jest; this is precisely the idea one does get from so much of what passes for editing to-day. From certain lips such fashions may win, indeed, applause for the editor, but what do they win for the poor victim of these unseasonable and unreasoning vanities?

The contention of those who stand out for the whole letter of the law is twofold. The writer thus presented,

¹ 'Mrs. Leicester's School, and other writings in Prose and Verse,' by Charles Lamb, with introduction and notes by the Rev. Alfred Ainger. London, 1885. This volume completes the edition of Lamb's published works; two more are to follow, containing a selection of his delightful letters, including some that have never yet been printed.

"with all his imperfections on his head," is no victim, they say. What is best not only still stands unimpaired by what is of less worth, but even takes fresh interest from it. We see by what slow and toilsome steps the artist climbed to his height; in the raw untrimmed growth of the early years we see the bud destined to break into the blossom of the prime. And when the artist dies, the power and privilege of judging passes; it passes from him to posterity. The ages are his heirs; it is their right to realise all the treasure he has left behind him. Mr. Ainger quotes from one of Lamb's earlier editors, the late Mr. J. C. Babson, of the United States. "The admirers of Elia," said Mr. Babson, "want to possess every scrap and fragment of his inditing. They cannot let oblivion have the least 'notelet' or 'essaykin' of his." And a writer in one of our daily journals¹ has been much more outspoken in the same way. In a review of Thackeray's late - published contributions to 'Punch,' he takes occasion to be exceedingly scornful of those who set their faces against this indiscriminate style of editing. "These are they," he says, "who storm at Mr. Froude for not making pipe-lights of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and his wife's letters, and who expurgate Charles Lamb in accordance with what befits his dignity and reputation." And then this angry man goes on to paint the fury with which such editors, had they lived in the days when Hemminge and Condell published their famous folio of Shakespeare's plays, would have denounced that collection of "certain ephemeral writings, which, in the opinion of their author, were certainly not worth preservation." All this is, of course, entirely beside the mark. There is really no analogy between the publication of Shakespeare's plays after his death, or the license, right or wrong,

¹ 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' December 31, 1885.

Mr. Froude permitted himself in dealing with the manuscripts entrusted to him by Carlyle, and the omnivorous "editing" it is wished to give to Lamb, and has been given to Thackeray. Mr. Froude's case stands, so far as Carlyle was concerned, quite outside the literary aspect of the question. If his friends had been content to treat Shakespeare's plays with the same carelessness that, it is commonly assumed, he himself treated them, the loss would have been so vast that it is impossible to parallel it. The world would suffer no loss by the removal from the sum of Lamb's or Thackeray's work that which an intelligent editor should after due thought determine to reject as unworthy of such writers.

But when the reviewer goes on to give his reasons for welcoming the two volumes of Thackeray's miscellaneous pieces,² which he himself had rejected, then we get on more debatable ground. He says:—

"What a man has published he has published, and the question of its preservation or annihilation rests not with himself, but with posterity. If posterity has sufficient curiosity about him to read even his pot-boilers, that is simply one of the rewards or penalties of greatness. If his pot-boilers are unworthy of him, is it not important, and even essential for the true understanding of his character, to know that he wrote unworthy pot-boilers, and to estimate the extent and manner of their unworthiness? 'But,' it may be said, 'these writings were published without the author's name. A man is surely not to be held responsible for what he did not sign?' This is one of the essentially immoral habits of thought begotten by our anonymous system of journalism. Anonymity alters the intrinsic merit of a writing just as darkness alters the intrinsic merit of an act—it may often make it worse, it can seldom make it better—as a rule it affects it not a jot. There may be a thousand legitimate reasons of habit and convenience for preserving anonymity; but if the thousand and first be that the writer is afraid or ashamed to sign his work, then he is acting indefensibly and immorally in publishing it at all, and must take the consequences if he be found out. Every allowance is, of course, to be made for the haste with which journalistic

² 'Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches, and Reviews,' and 'Contributions to "Punch."' London, 1885.

work is necessarily done, and the candid reader of this volume will readily make such allowance; but if there be anything in it distinctly inconsistent with our ideal of Thackeray's personal and literary character, why, then, let us modify our ideal, and not cry out for the suppression of the offending utterance."

Let us pass by for the present the question of anonymous writing, which has really nothing to do with the immediate matter, and is plainly introduced for some other and alien purpose. But we have here a distinct expression of one of the arguments commonly used for the necessity of bringing the whole volume of a great writer's work into the balance of judgment. If fate has at one period of his career driven him to the manufacture of those aids to existence which in the sprightly language of the day are spoken of as "pot-boilers," and if those "pot-boilers" are unworthy of his best work (as it would be very strange if they were not), nevertheless it is essential to a true understanding of his character that they also, even as his best work, should be judged.

But has the true understanding of a man's character really very much to do with his fame as an artist? True, M. Scherer says it has. Without a right knowledge of a man's life, his circumstances, his moral and social, no less than his intellectual, atmosphere, we can have, he says, no right knowledge of his work. "*De ces deux choses, l'analyse du caractère de l'écrivain et l'étude de son siècle, sort spontanément l'intelligence de son œuvre* (out of these two things, the analysis of the writer's character and the study of his age, there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work)." M. Scherer's name stands high on the slender roll of living critics, and stands justly high. But these words of his contain, as another and no less famous critic has said, a perilous doctrine; useful, perhaps, to a certain quality of minds, but not to all; and even in the mind capable of receiving it likely to stir only that "personal

sensation" which is M. Scherer's particular offence in criticism. All criticism, perhaps, tends more to the personal sensation than the critics themselves are willing to suppose; tends to it more especially to-day, when the personal is in so high favour. The most part of Mr. Swinburne's criticism, for example, is surely very much of a personal matter, personal, one may indeed say, in expression as well as in sensation. So much, too, of the criticism one finds flowing through the periodical press, how touched with personal sensation that clearly is! Shallow prattling unto shallow, "How bright and fresh and sparkling you are; and I, too; can you not return the compliment?" And it is returned;—

"Ode or epic, song or sonnet,
Mr. Hayley, you're divine!
Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,
You yourself are all the Nine!"

The desire to know about the great men who have contributed to the sum of human happiness and wisdom, whose work has become part of the patrimony of mankind, is in itself a laudable desire, and properly gratified is often of great value. Johnson, whose remarks on the dignity and usefulness of biography might be disinterred from their forgotten grave in the pages of the 'Rambler' with so much profit to the present age, whose ideas on the subject are perhaps a little confused—Johnson praises the life of de Thou (or Thuanus) for being written, that "it might lay open to posterity the private and familiar character of that man whose candour and genius will, to the end of time, be by his writings preserved in admiration." To know the private and familiar character of a great man will always interest, when it is worthy of his greatness, and always should interest. How vain and untrue would have been our idea of the man had Mr. Trevelyan never given us that delightful picture of Macaulay, as his own familiar circle knew him to be! What would not the world have lost

had Lockhart never told the story of Sir Walter's magnificent fight with fortune! Had we known him only praised, courted, and triumphant, with all the world at his feet, what a vision of a man should we have lost! Who would not give all the reams of criticism that ever were or will be written on his works for this one anecdote of him, as he lay in those last days in the London hotel, painfully wearing to his death? "Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several working-men standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street, and one of them asked him, as if there were but one death-bed in London, 'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?'" He stands for us now like the tall cliff that "midway leaves the storm" of mortal things:—

"Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

But this desire to know the private and familiar life of great men, whose genius has saved them from the common lot, is one thing: the theory that it enables us to rightly judge their genius is another and a very different thing. It may help us in some way, and in some cases, to account for it, to explain it. But this, again, is surely a very different thing from judging it.

In one of those delightful chapters of autobiography which are as the Indian summer of his literary life Mr. Ruskin has the following passage:—¹

"The series of the Waverley novels, then drawing towards its close, was still the chief source of delight in all households caring for literature; and I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them, than when I did not know the Bible; but I have still a vivid remembrance of my father's intense expression of sorrow, mixed with scorn, as he threw down 'Count Robert of Paris,' after reading three or four pages, and knew that the life of Scott was ended, the scorn being a very complex and bitter feeling in him—partly, indeed, of the book itself, but chiefly of the wretches who were tormenting and selling the wrecked intellect—"

¹ *Præterita*, chapter ii., "Herne-Hill Almond Blossoms."

Into Mr. Ruskin's further analysis of the paternal scorn we prefer not to follow him. Imprudence is, we think, a sufficient word for the causes which produced 'Count Robert of Paris'; it is, at any rate, the harshest word we ever care to hear applied to Sir Walter. But surely no one here will pretend that a knowledge of the unfortunate events which made 'Count Robert of Paris' and 'The Antiquary' growths of the same stock was necessary to provide a judgment of the former. Surely that knowledge, in the case of such a man as Sir Walter, is but a part of "the knowledge which increaseth sorrow": a knowledge we should all be glad to put out of our memories of him

"Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to
it."

But, even if it is allowed that a right understanding of a man's character and circumstances is necessary to a right judgment of his work, still, it seems to us, we are very far from the indispensableness of thrusting all a man's work, against his will, pell mell upon the public eye, his worst work equally with his best. How a study of 'Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History' is essential to a right understanding of Thackeray's character does, indeed, surpass our comprehension, as completely as the theory that a right understanding of Thackeray's character is essential to a right judgment of 'Esmond' or 'Vanity Fair.'

With Thackeray it was not as with Scott. He, too, had his days of struggle, but they came, happily for him, in the morning of his life; in the evening he gave us not 'Count Robert of Paris,' but 'Denis Duval.' The work of that struggling time which he himself elected to preserve is so copious and so admirable, that it should amply suffice for the adherents of the historic method of criticism without the surplusage he threw away. But, says our large-hearted reviewer, "there is nothing whatever

in these volumes which the most ardent lover of Thackeray need deplore, while there is much that the student would be extremely sorry to lose." Ah! that student! What crimes are committed in his name! He is coming near to be as great a nuisance as Macaulay's schoolboy, or the "judicious," the *φρόνιμος* of Aristotle. But it is the business of the student, it is part of his high prerogative, to "toil terribly." He knows where to lay his hand on all the journeyman work of the great artists: he can study it, judge it, and draw from it all the profit it can yield for him. That profit he can help us to share; but he will not, if he is anything more than a student—he will not, if he is a true student, insist on parading all the means and appliances of his knowledge. We, the great public, who are not students, who are so rarely judicious, we but lose ourselves in these lumber-rooms of the past. The dust of ages makes all things look alike to us. Confused in the medley of indifferent and bad work, such small perception of the good as we may have grows dim. It is but to a very rare order of mind that the contemplation of the bad heightens the value and the charm of the good; to the most part of mankind it is imperatively necessary that they should see only the good, even though they recognise it not when seen.

"There is nothing in these volumes which the most ardent admirer of Thackeray need deplore." Deplore is a strong word. It is a blessed privilege to be able, as the phrase goes, to swallow a man whole; it is often a convenient thing to profess to do so. It is not in our purpose, even were it in our power, to attempt any critical estimate of these surplus volumes. But when the author of 'From Cornhill to Cairo,' decided to exclude from his bequest to us the papers of 'The Fat Contributor'; when the author of 'The Book of Snobs' decided to strike out of it the chapter on the literary species of that great Genus; when the

author of the 'Lyra Hibernica,' and the 'Ballads of Policeman X' would not include among the children of his Muse 'The Flying Duke,' and 'Mr. Smith and Mr. Moses,' it certainly strikes us that he showed a discretion very rarely found in authors passing judgment on their own work—though not more, perhaps, than one would have expected from such an artist as Thackeray.

Criticism should concern itself, we are told, with the *best* that has been thought and said in the world, not with *all* that has been thought and said. Is there not, then, some reason in those, who are not, indeed, critics, but who yet, after their lights, do honestly admire good things, when they plead that only the best work of a great artist should be preserved for posterity to judge him by? But who shall decide what is best? Well, in the case of Lamb, we have Mr. Ainger deciding; and for our part we profess ourselves amply satisfied with his decision. Lamb, perhaps, would not suffer so much by being served up whole as Thackeray, so we venture to think, suffers. With Lamb literature was never a crutch. He had time, he had choice; he could take the mood for writing, and—golden boon!—he could wait for it. Never had he need, like that other, to know what it was

"to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make our laughter when his own heart
bled."

Poor Elia knew what sorrow meant, better, perhaps, than most of us, and the fulness of heart out of which he joked was not always the fulness of laughter. But he had never need to know the mortal agony of writing for bread.

"Day after day the labour's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run."

That bitter experience was never his.

Then there is his style! That wonderful style; the only instance, probably, in all the history of letters of a

style confessedly artificial taking the true natural touch. Thackeray has his style, too ; a glorious style, inimitable. And in 'Esmond' his nature had become subdued to what it worked in as completely as Lamb's became. But in 'Esmond,' in 'Barry Lyndon,' in 'The Virginians,' the style is still more obviously exotic than Lamb's, and more inevitably so. Anthony Trollope thought that Thackeray, successful as he had been in those books in adopting the tone he wished to assume, never quite succeeded in altogether dropping it again. Trollope, as we think, was right ; as, indeed, in that ill-treated little book,¹ he so much more often is than he has been given credit for. But whether Trollope be right or wrong, at any rate Thackeray's style varied more than Lamb's. Every great writer has his own flavour—mannerism one need not always call it. Thackeray had his, indeed ; yet with Lamb, perhaps, it is a yet more particular quality of the man than with Thackeray. And for this sake, and for the smaller body of his work, and for the freer conditions of so much of it, there seems to us more reason in the cry for all that Lamb has left. We cannot sympathise with the cry, but we can understand it.

But in the other case we can neither sympathise nor understand. The body of work Thackeray had left before these two unlucky volumes were tacked on to it, the work he had himself chosen as his gift to posterity, is rich and various enough. It is not all of the best, of course ; not all of the same high quality as the best ; but very little of it, perhaps none of it, there is, which does not bear the genuine stamp of the man ; very little of it, if any of it, in which one cannot find, in varying clearness of course, the sign-manual of the author, on the one hand, of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Esmond,' on the other, of 'The Book of Snobs' and 'Rebecca and Rowena.' There is

¹ English Men of Letters, 'Thackeray,' by Anthony Trollope. London, 1879.

enough, in all conscience, to supply a judgment on the writer in all his varying humours, when the time for a definitive judgment has come, as it has hardly yet come. Those incomparable treasures of wit and humour, that righteous scorn, that tender pity, the laughter and the tears he has set flowing for all time—surely there needed nothing further to let our grandchildren make good the claim of him we have set so high in our Valhalla. For sterner critics, too, his range and its limitations, all the faults they must find, would not they have been clear enough, when the time for the clear vision came, without these experiments of his unpractised youth ? "What anecdotes," wrote the gentle Emerson, "do we wish to hear of any man ? Only the best." We have got leagues away from that comfortable state of mind now : perhaps even in Emerson's day the wish was father to the thought. But, if it be a sentiment to desire to read only the best work of the best writers, to have the choice only of reading the best, it is at least a sentiment we think no one need be ashamed to own. A great man, whatever be his mood of greatness, be he artist, statesman, priest, or warrior, is the general heritage of the land which has borne him. In his life he must go his own way ; but when he has passed out of life, his greatness then is the land's concern. He should be guarded jealously ; not idealised into a saint, nor glorified into a demigod ; but assuredly not dwarfed or obscured at the whim of every puny modeller who would make man in his own image. Let us have the reality, if we can get it ; but let us be sure it is the reality, and not the mere parasitic growth of the hour, which is but too quick to find its way round every noble stem. Let the warts be painted, by all means ; but spare us every accidental blotch with which the passing humours of our frailer part must sometimes cloud the fairest skin. And with the great writer, he who, after all, bequeaths the richest heritage to the

future, who makes us all "heirs of truth and pure delight," with him this watchfulness is surely most needful. "We admire," to borrow again from Emerson, "we admire eminent men not for themselves, but as representatives." The great writer, when

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night,"

is a man to us no more; he is the representative of the truth, the wisdom, the wit, of the intellectual greatness of his people and his time. It is our business, it should be our pride, to keep that greatness as clear and unsullied as possible; not to "cumber it with much serving;" not to obscure it, to blur its fair proportions with all the errors and perversities of its inevitable hours of weakness. It is the best work of these men which really teaches us.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought."

What do we learn from their worst, save that they too have had moments of like frailty with ourselves? Perhaps this is the lesson some of us are so pleased to learn, and no doubt to a sort of minds the frailties of great men are very comforting: but to insist on it as of real artistic value, as indispensable to a correct judgment, is a foolish thing. However virtuous, however single-minded their intentions, it is but a cruel thing these Autolycei do, these snappers up of unconsidered trifles. In a new edition,¹ which will do much to redeem the too many editions, old and new, which crowd the booksellers' counters to-day, we are warned of that "unfortunate tenderness for the bad work of famous men, which makes of so much reading time worse than wasted." We are reminded of that golden saying of Candide, "The unwise value every word in an author of repute."

In this case of Thackeray there is,

¹ An edition of the works of Mr. John Morley, now in course of publication; vol. i. 'Voltaire.'

indeed, some reason in the plea made by the publishers of these volumes. It seems that these are the last days of the copyright in his works, and that, had they not bestirred themselves while it yet was time, there was a chance of the prize passing to other hands. There is a sort of ghouls about which support an unholy existence by industriously mumbling the bones of the dead. Some such a breed there probably has always been; but it appears to be particularly flourishing just now when the demand for this class of "literature" is so brisk. One can understand how loath men, whose names have been so long and honourably associated with Thackeray's, would naturally be to let even the remnants of this bounteous harvest be gathered by less worthy hands. But there is this also to be said. With such sponsors to promise and vow for them, these poor things are, as it were, baptized into a new life. They have the seal of authority set upon them, a sort of extrinsic legitimacy. Had it been otherwise, probably not even Thackeray's name had saved them from oblivion. Nay, the very conjunction might have availed to find it for them. One would have liked not the security. The poor discarded bantlings would have shared the fate of their sponsors—

"To glide down Grub Street, fasting and
forgot;
Laughed into Lethe by some quaint Review—"

though, to be sure, our quaint reviews have rather lost the trick of laughing.

The sermon preached by the 'Pall Mall' reviewer against the sentimentalists can be divided into two parts, one dealing with literature, the other with morals. Morals and literature should of course go hand in hand; so at least we are often warned; but somehow they have a most distracting knack of keeping apart. When assuring us that there was nothing in these volumes the admirer of Thackeray need deplore, the reviewer was in the world of literature; when he

touched on the question of anonymous writing, and of any sense of fear or shame binding a writer to secrecy, then he moved into the moral world. Let us try and follow him there for a little way. The question does not, to be sure, primarily affect Thackeray, but it opens a door to one or two larger issues on which we should like to say a word.

"There may be a thousand legitimate reasons of habit and convenience for preserving anonymity; but if the thousand and first be that the writer is afraid or ashamed to sign his work, then he is acting indefensibly and immorally in publishing it at all, and must take the consequences if he be found out." This is a reflection, indeed, both pious and to the purpose. But its purpose will obviously depend much on the sense attributed to the ideas of *fear* and *shame*. Every one will cordially agree that a man who secretly publishes what he is meanly afraid or ashamed to own, deserves the worst that may befall him. But there is a moral sense of shame, and an immoral one; a noble one, and an ignoble one. No one would think worse of a great writer, who had gained the capacity of judging himself, and the opportunity of doing so, looking back with a certain sense of shame on work he felt was not his best, was not even the best he might have done at the time. The feeling which induces a man to publish, when the need for it has passed, all the hasty and immature work of his early years, or even of the journeyman moments of his manhood, seems to us something very different from honesty or candour. It is a feeling which is a great deal too prevalent to-day, and may well bear quite another, and much less convenient, name.

With the most part of Thackeray's early work there was no choice of signing his name. In those days neither editors nor the public had that unreasoning craze for names which apparently possesses them to-day. "Words, words, words," said Hamlet,

when asked what he was reading; "names, names, names," he might answer to-day. For really to-day, at any rate with our periodical literature, whether it is to be called journalism or not, there seems not only to be much virtue in a name, but every virtue. By journalism one generally understands the current literature of the daily papers; and the idea of lifting the veil of secrecy—already thin enough in all conscience—which shrouds the workers in this busy and important field, is to us, we frankly own, an appalling one. Such a custom would not only, it seems to us, cruelly hamper the workmen's hands, but would also open a terribly wide door to those sweet influences, so dangerous to meet, so hard to resist, which are ever on the watch to guide the bolts of Jove. Some rude men of the baser sort there have been to assert that this door is even now not kept so jealously shut as it should be; but this is, of course, a libel. Paris, however, can furnish some idea of the result of throwing open the shrines of journalism to the profane crowd. There the papers, some of them at least, bristle with names; there certainly publicity does not always impose that check on rash and inconvenient writing which its votaries claim for its prime virtue: while there, unless truth in her passage over the Channel suffers a sea-change indeed, those sweet influences we spoke of are most undisguisedly rampant.

This question of anonymous writing has been always debated and will probably be never settled. So much can be said on either side. No doubt it helps to blunt the sense of responsibility, perhaps sometimes to destroy it. It allows the "irresponsible reviewer" to dismiss the labour of years with a laugh or a sneer; to destroy a policy, sap a creed, or send some golden poet howling to the shades below with a wave of "nature's mightiest weapon." No doubt, too, it enables many a one to give a shrewd nip on the sly to his friend, and an encouraging pat on the back to himself. But such an one,

even if the veil of secrecy were wholly rent, would probably never fail in the means of gratifying these pleasures. He would have to gratify them more warily, but he would not altogether lose them. Undoubtedly, too, an enforced anonymity deprives many an aspiring author of the sweet perfume of the public breath; it compels the kindly Chorus sometimes to pass by the right man, or, which is perhaps still worse, to praise the wrong one. But, after all, these losses are not national. And, if the truth were always known, we might be so much less impressed than we are. It is not pleasant to have our illusions shattered. Who can have read without a shock that the village maiden who wedded the lord of Burleigh bore the name of Sarah Hoggins?¹ How sadly disenchanted must have been those romantic souls who wept over 'Passion Flowers,' or shuddered at 'The Bastard of Lara,' when at last they beheld the features of Miss Bunion or Poseidon Hicks. Besides, for these repressed geniuses there is also balm. Those inspired little paragraphs which meet one at every turn of the daily papers, to tell how some masterpiece of which all the world is silent is in good truth the work of Miss Brown or Master Jones—are they not more efficacious than a wilderness of barren names?

But there is another and more serious side to the question. There is the critical side. It were perhaps no bad thing if all criticism of current work were done away with; it is certain literature would suffer small loss if very much of it were done away with. In some minds there may indeed be a doubt whether, despite the high assurance that an age of great critical effort is an indispensable forerunner to an age of great creative activity, we are not just now weighted with a little too much criticism; whether it might not be a good thing for some of us to begin reading what these great

fathers of ours wrote, and not confine ourselves solely to what their greater sons think about them. This, may be, is a delusion; it is a dream at any rate, which, in the present state of intellectual affairs is little likely to come true. But will any one honestly say that a perfectly straightforward, fearless, impartial criticism of contemporary work is compatible with the avowed identity of the critic? It is impossible for fellow-workers in any field to keep wholly aloof from each other; it is not perhaps well that they should do so. No one, let us believe would, if he could avoid it, save in very exceptional circumstances, sit in judgment on the work of a friend. But, how hard it is to avoid it, so many there must be to tell! And then, how bound and limited must the critic be if he is forced to take the judgment seat before all the world. Even if he can honestly award a greater measure of praise than blame, still how hampered he must be. "Artists are envious, and the mob profane." Even if he is praising, must he not be for ever haunted by the fear of the reasons the profane mob will go about to find for his praise—and, indeed, not impossibly for his blame? As the steadfast, Ulysses said to his too flattering friend—

Τυδείδην, μήτ' ἔρ με μάλ' αἶνεε μήτε τι νείκει·
εἰδόσι γάρ τοι ταῦτα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις.²

And if he must blame! "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend." It is not in human nature, one likes at least to think, that he shall not refrain on this side or that. Certainly it is not in human nature, however delicately he do his spiriting, that he shall give no offence. And if there be no such sweet bond of intercourse, still the limitations will exist, though, no doubt, in some less degree. There

¹ See a note to Mr. Palgrave's 'Selection from the Lyrical Poems of Lord Tennyson.' London, 1885.

² "Son of Tydeus, praise me not overmuch, neither blame me aught, for thou speakest thus among the Argives that themselves know all."

will still be the fear of misconstruction, still the aversion to wielding the ferule in full light of day; even Mr. Calcraft's successors one imagines to prefer doing their necessary but unpleasant work in partial privacy.

But here, one imagines our friend the reviewer saying, Here is pre-eminently a case of the man wishing to do in secret what he is afraid to do openly. It is not so. This is no question of fear. The right critic has no *wish* to praise or blame; he knows well that a critic's business is criticism. It is not his business, to borrow a phrase of Mr. Bagehot's, to be thankful; he must estimate, not eulogize. All he wishes is to speak the truth; and he feels that, so long as human nature remains what it is, and always has been, the inherent difficulties of that thankless task are multiplied beyond mortal bearing, while he must give all the world assurance like Coriolanus, "Alone, I did it!" No man would willingly confess to giving offence; no honest critic but must sometimes give it.

And surely a little more candour, a little more fearlessness, were no bad thing in our current criticism. *Lenis, minimeque pertinax*, gentle, and not too violently insisting, is an excellent motto for a moralist; but for a critic there are times when it may be pushed too far. Heaven forbid a return to the days of those Cocks of the North who to the lead of "crusty Christopher" crowded so defiantly in old Maga's coop; or of "bright broken Maginn," whose gladiatorial freaks¹ have been lately resuscitated with little profit surely to the poor ghost or to any one else; nor even would one greatly desire that outspokenness which even so delicate a spirit as Hawthorne permitted himself in calling a brother-author "the very pimple of the age's humbug." There was a moment,

¹ 'Miscellanies, Prose and Verse,' by William Maginn. London, 1885.

even in our own day, when "toads," "pole-cats," "asps," and other such pretty flowers of speech blossomed very freely in one little critical plot; that moment has passed, to return, we must all hope, no more, But a little of the spirit which nerved the young Macaulay's swashing blow at Robert Montgomery we might sometimes, perhaps, suffer with complacency. "I should think it a cruelty," wrote Johnson, when pleading in his 'Rambler' for something of the same spirit, "to crush an insect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmless stupidity, or destroy the jest which makes its author laugh." So much no one will gainsay: one may freely own it were a good thing that the necessity for the displays of this spirit should not be. But offences must come; they must come, and they must be met. 'Satans' and 'Messiahs' are not written now; but the ways by which the author of those works climbed to the little throne from which he was so strongly thrust down are certainly not unknown.

It will be easy, of course, to raise a cry of brutality, vindictiveness, and so forth, and to name the name of Mr. Bludyer. But such things are very far from our contention. For such criticism as we mean temper and justice are as inevitable as fearlessness and honesty: and for the vindictiveness — alas! that is precisely the quality one regrets to detect so often in our current criticism, when it passes out of the sphere of mere personal eulogy or news. The criticism which is full of hinted faults and hesitated dislikes, which shows all the willingness to wound checked only by the fear of striking, betrays the two worst faults of its kind.

Let criticism by all means keep clear of such offences: though they do indeed but little harm to what they assail, and especially that sort of criticism which is clearly inspired by the

"personal sensation," even should it happen to blunder into truth. But to those who, in answer to any such plea as we have made, would raise the cry we have anticipated, employing that popular style of argument which is based solely on misrepresentation, and needs only such skill in misconstruction as a 'Dictionary of Synonyms and Autonyms' can easily supply, our friend the 'Rambler' found an answer long ago:

"I am not of opinion that these professed enemies of arrogance and severity have much more benevolence or modesty than the rest of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts any other intention than to distinguish themselves by their softness and delicacy. Some are modest because they are timorous, and some are lavish of praise because they hope to be repaid."

LONG ODDS.

THE story which is narrated in the following pages came to me from the lips of my old friend Allan Quatermain, or Hunter Quatermain, as we used to call him in South Africa. He told it to me one evening when I was stopping with him at the place he bought in Yorkshire. Shortly after that, the death of his only son so unsettled him, that he immediately left England, accompanied by two companions, who were old fellow-voyagers of his, Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good, and has now utterly vanished into the dark heart of Africa. He is persuaded that a white people, of which he has heard rumours all his life, exists somewhere on the highlands in the vast, still unexplored interior, and his great ambition is to find them before he dies. This is the wild quest upon which he and his companions have departed, and from which I shrewdly suspect they never will return. One letter only have I received from the old gentleman, dated from a mission-station high up the Tana, a river on the east coast, about three hundred miles north of Zanzibar; in it he says they have gone through many hardships and adventures, but are alive and well, and have found traces which go far towards making him hope that the results of their wild quest may be a "magnificent and unexampled discovery." I greatly fear, however, that all he has discovered is death; for this letter came a long while ago, and nobody has heard a single word of the party since. They have totally vanished.

It was on the last evening of my stay at his house that he told the ensuing story to me and Captain Good, who was dining with him. He had eaten his dinner and drunk two or three glasses of old port, just to help

Good and myself to the end of the second bottle. It was an unusual thing for him to do, for he was a most abstemious man, having conceived, as he used to say, a great horror of drink from observing its effects upon the class of men—hunters, transport riders, and others—amongst whom he had passed so many years of his life. Consequently the good wine took more effect on him than it would have done on most men, sending a little flush into his wrinkled cheeks, and making him talk more freely than usual.

Dear old man! I can see him now, as he went limping up and down the vestibule, with his grey hair sticking up in scrubbing-brush fashion, his shrivelled yellow face, and his large dark eyes, that were as keen as any hawk's, and yet soft as a buck's. The whole room was hung with trophies of his numerous hunting expeditions, and he had some story about every one of them, if only you could get him to tell them. Generally he would not, for he was not very fond of narrating his own adventures, but to-night the port wine made him more communicative.

"Ah, you brute!" he said, stopping beneath an unusually large skull of a lion, which was fixed just over the mantelpiece, beneath a long row of guns, its jaws distended to their utmost width. "Ah, you brute! you have given me a lot of trouble for the last dozen years, and will, I suppose, to my dying day."

"Tell us the yarn, Quatermain," said Good. "You have often promised to tell me, and you never have."

"You had better not ask me to," he answered, "for it is a longish one."

"All right," I said, "the evening is young, and there is some more port."

Thus adjured, he filled his pipe from a jar of coarse-cut Boer tobacco that was always standing on the mantelpiece, and still walking up and down the room, began—

“It was, I think, in the March of '69 that I was up in Sikukuni's country. It was just after old Sequati's time, and Sikukuni had got into power—I forget how. Anyway, I was there. I had heard that the Bapedi people had got down an enormous quantity of ivory from the interior, and so I started with a waggon-load of goods, and came straight away from Middelburg to try and trade some of it. It was a risky thing to go into the country so early, on account of the fever; but I knew that there was one or two others after that lot of ivory, so I determined to have a try for it, and take my chance of fever. I had got so tough from continual knocking about that I did not set it down at much. Well, I got on all right for a while. It is a wonderfully beautiful piece of bush veldt, with great ranges of mountains running through it, and round granite koppies starting up here and there, looking out like sentinels over the rolling waste of bush. But it is very hot—hot as a stew-pan—and when I was there that March, which, of course, is autumn in that part of Africa, the whole place reeked of fever. Every morning, as I trekked along down by the Oliphant River, I used to creep out of the waggon at dawn and look out. But there was no river to be seen—only a long line of billows of what looked like the finest cotton wool tossed up lightly with a pitchfork. It was the fever mist. Out from among the scrub too came little spirals of vapour, as though there were hundreds of tiny fires alight in it—reek rising from thousands of tons of rotting vegetation. It was a beautiful place, but the beauty was the beauty of death; and all those lines and blots of vapour wrote one great word across the surface of the country, and that word was ‘fever.’

“It was a dreadful year of illness

that. I came, I remember, to one little kraal of Knobnoses, and went up to it to see if I could get some *maas* (curdled butter-milk) and a few mealies. As I got near I was struck with the silence of the place. No children began to chatter, and no dogs barked. Nor could I see any native sheep or cattle. The place, though it had evidently been recently inhabited, was as still as the bush round it, and some guinea fowl got up out of the prickly pear bushes right at the kraal gate. I remember that I hesitated a little before going in, there was such an air of desolation about the spot. Nature never looks desolate when man has not yet laid his hand upon her breast; she is only lonely. But when man has been, and has passed away, then she looks desolate.

“Well, I passed into the kraal, and went up to the principal hut. In front of the hut was something with an old sheep-skin *kaross* (rug) thrown over it. I stooped down and drew off the rug, and then shrank back amazed, for under it was the body of a young woman recently dead. For a moment I thought of turning back, but my curiosity overcame me; so going past the woman, I went down on my hands and knees and crept into the hut. It was so dark that I could not see anything, though I could smell a great deal—so I lit a match. It was a ‘tandstickor’ match, and burnt slowly and dimly, and as the light gradually increased I made out what I thought was a lot of people, men, women, and children, fast asleep. Presently it burnt up brightly, and I saw that they too, five of them altogether, were quite dead. One was a baby. I dropped the match in a hurry, and was making my way out of the hut as hard as I could go, when I caught sight of two bright eyes staring out of a corner. Thinking it was a wild cat, or some such animal, I redoubled my haste, when suddenly a voice near the eyes began first to mutter, and then to send up a succession of awful yells. Hastily I lit another match, and

perceived that the eyes belonged to an old woman, wrapped up in a greasy leather garment. Taking her by the arm, I dragged her out, for she could not, or would not, come by herself, and the stench was overpowering me. Such a sight as she was—a bag of bones, covered over with black shrivelled parchment. The only white thing about her was her wool, and she seemed to be pretty well dead except for her eyes and her voice. She thought that I was a devil come to take her, and that is why she yelled so. Well, I got her down to the waggon, and gave her a 'tot' of Cape smoke, and then, as soon as it was ready, poured about a pint of beef-tea down her throat, made from the flesh of a blue vilderbeeste I had killed the day before, and after that she brightened up wonderfully. She could talk Zulu—indeed, it turned out that she had run away from Zululand in T'Chaka's time—and she told me that all the people that I had seen had died of fever. When they had died, the other inhabitants of the kraal had taken the cattle and gone away, leaving the poor old woman, who was helpless from age and infirmity, to perish of starvation or disease, as the case might be. She had been sitting there for three days among the bodies when I found her. I took her on to the next kraal, and gave the headman a blanket to look after her, promising him another if I found her well when I came back. I remember that he was much astonished at my parting with two blankets for the sake of such a worthless old creature. 'Why did I not leave her in the bush?' he asked. Those people carry the doctrine of the survival of the fittest to its extreme, you see.

"It was the night after I had got rid of the old woman that I made my first acquaintance with my friend yonder," and he nodded towards the skull that seemed to be grinning down at us in the shadow of the wide mantelshelf. "I had trekked from dawn till eleven o'clock—a long trek

—but I wanted to get on; and then had the oxen turned out to graze, sending the voorlooper to look after them, meaning to inspan again about six o'clock, and trek with the moon till ten. Then I got into the waggon and had a good sleep till half-past two or so in the afternoon, when I got up and cooked some meat, and had my dinner, washing it down with a pannikin of black coffee—for it was difficult to get preserved milk in those days. Just as I had finished, and the driver, a man called Tom, was washing up the things, in comes the young scoundrel of a voorlooper driving one ox before him.

"Where are the other oxen?' I asked.

"'Koos!' he said, 'Koos! (chief) the other oxen have gone away. I turned my back for a minute, and when I looked round again they were all gone except Kaptein, here, who was rubbing his back against a tree.'

"You mean that you have been asleep, and let them stray, you villain. I will rub your back against a stick,' I answered, feeling very angry, for it was not a pleasant prospect to be stuck up in that fever trap for a week or so while we were hunting for the oxen. 'Off you go, and you too, Tom, and mind you don't come back till you have found them. They have trekked back along the Middelburg Road, and are a dozen miles off by now, I'll be bound. Now, no words; go both of you.'

"Tom, the driver, swore and caught the lad a hearty kick, which he richly deserved, and then, having tied old Kaptein up to the disselboom with a reim, they got their assegais and sticks and started. I would have gone too, only I knew that somebody must look after the waggon, and I did not like to leave either of the boys with it at night. I was in a very bad temper, indeed, although I was pretty well used to these sort of occurrences, and soothed myself by taking a rifle and going to kill something. For a couple of hours I poked about without seeing

anything that I could get a shot at, but at last, just as I was again within seventy yards of the waggon, I put up an old Impala ram from behind a mimosa thorn. He ran straight for the waggon, and it was not till he was passing within a few feet of it that I could get a decent shot at him. Then I pulled, and caught him half-way down the spine; over he went, dead as a door-nail, and a pretty shot it was, though I ought not to say it. This little incident put me into rather a better temper, especially as the buck had rolled over right against the after-part of the waggon, so I had only to gut him, fix a reim round his legs and haul him up. By the time I had done this, the sun was down, and the full moon was up, and a beautiful moon it was. And then there came down that wonderful hush that sometimes falls over the African bush in the early hours of the night. No beast was moving, and no bird called. Not a breath of air stirred the quiet trees, and the shadows did not even quiver; they only grew. It was very oppressive and very lonely, for there was not a sign of the cattle or the boys. I was quite thankful for the society of old Kaptein, who was lying down contentedly against the disselboom, chewing the cud with a good conscience.

"Presently, however, Kaptein began to get restless. First he snorted, then he got up and snorted again. I could not make it out, so like a fool I got down off the waggon-box to have a look round, thinking it might be the lost oxen coming.

"Next instant I regretted it, for all of a sudden I heard an awful roar and saw something yellow flash past me and light on poor Kaptein. Then came a bellow of agony from the ox, and a crunch as the lion put his teeth through the poor brute's neck, and I began to realise what had happened. My rifle was in the waggon, and my first thought was to get hold of it, and I turned and made a bolt for it. I got my foot on the wheel and flung my

body forward on to the waggon, and there I stopped as if I were frozen, and no wonder, for as I was about to spring up I heard the lion behind me, and next second I felt the brute, ay, as plainly as I can feel this table. I felt him, I say, sniffing at my left leg that was hanging down.

"My word! I did feel queer; I don't think that I ever felt so queer before. I dared not move for the life of me, and the odd thing was that I seemed to lose power over my leg, which had an insane sort of inclination to kick out of its own mere motion—just as hysterical people want to laugh when they ought to be particularly solemn. Well, the lion sniffed and sniffed, beginning at my ankle and slowly nosing away up to my thigh. I thought that he was going to get hold then, but he did not. He only growled softly, and went back to the ox. Shifting my head a little I got a full view of him. He was the biggest lion I ever saw, and I have seen a great many, and he had a most tremendous black mane. What his teeth were like you can see—look there, pretty big ones ain't they! Altogether he was a magnificent animal, and as I lay there sprawling on the fore-tongue of the waggon, it occurred to me that he would look uncommonly well in a cage. He stood there by the carcass of poor Kaptein, and deliberately disembowelled him as neatly as a butcher could have done. All this while I dare not move, for he kept lifting his head and keeping an eye on me as he licked his bloody chops. When he had cleaned Kaptein out, he opened his mouth and roared, and I am not exaggerating when I say that the sound shook the waggon. Instantly there came back an answering roar.

"'Heavens!' I thought, 'there is his mate.'

"Hardly was the thought out of my head when I caught sight in the moonlight of the lioness bounding along through the long grass, and after her a couple of cubs about the size of

mastiffs. She stopped within a few feet of my head, and stood, and waved her tail, and fixed me with her glowing yellow eyes; but just as I thought that it was all over she turned, and began to feed on Kaptein, and so did the cubs. There were the four of them within eight feet of me, growling and quarrelling, rending and tearing and crunching poor Kaptein's bones; and there I lay shaking with terror, and the cold perspiration pouring out of me, feeling like another Daniel come to judgment in a new sense of the phrase. Presently the cubs had eaten their fill, and began to get restless. One went round to the back of the waggon, and pulled at the Impala buck that hung there, and the other came round my way and began the sniffing game at my leg. Indeed, he did more than that, for, my trouser being hitched up a little, he began to lick the bare skin with his rough tongue. The more he licked the more he liked it, to judge from his increased vigour and the loud purring noise he made. Then I knew that the end had come, for in another second his file-like tongue would have rasped through the skin of my leg—which was luckily pretty tough—and have got to the blood, and then there would be no chance for me. So I just lay there and thought of my sins, and prayed to the Almighty, and thought that after all life was a very enjoyable thing.

"And then all of a sudden I heard a crashing of bushes and the shouting and whistling of men, and there were the two boys coming back with the cattle which they had found trekking along all together. The lions lifted their heads and listened, and then without a sound bounded off—and I fainted.

"The lions came back no more that night, and by the next morning my nerves had got pretty straight again; but I was full of wrath when I thought of all that I had gone through at the hands, or rather noses, of those four lions, and of the fate of my after-ox Kaptein. He was a splendid ox,

and I was very fond of him. So wroth was I that like a fool I determined to go for the whole family of them. It was worthy of a greenhorn out on his first hunting trip; but I did it nevertheless. Accordingly after breakfast, having rubbed some oil upon my leg, which was very sore from the cub's tongue, I took the driver, Tom, who did not half like the job, and having armed myself with an ordinary double No. 12 smoothbore, the first breech-loader I ever had, I started. I took the smoothbore because it shot a bullet very well; and my experience has been that a round ball from a smoothbore is quite as effective against a lion as an express bullet. The lion is soft and not a difficult animal to finish if you hit him anywhere in the body. A buck takes far more killing.

"Well, I started, and the first thing I set to work to do was to try to make out whereabouts the brutes lay up for the day. About three hundred yards from the waggon was the crest of a rise covered with single mimosa trees, dotted about in a park-like fashion, and beyond this was a stretch of open plain running down to a dry pan, or water-hole, which covered about an acre of ground, and was densely clothed with reeds, now in the sere and yellow leaf. From the further edge of this pan the ground sloped up again to a great cleft, or nullah, which had been cut out by the action of water, and was pretty thickly sprinkled with bush, amongst which grew some large trees, I forget of what sort.

"It at once struck me that the dry pan would be a likely place to find my friends in, as there is nothing a lion is fonder of than lying up in reeds, through which he can see things without being seen himself. Accordingly thither I went and prospected. Before I had got half-way round the pan I found the remains of a blue vilderbeeste that had evidently been killed within the last three or four days and partially devoured by lions; and from other indications about I was soon

assured that if the family were not in the pan that day, they spent a good deal of their spare time there. But if there, the question was how to get them out; for it was clearly impossible to think of going in after them unless one was quite determined to commit suicide. Now there was a strong wind blowing from the direction of the waggon, across the reedy pan towards the bush-clad kloof or donga, and this first gave me the idea of firing the reeds, which, as I think I told you, were pretty dry. Accordingly Tom took some matches and began starting little fires to the left, and I did the same to the right. But the reeds were still green at the bottom, and we should never have got them well alight had it not been for the wind, which got stronger and stronger as the sun got higher, and forced the fire into them. At last, after half-an-hour's trouble, the flames got a hold, and began to spread out like a fan, whereupon I got round to the further side of the pan to wait for the lions, standing well out in the open, as we stood at the copse to-day where you shot the woodcock. It was a rather risky thing to do, but I used to be so sure of my shooting in those days that I did not so much mind the risk. Scarcely had I got round when I heard the reeds parting before the onward rush of some animal. 'Now for it,' said I. On it came. I could see that it was yellow, and prepared for action, when instead of a lion out bounded a beautiful reit bok which had been lying in the shelter of the pan. It must, by the way, have been a reit bok of a peculiarly confiding nature to lay itself down with the lion like the lamb of prophesy, but I suppose that the reeds were thick, and that it kept a long way off.

"Well, I let the reit bok go, and it went like the wind, and kept my eyes fixed upon the reeds. The fire was burning like a furnace now; the flames crackling and roaring as they bit into the reeds, sending spouts of fire twenty feet and more into the air, and making

the hot air dance above it in a way that was perfectly dazzling. But the reeds were still half green, and created an enormous quantity of smoke, which came rolling towards me like a curtain, lying very low on account of the wind. Presently, above the crackling of the fire, I heard a startled roar, then another and another. So the lions were at home.

"I was beginning to get excited now, for, as you fellows know, there is nothing in experience to warm up your nerves like a lion at close quarters, unless it is a wounded buffalo; and I got still more so when I made out through the smoke that the lions were all moving about on the extreme edge of the reeds. Occasionally they would pop their heads out like rabbits from a burrow, and then, catching sight of me standing about fifty yards out, draw them back again. I knew that it must be getting pretty warm behind them, and that they could not keep the game up for long; and I was not mistaken, for suddenly all four of them broke cover together, the old black-maned lion leading by a few yards. I never saw a more splendid sight in all my hunting experience than those four lions bounding across the veldt, overshadowed by the dense pall of smoke and backed by the fiery furnace of the burning reeds.

"I reckoned that they would pass, on their road to the bushy kloof, within about five and twenty yards of me, so, taking a long breath, I got my gun well on to the lion's shoulder—the black-maned one—so as to allow for an inch or two of motion, and catch him through the heart. I was on, dead on, and my finger was just beginning to tighten on the trigger, when suddenly I went blind—a bit of reed-ash had drifted into my right eye. I danced and rubbed, and got it more or less clear just in time to see the tail of the last lion vanishing round the bushes up the kloof.

"If ever a man was mad I was that man. It was too bad; and such a shot in the open, too! However, I was

not going to be beaten, so I just turned and marched for the kloof. Tom, the driver, begged and implored me not to go, but though as a general rule I never pretend to be very brave (which I am not), I was determined that I would either kill those lions or they should kill me. So I told Tom that he need not come unless he liked, but I was going; and being a plucky fellow, a Swazi by birth, he shrugged his shoulders, muttered that I was mad or bewitched, and followed doggedly in my tracks.

"We soon got to the kloof, which was about three hundred yards in length and but sparsely wooded, and then the real fun began. There might be a lion behind every bush—there certainly were four lions somewhere; the delicate question was, where. I peeped and poked and looked in every possible direction, with my heart in my mouth, and was at last rewarded by catching a glimpse of something yellow moving behind a bush. At the same moment, from another bush opposite me out burst one of the cubs and galloped back towards the burnt-out pan. I whipped round and let drive a snap shot that tipped him head over heels, breaking his back within two inches of the root of the tail, and there he lay helpless but glaring. Tom afterwards killed him with his assegai. I opened the breech of the gun and hurriedly pulled out the old case, which, to judge from what ensued, must I suppose have burst and left a portion of its fabric sticking to the barrel. At any rate, when I tried to get in the new case it would only enter half way; and—would you believe it?—this was the moment that the lioness, attracted no doubt by the outcry of her cub, chose to put in an appearance. There she stood, twenty paces or so from me, lashing her tail and looking just as wicked as it is possible to conceive. Slowly I stepped backwards, trying to push in the new case, and as I did so she moved on in little runs, dropping down after each run. The

danger was imminent, and the case would not go in. At the moment I oddly enough thought of the cartridge maker, whose name I will not mention, and earnestly hoped that if the lion got me some condign punishment would overtake him. It would not go in, so I tried to pull it out. It would not come out either, and my gun was useless if I could not shut it to use the other barrel. I might as well have had no gun. Meanwhile I was walking backward, keeping my eye on the lioness, who was creeping forward on her belly without a sound, but lashing her tail and keeping her eye on me; and in it I saw that she was coming in a few seconds more. I dashed my wrist and the palm of my hand against the brass rim of the cartridge till the blood poured from them—look there are the scars of it to this day!"

Here Quatermain held up his right hand to the light and showed us seven or eight white cicatrices just where the wrist is set into the hand.

"But it was not of the slightest use," he went on; "the cartridge would not move. I only hope that no other man will ever be put in such an awful position. The lioness gathered herself together, and I gave myself up for lost, when suddenly Tom shouted out from somewhere in my rear—

"'You are walking on to the wounded cub; turn to the right.'

"I had the sense, dazed as I was, to take the hint, and slewing round at right-angles, but still keeping my eyes on the lioness, I continued my backward walk.

"To my intense relief, with a low growl she straightened herself, turned, and bounded off further up the kloof.

"'Come on, Inkoos,' said Tom, 'let's get back to the waggon.'

"'All right, Tom,' I answered. 'I will when I have killed those three other lions,' for by this time I was bent on shooting them as I never remember being bent on anything before or since. 'You can go if you like, or you can get up a tree.'

"He considered the position a little, and then he very wisely got up a tree. I wish that I had done the same.

"Meanwhile I had got out my knife, which had an extractor in it, and succeeded after some difficulty in hauling out the case which had so nearly been the cause of my death, and removing the obstruction in the barrel. It was very little thicker than a postage-stamp; certainly not thicker than a piece of writing-paper. This done I loaded the gun, bound my handkerchief round my wrist and hand to staunch the flowing of the blood, and started on again.

"I had noticed that the lioness went into a thick green bush, or rather cluster of bushes, growing near the water, for there was a little stream running down the kloof, about fifty yards higher up, and for this I made. When I got there, however, I could see nothing, so I took up a big stone and threw it into the bushes. I believe that it hit the other cub, for out it came with a rush, giving me a broad-side shot of which I promptly availed myself, knocking it over dead. 'Out, too, came the lioness like a flash of light, but quick as she went I managed to put the other bullet into her ribs, so that she rolled right over three times like a shot rabbit. I instantly got two more cartridges into the gun, and as I did so the lioness got up again and came crawling towards me on her fore-paws, roaring and groaning, and with such an expression of diabolical fury on her countenance as I have not often seen. I shot her again through the chest, and she fell over on to her side quite dead.

"That was the first and last time that I ever killed a brace of lions right and left, and, what is more, I never heard of anybody else doing it. Naturally I was considerably pleased with myself, and having again loaded up, went on to look for the black-maned beauty who had killed Kaptein. Slowly and with the greatest care I proceeded up the kloof, searching every bush and tuft of grass as I

went. It was wonderfully exciting work, for I never was sure from one moment to another but that he would be on me. I took comfort, however, from the reflection that a lion rarely attacks a man—rarely, I say; sometimes he does, as you will see—unless he is cornered or wounded. I must have been nearly an hour hunting after the lion. Once I thought I saw something move in a clump of tam-bouki grass, but I could not be sure, and when I trod out the grass I could not find him.

"At last I got up to the head of the kloof, which made a *cul-de-sac*. It was formed of a wall of rock about fifty feet high. Down this rock trickled a little waterfall, and in front of it, some seventy feet from its face, was a great piled-up mass of boulders, in the crevices and on the top of which grew ferns and grass and stunted bushes. This mass was about twenty-five feet high. The sides of the kloof here were also very steep. Well, I got up to the top of the nullah and looked all round. No signs of the lion. Evidently I had either overlooked him further down, or he had escaped right away. It was very vexatious; but still three lions were not a bad bag for one gun before dinner, and I was fain to be content. Accordingly I departed back again, making my way round the isolated pillar of boulders, and beginning to feel that I was pretty well done up with excitement and fatigue, and should be more so before I had skinned those three lions. When I had got, as nearly as I could judge, about eighteen yards past the pillar or mass of boulders, I turned to have another look round. I have a pretty sharp eye, but I could see nothing at all.

"Then, on a sudden, I saw something sufficiently alarming. On the top of the mass of boulders, opposite to me, standing out clear against the rock beyond, was the huge black-maned lion. He had been crouching there, and now arose as though by magic. There he

stood lashing his tail, just like a statue of the animal on the gateway of Northumberland House that I have seen a picture of. But he did not stand long. Before I could fire—before I could do more than get the gun to my shoulder—he sprang straight up and out from the rock, and driven by the impetus of that one mighty bound came hurtling through the air towards me.

“Heavens! how grand he looked, and how awful! High into the air he flew, describing a great arch. Just as he touched the highest point of his spring I fired. I did not dare to wait, for I saw that he would clear the whole space and land right upon me. Without a sight, almost without aim, I fired, as one would fire a snap shot at a snipe. The bullet told, for I distinctly heard its thud above the rushing sound caused by the passage of the lion through the air. Next second I was swept to the ground (luckily I fell into a low creeper-clad bush, which broke the shock), and the lion was on the top of me, and the next those great white teeth of his had met in my thigh—I heard them grate against the bone. I yelled out in agony, for I did not feel in the least benumbed and happy, like Dr. Livingstone—who, by the way, I knew very well—and gave myself up for dead. But suddenly, as I did so, the lion’s grip on my thigh loosened, and he stood over me, swaying to and fro, his huge mouth, from which the blood was gushing, wide opened. Then he roared, and the sound shook the rocks.

“To and fro he swung, and suddenly the great head dropped on me, knocking all the breath from my body, and he was dead. My bullet had entered in the centre of his chest and passed out on the right side of the spine about half way down the back.

“The pain of my wound kept me from fainting, and as soon as I got my breath I managed to drag myself from under him. Thank heavens, his great teeth had not crushed my thigh-bone; but I was losing a great deal of blood, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Tom, with whose aid I got the handkerchief off my wrist and tied it round my leg, twisting it tight with a stick, I think I should have bled to death.

“Well, it was a just reward for my folly in trying to tackle a family of lions single-handed. The odds were too long. I have been lame ever since and shall be to my dying day; in the month of March the wound always troubles me a great deal, and every three years it breaks out raw. I need scarcely add that I never traded the lot of ivory at Sikukuni’s. Another man got it—a German—and made five hundred pounds out of it after paying expenses. I spent the next month on the broad of my back, and was a cripple for six months after that. And now I’ve told you the yarn, so I will have a drop of Hollands and go to bed.”

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MOSES MENDELSSOHN.

"I WISH, it is true, to shame the opprobrious sentiments commonly entertained of a Jew, but it is by character and not by controversy that I would do it."¹ So wrote the subject of this memoir more than a hundred years ago, and the sentence may well stand for the motto of his life; for much as Moses Mendelssohn achieved by his ability, much more did he by his conduct, and great as he was as a philosopher, far greater was he as a man. Starting with every possible disadvantage—prejudice, poverty and deformity—he yet reached the goal of "honour, fame, and troops of friends" by simple force of character; and thus remains for all time an illustration of the happy optimistic theory that, even in this world, success, in the best sense of the word, does come to those, who, also in the best sense of the word, deserve it.

The state of the Jews in Germany at the time of Mendelssohn's birth was deplorable. No longer actively hunted, they had arrived, at the early part of the eighteenth century, at the comparatively desirable position of being passively shunned or contemptuously ignored, and, under these new conditions, they were narrowing fast to the narrow limits set them. The love of religion and of race was as strong as ever, but the love had grown sullen, and of the jealous, exclusive sort to which curse and anathema are akin. What then loomed largest on their narrow horizon was fear, and under that paralyzing influence progress or prominence of any kind became a distinct evil, to be repressed at almost any personal sacrifice. Safety for themselves and tolerance for their faith, lay, if anywhere, in the neglect of

¹ In the correspondence with Lavater.

the outside world. And so the poor pariahs huddled in their close quarters, carrying on mean trades, or hawking petty wares, and speaking, with bated breath, a dialect of their own, half Jewish, half German, and as wholly degenerate from the old grand Hebrew as were they themselves from those to whom it had been a living tongue. Intellectual occupation was found in the study of the Law; interest and entertainment in the endless discussion of its more intricate passages; and excitement in the not infrequent excommunication of the weaker or bolder brethren who ventured to differ from the orthodox expounders. The practical culture of the Christian they hated, with a hate born half of fear for its possible effects, half of repulsion at its palpable evidences. The tree of knowledge seemed to them indeed, in pathetic perversion of the early legend, a veritable tree of evil which should lose a second Eden to the wilful eaters thereof. Their Eden was degenerate, too; but the "voice heard in the evening" still sounded in their dulled and passionate ears, and, vibrating in the ghetto instead of the grove, it seemed to bid them shun the forbidden fruit of Gentile growth.

In September, 1729, under a very humble roof, in a very poor little street in Dessau, was born the weakly boy who was destined to work such wonderful changes in that weary state of things. Not much fit to hold the magician's wand seemed those frail baby hands, and less and less likely altogether for the part, as the poor little body grew stunted and deformed through the stress of over much study and of something less than enough of wholesome diet. There was no lack of affection in the mean little Jewish

home, but the parents could only give their children of what they had, and of these scant possessions, mother-love and Talmudical lore were the staple. And so we read of the small five-year-old Moses being wrapped up by his mother in a large old shabby cloak, on early, bleak, winter mornings, and then so carried by the father to the neighbouring "Talmud Torah" school, where he was nourished with dry Hebrew roots by way of breakfast. Often, indeed, was the child fed on an even less satisfying diet, for long passages from Scripture, long lists of precepts, to be learnt by heart, on all sorts of subjects, was the approved method of instruction in these seminaries. An extensive, if somewhat parrot-like, acquaintance at an astonishingly early age with the Law and the Prophets, and the commentators on both, was the ordinary result of this form of education; and, naturally co-existent with it was an equally astonishing and extensive ignorance of all more useful subjects. Contentedly enough, the learned, illiterate peddling and hawking fathers left their little lads to this puzzling, sharpening, deadening sort of schooling. Frau Mendel and her husband may possibly have thought out the matter a little more fully, for she seems to have been a wise and prudent, as well as a loving mother, and the father was quick to discern unusual talent in the sickly little son whom he carried so carefully to the daily lesson. He was himself a teacher, in a humble sort of way, and eked out his small fees by transcribing on parchment from the Pentateuch. Thus, the tone of the little household, if not refined, was at least not altogether sordid; and when, presently, the little Moses was promoted from the ordinary school to the higher class taught by the great scholar, Rabbi Frankel, the question even presented itself whether it might not be well, in this especial case, to abandon the patent, practical advantages pertaining to the favoured pur-

suit of peddling, and to let the boy give himself up to his beloved books, and, following in his master's footsteps, become perhaps, in his turn, a poorly paid, much revered Rabbi.

It was a serious matter to decide. There was much to be said in favour of the higher path; but the market for Rabbis, as for hawkers, was somewhat over-stocked, and the returns in the one instance were far quicker and surer, and needed no long un-earning apprenticeship. The balance, on the whole, seemed scarcely to incline to the more dignified profession; but the boy was so terribly in earnest in his desire to learn, so desperately averse from the only other career, that his wishes turned the scale; and it did not take very long to convince the poor patient father that he must toil a little longer and a little later, in order that his son might be free from the hated necessity of hawking, and at liberty to pursue his unremunerative studies. Moses, from the very first, made the most of his opportunities; and at home and at school high hopes began soon to be formed of the diligent, sweet-tempered, frail little lad. Frailer than ever he seemed to grow, and the body appeared literally to dwindle as the mind expanded. Long years after, when the burden of increasing deformity had come, by dint of use and wont and cheerful courage, to be to him a burden lightly borne, he would set strangers at their ease by alluding to it himself, and by playfully declaring his lump to be a legacy from Maimonides. "Maimonides spoilt my figure," he would say, "and ruined my digestion; but still," he would add more seriously, "I dote on him, for though those long vigils with him weakened my body, they, at the same time, strengthened my soul: they stunted my stature, but they developed my mind." Early at morning and late at night would the boy be found bending in happy abstraction over his shabby treasure, charmed into unconsciousness of aches or hunger.

The book which had been lent to him was 'Maimonides' Guide to the Perplexed'; and this work, which grown men find sufficiently deep study, was patiently puzzled out, and enthusiastically read and re-read by the persevering little student who was barely in his teens. It opened up whole vistas of new glories, which his long steady climb up Talmudic stairs had prepared him to appreciate. Here and there, in the course of those long, tedious dissertations in the class-room, the boy had caught glimpses of something underlying, something beyond the quibbles of the schools; but this, his first insight into the large and liberal mind of Maimonides, was a revelation to him of the powers and of the possibilities of Judaism. It revealed to him too, perchance, some latent possibilities in himself, and suggested other problems of life which asked solution. The pale cheeks glowed as he read, and vague dreams kindled into conscious aims: he too would live to become a Guide to the Perplexed among his people!

Poor little lad! his brave resolves were soon to be put to a severe test. In the early part of 1742 Rabbi Frankel accepted the Chief Rabbinate of Berlin, and thus a summary stop was put to his pupil's further study. There is a pathetic story told of Moses Mendelssohn standing, with streaming eyes, on a little hillock on the road by which his beloved master passed out of Dessau, and of the kind-hearted Frankel catching up the forlorn little figure, and soothing it with hopes of a "some day," when fortune should be kind, and he should follow "nach Berlin." The "some day" looked sadly problematical; that hard question of bread and butter came to the fore whenever it was discussed. How was the boy to live in Berlin? Even if the mind should be nourished for naught, who was to feed the body? The hard-working father and mother had found it no easy task hitherto to provide for that extra mouth; and now

with Frankel gone, the occasion for their long self-denial seemed to them to cease. In the sad straits of the family, the business of a hawker began again to show in an attractive light to the poor parents; and the peddler's pack was once more suggested with many a prudent, loving, half-hearted argument on its behalf. But the boy was now clear as to his vocation; and after a brief while of entreaty, the tearful permission was gained, the parting blessing given, and with a very slender wallet slung on his crooked shoulders, Moses Mendelssohn set out for Berlin.

It was a long tramp of over thirty miles, and, towards the close of the fifth day, it was a very footsore tired little lad who presented himself for admission at the Jews' gate of the city. Rabbi Frankel was touched, and puzzled too, when this penniless little student, whom he had inspired with such difficult devotion, at last stood before him; but he quickly made up his mind that, so far as in him lay, the uphill path should be made smooth to those determined little feet. The pressing question of bed and board was solved; Frankel gave him his Sabbath and festival dinners; and another kind-hearted Jew, Bamberger by name, who heard the boy's story, supplied two everyday meals, and let him sleep in an attic in his house. For the remaining four days! Well, he managed; a groschen or two was often earned by little jobs of copying, and a loaf so purchased, by dint of economy and imagination, was made into quite a series of satisfying meals. Poverty was fortunately no new experience for him; still, poverty confronted alone, in a great city, must have seemed something grimmer to the home-bred lad than that mother-interpreted poverty which he had hitherto known. But he met it full-face, bravely, uncomplainingly, and, best of all, with unfailing good humour. And the little alleviations which friends made in his hard lot were all received in a spirit of the

sincerest, charmingest gratitude. He never took a kindness as "his due;" never thought, like so many embryo geniuses, that his talents gave him right of toll on his richer brethren. "Because I would drink at the well," he would say in his picturesque fashion, "am I to expect every one to haste and fill my cup from their pitchers? No, I must draw the water for myself, or I must go thirsty. I have no claim save my desire to learn, and what is that to others?" Thus he preserved his self-respect and his independence. He worked hard, and, first of all, he wisely sought to free himself from all voluntary disabilities; there were enough and to spare of legally-imposed ones to keep him mindful of his Judaism. He felt strong enough in faith to need no artificial shackles. He would be Jew, and yet German—patriot, but no pariah. He would eschew vague dreams of universalism, false ideals of tribalism. If Palestine had not been, he, its product, could not be; but Palestine and its glories were of the past and of the future; the present only was his, and he must shape his life according to its conditions, which placed him, in the eighteenth century, born of Jewish parents, in a German city. He was German by birth, Jew by descent and by conviction; he would fulfil all the obligations which country, race, and religion impose. But a German Jew, who did not speak the language of his country? That, surely, was an anomaly and must be set right. So he set himself to learn German, and to make it his native language. Such secular study was by no means an altogether safe proceeding; ignorance, as we have seen, was "protected" in those days by Jewish ecclesiastical authority; "free trade" in literature was sternly prohibited, and a German grammar, or a Latin or a Greek one, had, in sober truth, to run a very strict blockade. One Jewish lad, it is recorded on very tolerable authority, was actually in the year 1746 expelled the city of Berlin for no other offence than that of being

caught in the act of studying—one chronicle, indeed, says, carrying—some such proscribed volume. Moses, however, was more fortunate; he saved money enough to buy his books, or made friends enough to borrow them; and, we may conclude, found nooks in which to hide them, and hours in which to read them. He set himself, too, to gain some knowledge of the classics, and here he found a willing teacher in one Kish, a medical student from Prague. Later on another helper was gained in a certain Israel Moses, a Polish Jew schoolmaster, afterwards known as Israel Samosc. This man was a fine mathematician, and a first-rate Hebrew scholar; but as his attainments did not include the German language, he made Euclid known to Moses through the medium of a Hebrew translation. Moses, in return, imparted to Samosc his newly-acquired German, and learnt it, of course, more thoroughly through teaching it. He must have possessed the art of making friends who were able to take on themselves the office of teachers; for presently we find him, in odd half hours, studying French and English under a Dr. Aaron Emrich.¹ He very early began to make translations of parts of the Scripture into German, and these attempts indicate that, from the first, his overpowering desire for self-culture sprang from no selfishness. He wanted to open up the closed roads to place and honour, but not to tread them alone, not to leave his burdened brethren on the bye-paths, whilst he sped on rejoicing. He knew truly that "the light was sweet," and that "a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun!" But he remembered too the other part of the charge, "the days of darkness, which were many." He remembered them always, heedfully, pitifully, patiently; and to the weary eyes which would not look up or could not, he ever strove to adjust the beautiful blessed light which he knew, and they, poor souls, doubted, was good; he

¹ Better known to scholars as Dr. Aaron Solomon Gompertz.

never thrust it, unshaded, into their gloom; he never carried it 'off to illumine his own path.

Thus, the translations at which he worked were no transcripts from learned treatises which might have found a ready market among the scholars of the day; but unpaid and unpaid work from the liturgy and the Scriptures, done with the object that his people might by degrees share his knowledge of the vernacular, and become gradually and unconsciously familiar with the language of their country through the only medium in which there was any likelihood of their studying it. With that one set purpose always before him, of drawing his people with him into the light, he formed the idea of issuing a serial in Hebrew, which, under the title of 'The Moral Preacher,' should introduce short essays and transcripts on other than strictly Judaic or religious subjects. One Bock was his coadjutor in this project, and two numbers of the little work were published. The contents do not seem to have been very alarming. To our modern notions of periodical literature, even of the 'Rock' and 'Record' type, they would probably be a trifle dull; but their mild philosophy and yet milder science proved more than enough to arouse the orthodox fears of the poor souls, who, "bound in affliction and iron," distrusted even the gentle hand which was so eager to loose the fetters. There was a murmur of doubt, of muttered dislike of "chukkoth hagoyim" (customs of strangers); perhaps here and there a threat concerning the pains and penalties which attached to the introduction of such. At any rate, but two numbers of the reforming periodical appeared; and Moses, not angry at his failure, not more than momentarily discouraged by it, accepted the position and wasted no time nor temper in cavilling at it. He had learnt to labour; he could learn to wait. And thus, in hard yet happy work passed away the seven years, from fourteen till twenty-one, which are

the seedtime of a man's life. In 1750 when Moses was nearly of age, he came into possession of what really proved an inheritance. A Mr. Bernhardt, a rich silk manufacturer, and a prominent member of the Berlin synagogue, made a proposal to the learned young man, whose perseverance had given reputation to his scholarship, to become resident tutor to his children. The offer was gladly accepted, and it may be considered Mendelssohn's first step on the road to success. The first step to fame had been taken when the boy had set out on his long tramp to Berlin.

This Mr. Bernhardt was a kind and cultured man, and in his house Mendelssohn found both congenial occupation and welcome leisure. He was teacher by day, student by night, and author at odd half-hours. He turned to his books with the greatest ardour; and we read of him studying Locke and Plato in the original, for by this time English and Greek were both added to his store of languages. His pupils, meanwhile, were never neglected, nor in the pursuit of great ends were trifles ignored. In more than one biography special emphasis is laid on his beautifully neat handwriting, which, we are told, much excited his employer's admiration. This humble, but very useful, talent may possibly have been inherited, with some other small-sounding virtues, from the poor father in Dessau, to whom many a nice present was now frequently sent. At the end of three or four years of tutorship, Bernhardt's appreciation of the young man took a very practical expression. He offered Moses Mendelssohn the position of book-keeper in his factory, with some especial responsibilities and emoluments attached to the office. It was a splendid opening, although Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, eagerly and gratefully accepting such a post somehow jars on one's susceptibilities, and seems almost an instance of the round man pushed into the square hole. It was, however, an assured position; it gave

him leisure, it gave him independence, and in due time wealth, for as the years went on he grew to be manager, and finally partner in the house. His tastes had already drawn him into the outer literary circle of Berlin, which at this time had its head-quarters in a sort of club, which met to play chess and to discuss politics and philosophy, and which numbered Dr. Gompertz, the promising young scholar Abbt, and Nicolai, the bookseller,¹ among its members. With these and other kindred spirits, Mendelssohn soon found pleasant welcome; his talents and geniality quickly overcoming any social prejudices, which, indeed, seldom flourish in the republic of letters. And, early disadvantages notwithstanding, we may conclude without much positive evidence on the subject, that Mendelssohn possessed that valuable indefinable gift, which culture, wealth, and birth united occasionally fail to bestow—the gift of good manners. He was free alike from conceit and dogmatism, the Scylla and Charybdis to most young men of exceptional talent. He had the loyal nature and the noble mind, which we are told on high authority is the necessary root of the rare flower; and he had the sympathetic, unselfish feeling which we are wont to summarise shortly as a good heart, and which is the first essential to good manners. When Lessing came to Berlin, about 1745, his play of 'Die Juden' was already published, and his reputation sufficiently established to make him an honoured guest at these little literary gatherings. Something of affinity in the wide, unconventional, independent natures of the two men; something, it may be, of likeness in unlikeness in their early struggles with fate, speedily attracted Lessing and Mendelssohn to each other. The casual acquaintance soon ripened into an intimate and life-long friendship, which gave to Mendelssohn, the Jew, wider knowledge and illimitable hopes of the outer, inhospitable world—which gave

¹ Later the noted publisher of that name.

to Lessing, the Christian, new belief in long-denied virtues; and which, best of all, gave to humanity those "divine lessons of Nathan der Weise," as Goethe calls them—for which character Mendelssohn sat, all unconsciously, as model, and scarcely idealised model, to his friend. It was, most certainly, a rarely happy friendship for both, and for the world. Lessing was the godfather of Mendelssohn's first book. The subject was suggested in the course of conversation between them, and a few days after Mendelssohn brought his manuscript to Lessing. He saw no more of it till his friend handed him the proofs and a small sum for the copyright; and it was in this way that the 'Philosophische Gespräche' were published anonymously in 1754. Later, the friends brought out together a little book, entitled 'Pope as a Metaphysician,' and this was followed up with some philosophical essays ('Briefe über die Empfindungen') which quickly ran through three editions, and Mendelssohn became known as an author. A year or two later, he gained the prize which the Royal Academy of Berlin offered for the best essay on the problem "Are metaphysics susceptible of mathematical demonstration?" and for which prize Kant was one of the competitors. Lessing's migration to Leipzig, and his temporary absences from the capital in the capacity of tutor, made breaks but no diminution in the friendship with Mendelssohn; and the 'Literatur-Briefe,' a serial cast in the form of correspondence on art, science, and literature, and to which Nicolai, Abbt, and other writers were occasional contributors, continued its successful publication till the year 1765. A review of one of the literary efforts of Frederick the Second in this journal gave rise to a characteristic ebullition of what an old writer quaintly calls, "the German endemical distemper of Judæophobia." In this essay Mendelssohn had presumed to question some of the conclusions of the royal author; and although the con-

tents of the 'Literatur-Briefe' were generally unsigned, the anonymity was in most cases but a superficial disguise; the paper drew down upon Mendelssohn the denunciation of a too loyal subject of Frederick's, and he was summoned to Sans Souci to answer for it. Frederick appears to have been more sensible than his thin-skinned defender, and the interview passed off amicably enough. Indeed, a short while after, we hear of a petition being prepared to secure to Mendelssohn certain rights and privileges of dwelling unmolested in whichever quarter he might choose of the city—a right which at that time was granted to but few Jews, and at a goodly expenditure of both capital and interest. Mendelssohn, loyal to his brethren, long and stoutly refused to have any concession granted on the score of his talents which he might not claim on the score of his manhood in common with the meanest and most ignorant of his co-religionists. And there is some little doubt whether the partial exemptions which Mendelssohn subsequently obtained, were due to the petition, which suffered some delay and vicissitudes in the course of presentation, or to the subtle and silent force of public opinion.

Meanwhile Mendelssohn married, and the story of his wooing, as first told by Berthold Auerbach, makes a pretty variation on the old theme. It was, in this case, no short idyll of "she was beautiful and he fell in love." To begin with, it was all prosaic enough. A certain Abraham Gugenheim, a trader at Hamburg, caused it to be hinted to Mendelssohn that he had a virtuous and blue-eyed but portionless daughter, named Fromet, who had heard of the philosopher's fame, and had read portions of his books; and who, mutual friends considered, would make him a careful and loving helpmate. So Mendelssohn, who was now thirty-two years old, and desirous to "settle," went to the merchant's house and saw the prim German maiden, and

talked with her; and was pleased enough with her talk, or perhaps with the silent eloquence of the blue eyes, to go next day to the father and to say he thought Fromet would suit him for a wife. But to his surprise Gugenheim hesitated, and stiffness and embarrassment seemed to have taken the place of the yesterday's cordial greeting; still, it was no objection on *his* part, he managed at last to stammer out. For a minute Mendelssohn was hopelessly puzzled, but only for a minute; then it flashed upon him, "It is she who objects!" he exclaimed, "then it must be my hump!" and the poor father of course could only uncomfortably respond with apologetic platitudes about the unaccountability of girls' fancies. The humour as well as the pathos of the situation touched Mendelssohn, for he had no vanity to be piqued, and he instantly resolved to do his best to win this Senta-like maiden, who, less fortunate than the Dutch heroine, had had her pretty dreams of a hero dispelled, instead of accentuated by actual vision. Might he see her once again, he asked, To say farewell? "Certainly," answered the father, glad that his awkward mission was ending so amicably. So Mendelssohn went again, and found Fromet with the blue eyes bent steadily over her work; perhaps to hide a tear as much as to prevent a glance, for Fromet, as the sequel shows, was a tender-hearted maiden, and although she did not like to look at her deformed suitor, she did not want to wound him. Then Mendelssohn began to talk, beautiful glowing talk, and the spell which his writings had exercised began again to work on the girl. From philosophy to love in its impersonal form is an easy transition. She grew interested and self-forgetful. "And do *you* think that marriages are made in Heaven?" she eagerly questioned, as some early quaint superstition on this most attractive of themes was vividly touched upon by her visitor. "Surely," he replied, "and some old beliefs on this

head assert that all such contracts are settled in childhood. Strange to say, a special legend attaches itself to my fortune in this matter; and as our talk has led to this subject perhaps I may venture to tell it to you. The twin spirit which fate allotted to me, I am told, was fair, blue-eyed, and richly endowed with all spiritual charms, but alas! ill-luck had added to her physical gifts a hump. A chorus of lamentation arose from the angels who minister in these matters. The 'pity of it' was so evident. The burden of such a deformity might well outweigh all the other gifts of her beautiful youth, might render her morose, self-conscious, unhappy. If the load now had been but laid on a man! And the angels pondered, wondering, waiting to see if any would volunteer to take the maiden's burden from her. And I sprang up, and prayed that it might be laid upon my shoulders. And it was settled so." There was a minute's pause, and then, so the story goes, the work was passionately thrown down, and the tender blue eyes were streaming, and the rest we may imagine. The simple, loving heart was won, and Fromet became his wife.

They had a modest little house with a pretty garden on the outskirts of Berlin, where a good deal of hospitality went on in a quiet, friendly way. The ornaments of their dwelling were, perhaps, a little disproportionate in size and quantity to the rest of the surroundings; but this was no matter of choice on the part of the newly married couple, since one of the minor vexations imposed on Jews at this date was the obligation laid on every bridegroom to treat himself to a large quantity of china for the good of the manufactory. The tastes or the wants of the purchaser were not consulted; and in this especial instance twenty life-sized china apes were allotted to the bridegroom. We may imagine poor Mendelssohn and his wife eyeing these apes often, somewhat as Cinderella looked at her pumpkin when longing for the fairy's transforming

wand. Possibilities of those big ba-boons changed into big books may have tantalised Mendelssohn; whilst Fromet's more prosaic mind may have confined itself to china and yet have found an unlimited range for wishing. However, the unchanged and unchanging apes notwithstanding, Mendelssohn and his wife enjoyed nearly five years of quiet and contented happiness. Then, "before her time, she died," leaving him two sons and two daughters,¹ to whom for the rest of his life he fulfilled the duties of double parenthood.

It was a difficult duty, and a terribly divided one, for a cultivated man who desired to bring up his children a century ago in Germany as good Jews and good citizens. Many a time, it stands on record, when this patient, self-respecting, unoffending scholar took his children for a walk, coarse epithets and insulting cries followed them through the streets. No resentment was politic, no redress was possible. "Father, is it *wicked* to be a Jew?" his children would ask, as time after time the crowd hooted at them. "Father, is it *good* to be a Jew?" they grew to ask later on, when in more serious walks of life they found all gates but the Jews' gate closed against them. Mendelssohn must have found such questions increasingly difficult to answer or to parry. Their very talents which enlarged the boundaries must have made his clever children rebel against the limitations which were so cruelly imposed. His eldest son Joseph early developed a strong scientific bias; how could this be utilized? The only profession which he, as a Jew, might enter, was that of medicine, and for that he had a decided distaste: perforce he was set to commercial pursuits, and his especial talent had to run to waste, or, at best, to dilettanteism. When this Joseph had sons of his own, can we wonder very much that he cut the knot and saved his children from a like experience, by bringing them up

¹ Joseph, Abraham, Dorothea, and Henrietta.

as Christians? Mendelssohn himself, all his life through, was unswervingly loyal to his faith. He took every disability accruing from it, as he took his own especial one, as being, so far as he was concerned, inevitable, and thus to be borne as patiently as might be. To him, most certainly, it would never have occurred to slip from under a burden which had been laid upon him to bear. Perhaps if the tender mother had lived to show her children the home side of Jewish life, its suggestive ceremonialism, its domestic compensations—possibly her sons, almost certainly her daughters, would have learnt the like brave, sweet patience. But this takes us to the region of “might have been.” Fromet, we know, died, and, the mother anchor lost, the children drifted from their moorings.

The leisure of those few years of married life and of the succeeding twenty of his long widowhood was fully occupied by Mendelssohn in literary pursuits. The whole of the *Pentateuch* was, by degrees, translated into pure German, and simultaneous editions were published in German and in Hebrew characters. This great gift to his people was followed by a metrical translation of the *Psalms*; a work which took him ten years, during which time he always carried about with him a Hebrew *Psalter*, interleaved with blank pages. In 1783 he published his ‘*Jerusalem*,’¹ a sort of Church and State survey of the Jewish religion. The first and larger part of it dwells on the distinction between Judaism as a state religion and Judaism as the “inheritance” of a dispersed nationality. He essays to prove the essential differences between civil and religious government, and to demonstrate that penal enactments, which in the one case were just and defensible, were, in the changed circumstances of the other, harmful, and, in point of fact, unjudicial. The work was, in effect, a masterly effort on Mendelssohn’s

part to exorcise the “cursing spirit” which, engendered partly by long-suffered persecution, and partly by long association with the strict discipline of the Catholic Church, had taken a firm grip on Jewish ecclesiastical authority, and was constantly expressing itself in bitter anathema and morose excommunication. The second part of the book is mainly concerned with a vindication of the Jewish character and a plea for toleration. Scholarly and temperate as is the tone of the work throughout, it yet evoked a good deal of rough criticism from the so-called orthodox in both religious camps—from the well-meaning purblind persons of the sort who, Lessing declares, see only one road, and strenuously deny the possible existence of any other.

In 1777, Frederic the Second desired to judge for himself whether Jewish ecclesiastical authority clashed at any point with the state or municipal law of the land. A digest of the Jewish Code on the general questions, and more especially on the subject of property and inheritance, was decreed to be prepared in German, and to Mendelssohn was entrusted the task. He had the assistance of the Chief Rabbi of Berlin, and the result of these labours was published in 1778, under the title of ‘*Ritual Laws of the Jews*.’ Another Jewish philosophical work (published in 1785) was ‘*Morning Hours*.’² This was a volume of essays on the evidences of the existence of the Deity and of conclusions concerning His attributes deduced from the contemplation of His works. Originally these essays had been given in the form of familiar lectures on natural philosophy by Mendelssohn to his children and to one or two of their friends (including the two Humboldts) in his own house, every morning. In the same category of more distinctively Jewish books we may place a translation of Manasseh Ben Israel’s famous ‘*Vindiciæ Judeorum*,’ which he pub-

¹ ‘*Jerusalem, oder über religiöse Macht und Judenthum*.’

² ‘*Morgenstunden, oder Vorlesungen über das Daseyn Gottes*.’

lished, with a very eloquent preface, so early as 1781, just at the time when Dohm's generous work on the condition of the Jews as citizens of the state had made its auspicious appearance. Although this is one of Mendelssohn's minor efforts, the preface contains many a beautiful passage. His gratitude to Dohm is so deep and yet so dignified; his defence of his people is so wide, and his belief in humanity so sincere; and the whole is withal so short, that it makes most pleasant reading. One small quotation may perhaps be permitted, as pertinent to some recent discussions on Jewish subjects. "It is," says he, "objected by some that the Jews are both too indolent for agriculture and too proud for mechanical trades; that if the restrictions were removed they would uniformly select the arts and sciences, as less laborious and more profitable, and soon engross all light, genteel, and learned professions. But those who thus argue conclude from the *present* state of things how they will be in the *future*, which is not a fair mode of reasoning. What should induce a Jew to waste his time in learning to manage the plough, the trowel, the plane, &c., while he knows he can make no practical use of them? But put them in his hand and suffer him to follow the bent of his inclinations as freely as other subjects of the state, and the result will not long be doubtful. Men of genius and talent will, of course, embrace the learned professions; those of inferior capacity will turn their minds to mechanical pursuits; the rustic will cultivate the land; each will contribute, according to his station in life, his quota to the aggregate of productive labour."

As he says in some other place of himself, nature never intended him, either physically or morally, for a wrestler; and this little essay, where there is no strain of argument or scope for deep erudition, is yet no unworthy specimen of the great philosopher's powers. Poetic attempts too, and mostly on religious subjects, occasion-

ally varied his counting-house duties and his more serious labours; but although he truly possessed, if ever man did, what Landor calls "the poetic heart," yet it is in his prose, rather than in his poetry, that we mostly see its evidences. The book which is justly claimed as his greatest, and which first gave him his title to be considered a wide and deep-thinking philosopher, is his '*Phædon*.'¹ The idea of such a work had long been germinating in him, and the death of his wife, and the closely following loss of his dear friend Abbt, with whom he had had many a fruitful discussion on the subject, turned his thoughts more fixedly on the hopes which make sorrows bearable, and the work was published in the year following Fromet's death.

The first part is a very pure and classical German rendering of the original Greek form of Plato, and the remainder an eloquent summary of all that religion, reason, and experience urge in support of a belief in immortality. It is cast in the form of conversation between Socrates and his friends—a choice in composition which caused a Jewish critic (M. David Friedländer) to liken Moses Mendelssohn to Moses the lawgiver. "For Moses spake, and *Socrates* was to him as a mouth" (Ex. iv. 15). In less than two years '*Phædon*' ran through three German editions, and it was speedily translated into English, French, Dutch, Italian, Danish, and Hebrew. Then, at one stride, came fame; and great scholars, great potentates, even the heads of his own community, sought his society. But fame was ever of incomparably less value to Mendelssohn than friendship, and any sort of notoriety he honestly hated. Thus, when his celebrity brought upon him a public discussion, the publicity which ensued, notwithstanding that the personal honour in which he was held was thereby enhanced, so thoroughly upset his nerves that the result was a

¹ '*Phædon, oder über die Unsterblichkeit der Seele.*'

severe and protracted illness. Lavater, the French pastor, in 1769, had translated Bonnet's 'Evidences of Christianity' into German; he published it with the following dedication to Moses Mendelssohn:—

"DEAR SIR,—I think I cannot give you a stronger proof of my admiration of your excellent writings, and of your still more excellent character, that of an Israelite in whom there is no guile; nor offer you a better requital for the great gratification which I, some years ago, enjoyed in your interesting society, than by dedicating to you the ablest philosophical enquiry into the evidences of Christianity that I am acquainted with.

"I am fully conscious of your profound judgment, steadfast love of truth, literary independence, enthusiasm for philosophy in general, and esteem for Bonnet's works in particular. The amiable discretion with which, notwithstanding your contrariety to the Christian religion, you delivered your opinion on it, is still fresh in my memory. And so indelible and important is the impression, which your truly philosophical respect for the moral character of its Founder made on me, in one of the happiest moments of my existence, that I venture to beseech you—nay, before the God of Truth, your and my Creator and Father, I beseech and conjure you—to read this work, I will not say with philosophical impartiality, which I am confident will be the case, but for the purpose of publicly refuting it, in case you should find the main arguments, in support of the facts of Christianity, untenable; or, should you find them conclusive, with the determination of doing what policy, love of truth, and probity demand—what Socrates would doubtless have done, had he read the work, and found it unanswerable.

"May God still cause much truth and virtue to be disseminated by your means, and make you experience the happiness my whole heart wishes you.

"JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER.

"ZURICH, 25th of August, 1769."

It was a most unpleasant position for Mendelssohn. Plain speaking was not so much the fashion then as now, and defence might more easily be read as defiance. At that time the position of the Jews in the European States was most precarious, and outspoken utterances might not only alienate the timid followers whom Mendelssohn hoped to enlighten, but, probably, offend the powerful outsiders whom he was beginning to influence. No man has any possible right to demand of

another a public confession of faith; the conversation to which Lavater alluded as some justification for his request had been a private one, and the reference to it, moreover, was not altogether accurate. And Mendelssohn hated controversy, and held a very earnest conviction that no good cause, certainly no religious one, is ever much forwarded by it. Should he be silent, refuse to reply, and let judgment go by default? Comfort and expediency both pleaded in favour of this course, but truth was mightier and prevailed. Like unto the three who would not be "careful" of their answer even under the ordeal of fire, he too would testify plainly and without undue thought of consequences. He could not serve God with special reservations as to Rimmon. Definitely he answered his too zealous questioner in a document which is so entirely full of dignity and of reason that it is difficult to make quotations from it.¹ "Certain inquiries," he writes, "we finish once for all in our lives." . . . "And I herewith declare in the presence of the God of truth, your and my creator, by whom you have conjured me in your dedication, that I will adhere to my principles so long as my entire soul does not assume another nature." And then, emphasizing the position that it is by character and not by controversy that *he* would have Jews shame their traducers, he goes fully and boldly into the whole question. He shows with a delicate touch of humour that Judaism, in being no proselytizing faith, has a claim to be let alone. "I am so fortunate as to count amongst my friends many a worthy man who is not of my faith. Never yet has my heart whispered, Alas! for this good man's soul. He who believes that no salvation is to be found out of the pale of his own church, must often feel such sighs arise in his bosom." "Suppose there were among my contemporaries a

¹ The whole correspondence can be read in 'Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn,' by M. Samuels, published in 1827.

Confucius or a Solon, I could consistently with my religious principles love and admire the great man, but I should never hit on the idea of converting a Confucius or a Solon. What should I convert him for? As he does not belong to the congregation of Jacob, my religious laws were not made for him, and on doctrines we should soon come to an understanding. Do I think there is a chance of his being saved? I certainly believe that he who leads mankind on to virtue in this world cannot be damned in the next." "We believe . . . that those who regulate their lives according to the religion of nature and of reason are called virtuous men of other nations, and are, equally with our patriarchs, the children of eternal salvation." "Whoever is not born conformable to our laws has no occasion to live according to them. We alone consider ourselves bound to acknowledge their authority, and this can give no offence to our neighbours." He refuses to criticize Bonnet's work in detail on the ground that in his opinion "Jews should be scrupulous in abstaining from reflections on the predominant religion;" but nevertheless, whilst repeating his "so earnest wish to have no more to do with religious controversy," the honesty of the man asserts itself in boldly adding, "I give you at the same time to understand that I could, very easily, bring forward something in refutation of M. Bonnet's work."

Mendelssohn's reply brought speedily, as it could scarcely fail to do, an ample and sincere apology from Lavater, a "retracting" of the challenge, an earnest entreaty to forgive what had been "importunate and improper" in the dedicatory, and an expression of "sincerest respect" and "tenderest affection" for his correspondent. Mendelssohn's was a nature to have more sympathy with the errors incidental to too much than to too little zeal, and the apology was accepted as generously as it was offered. And here ended, so far as the principals

were concerned, this somewhat unique specimen of a literary squabble. A crowd of lesser writers, unfortunately, hastened to make capital out of it; and a bewildering mist of nondescript and pedantic compositions soon darkened the literary firmament, obscuring and vulgarizing the whole subject. They took "sides" and gave "views" of the controversy; but Mendelssohn answered none and read as few as possible of the publications. Still the strain and worry told on his sensitive and peace-loving nature, and he did not readily recover his old elasticity of temperament.

In 1778 Lessing's wife died, and his friend's trouble touched deep chords both of sympathy and of memory in Mendelssohn. Yet more cruelly were they jarred when, two years later, Lessing himself followed, and an uninterrupted friendship of over thirty years was thus dissolved. Lessing and Mendelssohn had been to each other the sober realization of the beautiful ideal embodied in the drama of 'Nathan der Weise.' "What to you makes me seem Christian makes of you the Jew to me," each could most truly say to the other. They helped the world to see it too, and to recognize the divine truth that "to be to the best thou knowest ever true is all the creed." Lessing's death was a terrible blow to Mendelssohn. "After wrinkles come," says Mr. Lowell, in likening ancient friendships to slow-growing trees, "few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears." In this case, the actual pain of loss was greatly aggravated by some publications which appeared shortly after Lessing's death, impugning his sincerity and religious feeling. Germany, as Goethe once bitterly remarked, needs time to be thankful. In the first year or two following his death it was too early to expect gratitude from his country for the lustre his talents had shed on it. Some of the pamphlets would make it seem that it was too early even for decency. Mendelssohn vigorously took up the cudgels for his dead friend; too

vigorously perhaps, since Kant remarked that "it is Mendelssohn's fault, if Jacobi (the most notorious of the assailants) should now consider himself a philosopher." To Mendelssohn's warm-hearted generous nature it would, however, have been impossible to remain silent when one whom he knew to be tolerant, earnest, and sincere in the fullest sense of those words of highest praise, was accused of "covert Spinozism;" a charge which again was broadly rendered, by these wretched ignorant interpreters of a language they failed to understand, as atheism and hypocrisy. This was his last

literary work. It shows no sign of decaying powers; it is full of pathos, of wit, of clear close reasoning, and of brilliant satire; yet nevertheless it was his monument as well as his friend's. He took the manuscript to his publisher in the last day of the year 1785; and in the first week of the New Year 1786, still only fifty-six years old, he quietly and painlessly died. That last work seems to make a beautiful and fitting end to his life; a life which truly adds a worthy stanza to what Herder calls "the greatest poem of all time—the history of the Jews."

THE AROLLIAD;¹
AN EPIC OF THE ALPS.

August 20, 1885.

IN the guest-house at Arolla sat Caleb and Outis,² and with them,
Browned by Italian suns, and longing for home and for England,
Cedric the blond, and Mentor the whilom Fellow of All Souls:
Came they from regions diverse, but in Harrow their hearts were united.

Outspake Cedric the tall, broad-shouldered, strong as a giant,
Gentle I ween were his words, but his heart was as stout as his limbs were.

"Many the cities and men we have seen, many wearisome journeys
Made with unparalleled speed, and homeward our footsteps are tending;
Yet would I, ere the close, some deed of prowess accomplish
Here on the Alpine heights. Not for me is the Matterhorn's summit,
No, nor the dire Dent Blanche. 'Tis not in my feats I would glory,
But that I fain would see what others have seen and delight in.
Who will go over with me by the snows and the ice into Zermatt?"

Gently then stroking his nose, with a smile that was bland and superior,
Mentor thus made reply: "I grow old, I've a wife, I have children;
Think of the baby at home, and of Millicent, Edith, and Annie,
Think of my flock untended, and tempt me no longer to danger.
Slippery ice I detest, sharp rocks, and the rending of garments.
Hold me excused, an you love me. The way too is short for my liking:
Give me the long railway journey, the heat and the dust of the highway."

Next spake Caleb, the wily, with smells scientific acquainted:
Grimly he turned up his nose, and his smile was serenely sardonic:
"No Alp climber am I; 'Alp viewer' you rather may call me.
Precious to me are my bones, and whole I prefer them; but you may
Go to the crows if you wish it, or Jericho; my mountaineering
'Harris'³ does for me at present; and yet in the far distant future
I too may turn mountaineer,—when I steer a balloon o'er the Andes.
Meanwhile precious to me the resources of civilization,
Telegraph posts are a feast to my eyes, and the safe locomotive."
Such were the words of the wily, the framer of gibes scientific.

Gently the rest all smiled, and remarked, "It is Caleb!" but Outis
Turned him to Cedric the tall, and said "I will go with thee to Zermatt.
True I am no mountaineer, but the air of the ice-fields is cooler,
Cooler by far than Visp and the fly-haunted chambers of Sion."⁴

¹ Critics of a future age will beware of confounding the 'Arolliad' with the 'Rolliad,' the political poem of a century ago.

² Outis, or No-man: the name under which Ulysses disguised himself in the cave of the Cyclops.

³ Readers of the 'Tramp Abroad' will recognize in 'Harris' the 'fidus Achates' of Mark Twain, who preferred doing his mountains by proxy in the person of Harris to climbing them himself.

⁴ Visitors to the Rhone valley need not be told that the populations of Visp and Sion, and of other towns in that valley during the summer months, consist mainly of flies.

Let us call Joseph the Hun,¹ and his worship 'the Judge';² they may haply
Find us a true, stout man, who shall guide us aright into Zermatt;
Let him be strong and stout, lest a trip of the earth-shaking Saxon
Us, ourselves and our guide, engulf in abysmal crevasses."

Such was the council of war, and such the words of the speakers.

But when the evening fell o'er the dark-feathered pines of Arolla,
Early to bed they hied them, for early the start on the morrow.
Half-past two by the clock was the hour they had fixed for departure,
Trusting the promise of Joseph, the flat-visaged Hun, and the porter.
False was the promise of Joseph, and heavy the eyes of the porter,
False, boot-polishing knave. But ere half-past three they had started
Into the darkness of night, and blindly they groped in the darkness.
With them, in front, as they went, with his brother went Martin Métrailer,
Summoned from green Evolena, professional climber of mountains.
Handsome was Martin and tall, narrow-faced, wide-chested, and lissom,
Ready to help when the need was, a courteous man and a sure one:
Brown were his chin and moustache, and tawny his skin, as a Kaffir's.

Forth they went into the night from the pine-clad slopes of Arolla,
Threading their way over boulder and stream, and around and above them
Infinite shimmer of starlight and infinite roar of the torrents.

Forty long minutes were sped, and the glacier's back they were mounting,
Mid the grey glimmer of ice and of snow, in ghostly procession.

Brightly the Bear of the North and the spangled belt of Orion
Shone with a distant light, and the myriad hosts of the star-world,
Strange, inscrutable, cold; nor of aught that was kindly they whispered,
Gleamed they never so brightly. But one fair star in the gloaming
Peeping all shyly upon them, athwart the shoulder of Collon,—

One particular star in the midst of an alien concourse,—
Beamed with a friendly regard: so, flashing a glance sympathetic,
Heart speaks voiceless to heart in assemblies of men and of women.

Soon the moraine they had struck, and o'er rocks big as houses they
clambered,

Then up the rough hill-side, and their breath came in gasps: and below them
Down on the glacier's face, to the foot of the Collon ascending,
Travellers three they descry: stout men though they were and good climbers,
Painfully crawling flies, by the distance enchanted, they deemed them.
Here the last vestige is lost of the pine-crowned vale of Arolla;
Boulder again and snow and the face of the Col is before them
Far up a steep slope of ice, with crevasses abysmal indented.

Slowly above in the heaven the ineffectual starlight
Paled; and the flush of the dawn had illumined the peaks, as their feet stood
Now on the glacier's edge, in the mountain valley of Bertol.

Then spake Martin the prudent, whose home is in green Evolena:

"Come, let us rope us together, with good English rope, that our strength may
Be as the strength of four, and that each one may help his companions."

So spake Martin the sage, on the glacier's edge: and they roped them.
Martin, with ice-axe in hand and the rope round his waist, was the foremost,
Then followed Outis, and Cedric, and Joseph the brother of Martin.

And as a ship on the sea in a head-wind labours, and hardly,
Tacking now right and now left, with many a devious winding,

¹ There is a tradition that a colony of Huns settled in the Arolla valley, and the names
places in it are said to indicate this. Certainly the physiognomy of some of its best-known
inhabitants gives support to such a belief.

² 'Mine host' of Arolla is also guide and J.P. of the district.

Wins her way o'er the watery waste : so then did Métrailler,
Keen-eyed, now to the right and now to the left, the crevasses
Warily ever avoid ; thus obliquely they mounted and slowly.
Now and again with his axe he hewed for them steps, and the ice rang
Clear to the tingling heights ; and at last with laborious effort
Up a sheer wall, of rock and of ice, he clambers, and firmly
Planting himself in his steps, hales after him Outis and Cedric,
Cedric the tall, wide-chested, whose limbs were as stout as his heart was.
Oh ! but the icy North Wind struck home through the joints of their harness,
While they were climbing. A step : and the Sun and the South were before
them,

Warmth, Hyperborean splendour, and blinding glare of the snowfields.
Full to the front rose the Matterhorn's peak, unapproachable, peerless.
Here for a while they rested and drank the red wine of Arolla,
Feasting their eyes and their hearts with the view : nor long did they linger.
When they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking.
Onward they fared to the South, black-spectacled, marching in order ;
Crisp was the snow, and in ripples it lay, white crested, in furrows
Plowed with the plow of the wind, while sparkling crystals of ice flash'd
Bright in the bright sunshine, but of life no vestige apparent
Showed on the wintry face of those wilds, no roaring of torrents
Varied that stillness unearthly, no cry or of eagle or chamois.
Endless the levels of snow, and the cloudless expanse of the heavens
Rivalled the gentian's blue, and the wine-dark depths of the Ocean.

Slowly they gain Tête Blanche : not steep was the climb, but incessant.
Many and short were their steps, and weary they grew in their upward
Course, till at last they reached the crown of the white-headed mountain.
Italy lay at their feet, but the clouds stood white in her hollows,
Envious guards of her beauty. Nor long did the travellers linger
There on the wind-swept top, but away to Col d'Hérens glissading,
Sliding and slipping and bounding, in order disorderly hurried ;
Easy I ween the descent, like the fabled descent to Avernus.
But when they came to the Col, perpendicular rocks and an ice-wall
Led to the glacier's brink, and again the strong arm of Métrailler
Hewed for them steps in the ice, and safely in turn they descended.
Thence down the glacier's face, where they daintily probed the crevasses,
Passing the hut of the Stockje, and hard by the Matterhorn's shoulder,
Down the moraine of the Zmutt, under many an æry cornice,
Many a pendulous arch of the wind-swept snows of the mountain,
Into the green alp-meadows, embowered in odorous pine trees,
Mid the soft jangling of bells and the rills' multitudinous echoes,
Down to the valley they came, to the long sought valley of Zermatt.

MATTERS IN BURMAH.

MR. GLADSTONE, the most powerful minister of modern times, after surviving charges of having brought England within measurable distance of war with France, Russia, and the Boers; of causing Austria, Turkey, and Egypt to be hostile, and Ireland more impracticable than ever; of deliberately betraying Gordon to death; and of being too late in all his negotiations and expeditions; fell on an insignificant issue—the Beer question. So his Great Glorious and most Excellent Majesty, Lord of the Celestial Elephant and of many White Elephants, &c., &c., author of the atrocious massacres which appalled Christendom a few years ago; whose subsequent barbarous eccentricities are notorious; whose “reign has been marked throughout by a violation of treaties; by acts of aggression on the British frontier; by outrages on British subjects, and injustice to British trade;” fell on an equally contemptible issue—the “Shoe Question”!

Matter-of-fact people may assert that the perverse impracticability of King Theebaw brought on the war. They may also urge that the admirable proclamation issued by General Prendergast furnishes an unanswerable and exhaustive indictment against his majesty. But, on the other hand, it may be answered that the many grievous sins preferred against the Great Chief of Righteousness have been practically condoned; and that no novel features present themselves to explain the necessity of waging war with him, when we complaisantly accepted the situation at a time the relations between the two

countries were apparently much more strained.

The manifesto somewhat vaguely indicates an important factor which hastened the crisis, but is absolutely silent on the crucial point of our difference with his Majesty of the Golden Foot, which did undoubtedly bring the situation to a climax. The “external policy systematically opposed to British interests,” to which it takes exception, refers of course to French intrigues which have long exercised us, and whose significance has been accentuated by the part recently played by the French representative at Mandalay. Deep schemes of Franco-Burman diplomacy, challenging our right of interference, and calculated to undermine our legitimate power of controlling political affairs connected with Upper Burmah, made intervention absolutely imperative. And so, by the exquisite irony of Fate, it came to pass that the arch-apostle of non-intervention, after his great forbearance had been taxed to the utmost, was at last constrained to issue an *ultimatum*, which, though studiously moderate in tone and non-aggressive to ordinary readers, is identical with a declaration of war to those who can read between the lines.

This *ultimatum* may thus be summarised:—

(1) That an envoy from the Viceroy and Governor-General shall be suitably received at Mandalay, and that the present dispute between your Government and the Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation shall be settled with his concurrence.

(2) That all action against the

Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation shall be suspended till the envoy arrives.

(3) That for the future a diplomatic agent from the Viceroy shall reside at Mandalay, who shall receive becoming treatment at the hands of your Government, and shall be supplied by the British Government with a British guard of honour and a steamer.

To this the Burmese answered in effect, (1) That representatives of the British Government shall, as hitherto, be treated with becoming honour and respect; and (2) that the Trading Company has its remedy by an appeal to the Hlotdaw, or High Court, praying it to reconsider its decree.

If King Theebaw were accustomed to govern and to treat European envoys in European fashion, this reply would be unanswerable; for it may be assumed that the bare insinuation that an envoy may not be properly received is as much outside the pale of civilised diplomacy as the suggestion of superseding the decree of a foreign Court of Appeal by requiring the matter at issue to be heard over again, and decided by one's own judge. Even taking for granted General Prendergast's assumption that the Burmese rejoinder was evasive, and that a hostile proclamation was fulminated by Theebaw as a counterblast to our warlike preparations, the same things have happened often enough before, without impressing on the English Government the necessity or expediency of carrying fire and sword into Upper Burmah. But Theebaw, unfortunately for himself, did not so govern, nor was he in the least inclined to treat European envoys as they are wont to be treated at civilised courts.

Representatives of the most powerful sovereigns in the world were not vouchsafed an audience with the Lord of the Rising Sun unless they removed their boots, or, in diplomatic language, submitted to the "humiliating cir-

cumstances" referred to in the text of the *ultimatum*.

The Burmese, if pressed home, would probably declare that they have not the slightest notion what our Government meant by the term to which they took exception. They might urge with a semblance of truth that our envoys have hitherto expressed themselves satisfied with the treatment accorded them by the Burmese court, and that no objection has been ever yet made thereto by the English Government.

Stern, uncompromising, and precise as the *ultimatum* undoubtedly was in other respects, it did not define what was meant by the phrase, "humiliating circumstances," but took for granted that the Burmese would understand it. This assumption was correct. They knew perfectly well that the allusion could only apply to what is known as the "Shoe Question," whose favourable settlement, from a European standpoint, has frequently been pressed on their notice by both English officials and others; though our own Government has never before properly asserted itself in the matter.

Finding, however, they had lost the substance, they clung to this shadow of assumed superiority with insane infatuation. So much so, that, though many thought that King Mengdoon might have been induced to yield this point on the occasion of the despatch of our Queen's reply to his Majesty's letter, if its reception in European fashion had been made inevitable, others were fully convinced at the time that this absurd pretension had become such an integral part of the constitution, that the king's concession would have been tantamount to his own instant abdication. And Theebaw's defiant attitude certainly favours this idea, if it does not actually confirm it.

A matter of settling accounts with a trading company could have been easily adjusted without compromising his majesty's dignity. But, unfortu-

nately for Theebaw, our Government cut the Gordian knot, by insisting in effect, though not actually in words, that its representative should be received by the king, as is customary at civilised courts, not crouching on the floor as a suppliant, divested of his sword and boots. To modify an ancient and ridiculous custom, held to be degrading by all Europeans, was more than the King of Zampoo-deepa, with all his boasted power, could concede with impunity; and so, probably very much against his own will, Theebaw was obliged to fight.

If Burmese historians may be believed, the custom of removing the boots before appearing in the Royal presence dates from the very earliest times. They significantly refer to a precedent which occurred A.D. 1281, when ten Chinese envoys are said to have been beheaded because they insisted on wearing their boots when granted a royal audience. But Burmese courtiers are discreetly silent on the terrible retribution which followed. The Emperor of China despatched a vast army, which took possession of Pugân, in those days the capital of Burmah, routed the Burmese troops, and pursued them to a place which to this day is called Tarophmaw, or Chinese Point. The conduct of some of our envoys, and of the Government which despatched them, does not, it must be owned, compare favourably with the firmness displayed by the redoubtable and independent Chinese and their resolute emperor. Indeed, the record of the slights, indignities, and impositions our representatives have been made to suffer at the hands of the Burmese, and the scant support and protection vouchsafed them by their own Government, is anything but pleasant reading for an Englishman.

Of these, perhaps, the "Shoe Question" was the most intolerable. The physical discomfort of having to mount the filthy palace steps, and traverse dusty and roughly-boarded corridors unshod, was bad enough; but the

unpleasant necessity was undoubtedly aggravated by the knowledge that our outwardly polite conductors inwardly chuckled at the mortification of the Kulas, or Western foreigners.

Unsophisticated Burmans, prone to grovel before even a palm-leaf inscribed with a royal order, and to make humble obeisance not only to the king, but also to the spire that marks the centre of the palace of the City of Gems, of Burmah, of Zampoo-deepa, and, therefore, of the world, cannot in the least realise why we should cavil at the simple act of removing our boots, which the highest in the land accept as a matter of course, and even deem a privilege. But others, who have travelled in civilised countries, and are well acquainted with European customs, though distinguished for their courtesy in ordinary intercourse with Europeans, seem to take a fiendish delight in carrying out this absurd etiquette of the most arrogant court in the world, whose code is to humble all who resort thereto, by way of impressing on them a due sense of the exalted dignity, glory, honour, and power of the sovereign.

Burmese ideas regarding history and cosmography are, it need hardly be said, very different from ours. Nevertheless, the people have a general, if superficial, knowledge of these subjects, based on traditional records learned from earliest infancy, by means of their dramatical performances, which have for them a wonderful fascination, and also considerable influence in forming and developing the national character. *Maha Thumada*, and other immortal heroes whose exploits are glorified in their dramas, have a lasting hold on their imagination. With us the names of *Odin* and *Thor*, *Trigga* and *Iduna*, are names only, though their deeds of potency remain to cast a spell on all the nurseries of northern Europe. All the witch and dragon lore which *Odin* and the *Asur* brought from the East, exist

under new names in the nursery lore of our infancy; in 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'Cinderella,' 'Blue Beard,' 'The Giant who smelt the blood of an Englishman,' 'Puss in Boots,' &c. We matter-of-fact Westerns, it is true, discard these tales when we leave the nursery; but to the more romantic Easterns they show themselves ever in a renewed and immortal bloom.

This idiosyncrasy, weakness, or whatever it may be termed, which, like our remote ancestors, the Burmese possess, cannot be disposed of casually as a trivial psychological truism; but must be accepted as an important factor in enabling us to decide the weighty problem of governing an independent, impulsive, high-spirited and naturally proud people, the guidance of whose destinies, for good or evil, we have now assumed.

The Burmese are fully convinced that their name not only establishes indisputably their claim to be the most ancient and the most noble people in the world, but is also positive proof of their celestial origin. The 'Maha Yaza Wen,' or great chronicle of kings, based on Hindu records, more or less obscured by their own interpolations, declares them to be descended from the Byamas, who once occupied the blessed regions of the Rupa, and were tempted to leave their celestial abodes for our world soon after its destruction and re-creation.

A generally accepted law in their cosmogony, is that a revolution in nature, termed *Lawka*, meaning destruction and reproduction, causes one world to succeed another. The remote and moral causes of the world's destruction are said to be lust, anger, and ignorance, from which spring three other immediate and physical causes, fire, water, and wind. When the world was last created, a substance of delicious taste and perfume, like the food of the Nats or demigods, and in appearance like the soft skin which forms on boiled milk, came first on the

surface of the water, and then gave a pungent aroma to the earth. Its savour ascended to the heavenly abodes of the Byamas, who, not satisfied with heavenly manna and the exquisite enjoyment of flying about in heavens lit by the effulgence of their own bodies, came down to earth to taste the creamlike substance that had formed thereon. The result was disastrous; for by eating it their bodies became heavy, dull and opaque, and their hearts full of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Then, in punishment for their misdeeds, this upper crust disappeared and was gradually replaced by coarser foods, the acquisition of which caused "theft, lying, railing and punishment to become rife." The Byamas, finding affairs had come to this pass, took counsel together and agreed to select a ruler, who should be a judge over all matters, with power to reward the good and to punish the wicked. They accordingly chose a man, who, like Saul, excelled all other men in stature and symmetry, an embryo Budh, of great wisdom, piety and force of character, agreeing to submit to his rule and allot him one tenth of their produce. His name was Maha Thamada, and from him, if we are to believe the 'Maha Yaza Wen,' Theebaw can claim descent in regular sequence.

Even in an age distinguished for the encouragement given to the study of geography, the fellows of all the geographical societies in Europe would probably be sadly at a loss if asked to indicate on any of their maps the kingdoms of Thoonaparanta and Tumpadeepa; much more so if called on to furnish a local habitation and a name for even one of the great umbrella-bearing chiefs of eastern countries referred to in the King of Burmah's numerous titles.

An elucidation of the mystery is, however, to be found in Burmese cosmography, which appears to be fundamentally that of the Hindoos; but the imaginations of its teachers

have developed the immensities of the latter with variations.

In the centre of our present mundane system is, they say, the Mount Myenmo of fabulous height, surrounded by seven concentric ranges. Round these the sun, moon and stars revolve. At the four cardinal points of Mount Myenmo are four great islands, each having five hundred dependent islets. One of these is Zampoodeepa (erroneously written Tumpadeepa), so called from a gigantic and sacred *Eugenia* tree thereon, which is twelve hundred miles in length, one hundred and eighty-six miles in circumference, with five principal branches, each six hundred miles long. This Zampoodeepa, or great southern island, is held to have been under the beneficent sway of his Great, Glorious and most Excellent Majesty, their most Gracious Sovereign recently deposed. Burmese authorities differ as to the exact position of Thunaparanta, while there is a general consensus of opinion among Western geographers that it is identical with the *Auria Regio* of Ptolemy, or Indo-China. We must content ourselves, therefore, with knowing that Thunaparanta must, at any rate, be situated in that part of the world called Zampoodeepa and its surrounding five hundred islets. To this knowledge Burmese cosmography helps us by forbidding all communication between the four great islands, owing to the tempestuous seas of Thamodra, or the great mid-ocean, whose waves are often mountains high, wherein fearful whirlpools are apt to engulf adventurous mariners; not to speak of the Leviathans, leagues in length, that sport therein. But the English and other Europeans, who are said to inhabit some of the small islands, are able to visit Burmah, China and India, owing to the comparative tranquillity of the seas which encompass these dependencies of Zampoodeepa.

The inhabitants of the other three islands live, it is said, from five hundred to one thousand years without

care of any kind, and die tranquilly at the end of their allotted time to be born again in the same island. They neither ascend into the superior heavens, nor descend into hell, and have neither aspirations nor fears. Burmese divines, however, teach that their lot ought not to be envied by the people of Zampoodeepa, who, by the merit of pious deeds can not only win for themselves exalted seats in the realms of the Nats or demi-gods, but can attain to the perfect state of Neikban or Nirvana.

Having absolutely nothing in the way of literature, excepting their plays and the fabulous history already mentioned, which only deigns to take notice of events flattering to their pride, it is no wonder that the Burmese have an exceedingly good opinion of themselves. With unparalleled self-complaisance, they are superbly happy in the firm conviction that they are wiser, braver, handsomer, and better than any other people in the world. Hence, unlike many Asiatics, they are not a fawning race. Naturally idle, and, as a rule, having neither perseverance nor fixity of purpose, discipline or any regular employment is most irksome to them. As soldiers they are therefore altogether impracticable, and almost equally so as domestic servants.

These defects of character are also prejudicial to their success in mechanical arts. A Burman will often try his hand at various methods of obtaining a livelihood, and not infrequently in the wane of life will settle himself down as a doctor, a profession that combines dignity with profit, and requires, in Burmah, no previous training. He may accordingly be styled "Jack of all trades and master of none," except in the cases of those past-masters of arts, such as carving and jewellers' work, which require a long apprenticeship and steady application.

Though the material prosperity of British subjects has much increased,

contact with civilisation has had a demoralising effect on many of the rising generation. Temperate, abstemious and hardy as the rural population is, indulgence in the use of opium and spirits, fostered by the pernicious traffic carried on under the ægis of British authority, has been attended in the towns with disastrous results, both moral and physical. Reverence for age and respect for parents, which used to be such a charming trait in the character of Burmese youth, is now, say the elders, conspicuous by its absence; while dissipation and unbridled license, alas! tell their sad tales on hitherto iron constitutions.

Inveterate gamblers, the Burmese are ready to stake everything they possess on chance, and under the native *régime* even their wives, children and their own liberty were thus hazarded. Hence the lottery mania, due, it is said, to Italian teaching, which more or less ruined the country.

In spite of these defects and shortcomings the Burmese possess many admirable qualities, which enlist the sympathy and interest of all who are brought into contact with them. Entirely free from all prejudices of caste, they make no difference between the despised pariah from the coast of Coromandel and the twice-born Brahmin of Benares. All men with them are equal, excepting the king, his ministers, and the priests. Fraternising readily with Europeans, "Jack Burman" is a prime favourite with "Tommy Atkins" and Englishmen of all classes. Strictly tolerant in matters of religion, Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Hindoos, are allowed to practise the rites of their several religions without let or hindrance. With surprising candour their teachers allow that Christianity is almost as good as Buddhism, but opine that the former suits Europeans and Americans, and the latter the people of Indo-China; therefore, while,

on the one hand, they do not care to attempt the conversion of Christians, on the other, they cannot understand why Christian missionaries should not also let them alone.

No calamity is so overwhelming as to cause the Burman to despond. Buoyant and elastic, he soon recovers from personal or domestic disaster. His cattle may die of murrain, his crops may be destroyed, his house and all his belongings may be burned, without putting him out very much. Like Mark Tapley, he is "jolly" under all circumstances. Few Burmans care to amass much wealth, and when one does so he spends most of it in building pagodas, monasteries, caravansaries, or other works for the public benefit, so as to acquire thereby religious merit for himself and his future transmigrations. But though riches have no charm for them, they are, and especially the women, great dabblers in small mercantile ventures. They are also distinguished for their great public spirit, often shown at much personal sacrifice. Were it not for this admirable trait in their character, the general community would be put to intolerable inconvenience. For the Burmese government never provided in any way for public works, leaving it to the people to construct roads, bridges, wells, ponds, caravansaries, and the like, for the public utility. Vanity, or ambition, or charity, or perhaps all three combined, inspire the people, as they inspire many public-spirited people with ourselves, when they desire to be public benefactors. But whatever their motives the public certainly profit by the results, and expresses its sense of benefits received by conferring on the donors honorary titles much esteemed by the recipients.

The Burman has an amazing aptitude for adapting himself to circumstances; so much so, that it is hardly too much to say that if the humblest coolie were suddenly made a grandee, he would comport himself in his new

sphere as if to the manner born. He is generally free from care. A bountiful soil supplies all his modest wants with little labour. Ambition has no charms for him, and so he jogs through life, merrily, lazily, and aimlessly. If the Burman has not actually found the philosopher's stone, he has, perhaps, more nearly succeeded in achieving that feat than any other member of the human race.

The teachings of an advanced civilisation must necessarily dissipate the fond imaginings inspired by the drama and the 'Maha Yaza Wen.' The matter-of-fact prose of everyday life must

usurp the place of the romantic idylls of the past. Whether the result be the increased happiness and real welfare of the people depends much on whether, alive to our vast responsibilities, we are willing to learn a lesson from the past, and prove that the benefit of living under a settled government may not be too dearly purchased if it tends, directly or indirectly, to the social, moral, and physical ruin of a nation which deserves our liveliest interest and sympathy.

A. R. McMAHON,
Major-General.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1886.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.¹

THE children of William Lloyd Garrison have undertaken to tell the story of his life. Two volumes carrying the story down to 1840 have appeared. To the children of the hero the work is one of piety and love. To those who personally took part with him in the great struggle all the details will be full of interest. The historian will also be grateful for a complete collection of material. But for the ordinary reader the narrative, completed on the scale of these opening volumes, will be very long; and as long biographies have very few readers, there is reason to fear that Garrison's fame may be buried under that which is intended to preserve it. An abridgment, disencumbered of documents, will perhaps hereafter be found expedient.

The old colonial slavery, sanctioned and perpetuated by the Revolution, was an awkward comment on the Declaration of Independence, and an ugly blot on a model Republic; though patriotic optimism might maintain that the contrast of slavery with freedom was favourable to republican character. But it was a relic of the past; it was comparatively on a small scale and of a mild type; it was half ashamed of itself; it was unaggressive; leading statesmen of the South freely denounced it and treated it as a temporary evil doomed to certain extinc-

tion. It would, in all probability, either have died out or dwindled into something which, so far as the negro was concerned, might with reason have been said to be better than Dahomey. But the case was entirely changed by the cotton-gin and the purchase of Louisiana. Then the signs of old age and of decrepitude vanished, and in portentous youth uprose the Slave Power defiant of earth and heaven. Slavery became a vast commercial interest, supporting a social caste. Not only did it put off all shame, but by the eloquent lips of Calhoun it proclaimed itself the best and most beneficent birth of time. Its sinister statesmanship, vested in an oligarchy of wealth and leisure, as entirely masters of their white dependants as they were of their slaves, and acting steadily for the security and aggrandisement of one paramount interest, politically subjugated the North, where it found allies both in the selfishness of the wealthy and in the venal mob of the cities. Goaded alike by the hunger of land which the exhaustion of the soil by its unskilled husbandry engendered and the desire of widening its political basis, it directed the foreign policy of the republic to Southern aggrandisement; nor were its aims in that direction bounded by the acquisition of Texas. The North, the sharer of its gains, its factor and its mortgagee, was bound to it by the complicity of lucre. Northern traders were not even in-

¹ 'William Lloyd Garrison, 1805—1879. The Story of his Life told by his Children.' Vols. i. ii. New York: 'The Century' Co.
No. 317—VOL. LIII.

sensible to the social influence of the planter aristocracy; while the politicians cringed to a power so strong in itself and wielded with such unity and vigour. The Churches, especially such as drew their support chiefly from the wealthy class or had strong Southern connections, accommodated themselves to social sentiment, winked at slave-owning among their members, excluded abolitionism from their pulpits, discouraged it among their ministers, and piously acquiesced in the curse of Ham. The Press was equally enthralled. "From the President to the bootblack every one was for slavery." In no country does the force of public opinion, or what is taken for public opinion, press more heavily on the individual mind than in the United States.

In the course of history, there occasionally appear powers of evil which, however peacefully you may be inclined, force you to accept wager of battle. Mohammedan conquest was one of these; the Slave Power was another. Seward's phrase, "Irrepressible conflict," is familiar; less familiar are the words which formed part of the same sentence,— "It means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free labour nation." The battle was for the moral life and civilisation of the new world.

In political opposition to the Slave Power there was little hope. Slavery was impregnably entrenched in the Constitution; by no efforts of verbal interpretation could it be displaced; and the Constitution was the Bible of the American people. All that political opposition could do was to limit the extension of slavery northward. To abolish it in the district of Columbia was constitutionally possible, morally impossible, and practically useless. Moreover the politicians, as soon as they came within sight of the presidency, felt the attraction of the Southern vote. The apostasy of Webster, finely moralised by Theodore Parker, was the most signal and the saddest

of all tributes to the slave-owners' ascendancy. Clay, though a Kentuckian and slave-owner, was in principle opposed to slavery, but party and ambition were too strong for him; and his constancy failed when he was called upon resolutely to resist the extension of slavery at the price of an iniquitous war. Of all the public men of real mark who appeared upon the scene before the closing act of the drama, the heartiest enemy to slavery was Lincoln; yet Lincoln never avowed himself an Abolitionist. On becoming President he recognised the protection of slavery as his constitutional duty, and of his readiness to perform that duty, even in the most revolting aspect, he gave a proof by showing himself willing to administer strictly the Fugitive Slave Law. Above all there was the Union, the idol of the national heart, the source of material advantages without number and the pledge of national greatness. Disunion was not only the loss of the mouth of the Mississippi, but the wreck of the Republican future. The crack of that lash in the hand of the South was always enough to bring the North upon its knees. Upon their knees, as soon as the Union was seriously menaced by Secession, the politicians fell. By a vote of one hundred and thirty-three to sixty-five the House of Representatives passed a resolution in favour of a constitutional amendment providing that for the future no amendment should be made in the Constitution which would authorise or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labour or service by the laws of the said State. This, as Mr. Blaine in his 'Twenty Years of Congress' says, would have entrenched slavery securely in the organic law of the land and elevated the privilege of the slave-owner beyond that of the owner of any other species of property. Still more signal was the surrender proposed in the series of resolutions called the Crittenden Compromise. In

this a pledge was offered not only for the inviolability of slavery but for the inviolability of the internal slave-trade, together with humiliating securities for the effectiveness of the Fugitive Slave Law. The Crittenden Compromise was lost in the Senate by only two votes, and would have been carried had not six Southern Irreconcilables refused to vote at all. These are facts to be charitably borne in mind when the people of other countries are arraigned for not having seen from the first that the struggle was against slavery. They do not excuse sympathy with slavery when the practical character of the struggle had become clear; but they do excuse misapprehension and hesitation on the part of foreigners and distant spectators during the early stages of the contest.

If in a political movement there was little hope, still less was there in an economical movement. The increased yield of cotton since emancipation has vindicated the superiority of free labour even in the case of the negro, provided that when the lash is removed he has the necessary incentives of other kinds to work. But very keen must have been the eye which, before emancipation, could have foreseen this result. To the mass of the American people, at all events, it must have appeared that abolition would entail a national sacrifice greater perhaps than has ever been deliberately made by any nation. The price of the slaves to be paid by way of compensation to their owners would have been a trifle compared with the loss which there was reason to apprehend from the withdrawal of their labour in the cultivation of cotton.

In a moral agitation lay the only chance of redemption. Some one was needed to awaken, before it was too late, the slumbering conscience of the nation. Conscience once aroused would act on the political parties, the Churches and the Press. John Quincy Adams, who long maintained with stubborn but ineffectual valour the

anti-slavery cause on the political field, saw that there was hope elsewhere. "There is a great mass," he writes, "of cool judgment and of plain sense on the side of justice and humanity; but the ardent speech and passion are on the side of oppression. Oh! if but one man would arise with a genius capable of comprehending, a heart capable of supporting, and an utterance capable of communicating those eternal truths which belong to the question, to lay bare in all its nakedness that outrage upon the goodness of God—human slavery, now is the time and this is the occasion upon which such a man would perform the duties of an angel upon earth." The celestial deliverer whom Adams pictured to himself never appeared; but a man able to fill the part about as well as any mortal could fill it and give practical effect to the prayer, appeared in the person of William Lloyd Garrison. Garrison was not intellectually a man of genius; no mark of genius appears on anything that he wrote; he was not even a man of very great mental power. But he was that which above all things was wanted: he was a pure moral force. From selfish ambition or selfishness of any kind, and from the egotism which besets almost all leadership, he was singularly free. In thirty-five years nothing diverted his thoughts for a moment from the interest of his cause. As a leader, though he had no dazzling gifts, he had the wisdom which proceeds from singleness of heart. His worthy associate of forty years, Mr. Oliver Johnson, could say of him, "There is about him no taint of selfseeking or assumption of the honours of leadership. In all my intercourse with him, extending over a period of more than forty years, I never heard him utter a word implying a consciousness that he was a leader in the cause or that he had done or achieved anything worthy of praise. He was unfeignedly modest, without a touch of affected humility. He had the highest appreciation of

the services of others, and loved to do them honour, whether they worked by his methods or not. He never mistook a molehill for a mountain, never fought a battle except upon a vital issue. If he wrote a document for which others as well as himself were to be responsible, he would allow them to criticise and even to pick it all to pieces, if they chose, content if no principle were dishonoured. He thought little of himself, everything of the cause." Assuredly in all the letters and documents given in these volumes the traces of anything like self-love are remarkably few. The cause is always paramount. Agitators, if they have any personal ambition in them, invariably contract a passion for agitation, and plunge into other movements when the object of their first movement has been attained. Once an agitator always an agitator, has been the general rule. Wendell Phillips, when slavery had fallen, remained a preacher of universal revolution, and too often reminded us by his truculence of the philanthropy of the Jacobins. Garrison, when slavery had fallen, at once closed his public career and went full of thankfulness to his home. Sumner was no doubt a sincere and devoted servant of the cause; but in him egotism displayed itself in a pitiable manner. It led him into extravagances which were not only ridiculous but criminal. He made a speech on the Alabama question which might have plunged two nations into war, really because the settlement of the question was in other hands than his own. An equal to Garrison in disinterestedness and self-devotion it will be very hard to find; and herein, as well as in the vast importance of his movement, the interest of his history lies.

Garrison was the son of a New Brunswick sea-captain, who had migrated to Newbury-Port in Massachusetts. His home seems to have been good; his boyhood seems to have been healthy; he was a leader of boys and

forward in sports; he loved music and had a vein of poetry, which he sometimes indulged in after years. He was put to shoe-making and afterwards to cabinet-making, but took to neither. To printing he did take, fortunately for the cause, inasmuch as he was thus enabled to print as well as write his own journal. As a journalist without capital he would have had to write for hire, and must have been trammelled by the influences which dominated the Press. He soon began to write as well as to print, and with American precocity made some experiments in editorship on a small scale. He commenced a literary crusade against intemperance, and another against war. But his attention was speedily engaged and permanently fixed by a more practical and momentous object. He was twenty-three when, with a settled purpose, he took up his sling and his stone and went forth to do battle with the Slave Power.

He had a precursor, never to be forgotten, in Lundy, a philanthropic Quaker, who was publishing a monthly organ of anti-slavery sentiment under the title—not very well suited for a news-boy's cry—of 'The Genius of Universal Emancipation.' In his youth Lundy had lived, as apprentice to a saddler, at Wheeling in Virginia, a thoroughfare of the internal slave-trade, where he saw what made him a crusader. His journal had been started without a dollar of capital, and its editor used to walk twenty miles to get it printed, and walk home with the edition on his back. He was also active and successful in the formation of anti-slavery societies. His character and work were admirable; but he seems to have lacked the fire and the motive force which would have qualified him to be the soul of a national movement. His journal was at this time established at Baltimore, in full view of the enemy and his practices. Lundy, in beating up for support, visited Boston. He was coldly received by the Boston world,

and notably by the clerical part of it; but he kindled a fire in the soul of Garrison, and baptised him in the anti-slavery faith. About the first fruit of the neophyte's zeal was a Fourth of July oration of unwonted and, as some of the hearers must have thought, of impious tenor, treating the acts of tyranny with which the mother country was charged by the Declaration of Independence as "a pitiable detail of grievances" compared with the wrongs inflicted by the immaculate Republic on the slaves; and recommending that, instead of cannon firing and waving of flags, the day should be celebrated with prayer and fasting. The oration is strong in purpose and, for a youthful enthusiast, temperate in style. It ends with a warning of the danger of servile war. The fear of servile war was natural, and was ever present to the mind of the South. Yet the negroes for the most part remained passive during the civil war; unarmed and sluggish in character as they were, it is not likely that as a body they would ever have struck for freedom. The insurrection in St. Domingo was a mulatto rising, and was kindled by the French Revolution.

Garrison now (1829) joined Lundy at Baltimore, and the two, as partners, brought out a new series of the '*Genius*,' with the motto from the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal, and endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Penned by a slave-owner, signed by slave-owners, and heading an indictment for tyranny against a government which had on the whole a genuine respect for liberty, not only at home but in the colonies, these words did undoubtedly furnish food for meditation to candid minds. In the first month of their friendship Lundy and Garrison received a visit from a slave on whose back they counted twenty-seven terrible gashes

made with the cowhide. The man (who had been emancipated by his master's will and was to be free in a few days) had failed to load a waggon to the satisfaction of the overseer. Expostulation was answered by the heirs of the estate with abuse. A few days later Garrison heard cries of anguish from a house in the street where the '*Genius*' office was, and he notes that this was nothing uncommon. Slave auctions were frequently taking place.

The twenty years compromise with the foreign slave trade, made by Revolutionists who accused George the Third of forcing the trade upon them, had expired. But, besides smuggling, the internal trade went on at the rate of fifty thousand slaves a year. It seems in fact to have been the prospect of gain from the internal trade that had led some of the Southern states to consent readily to the suppression of the foreign trade. Baltimore was a port of the internal trade; and one day there sailed under Garrison's eyes the ship '*Francis*,' owned in his native Newbury-Port, with a New England captain, and a cargo of seventy-five slaves chained in a narrow place between decks. The vessel had been intended to take one hundred and fifty. Garrison branded the captain and owner in his journal; was sued for libel; was of course found guilty by the Baltimore jury; and, being unable to pay the fine of a hundred dollars, spent seven weeks in the Baltimore gaol. The sum necessary for his release was at last sent by Arthur Tappan, a philanthropic merchant of New York. He bore his imprisonment cheerfully, contrasting his lot with the far worse lot of the slave. In the gaol he had a dialogue with a Southern slave-owner, who had come to reclaim a fugitive slave. The master, of course, pleaded the curse of Ham. "Pray, sir," retorted Garrison, "is it a careful desire to fulfil the Scriptures, or to make money, that induces you to hold your fellow-men in bondage?"

Garrison and Lundy now parted. Lundy went to Washington, as the political capital; Garrison to Boston, the capital of national character, though its conscience was at that time in a state of coma. At Boston he, with a new partner whom he had taken to him, Isaac Knapp, set up the 'Liberator,' one of the humblest and most memorable of journals. No one can fail to admire the steadfast resolution, and the freedom at the same time from excitement, violence, and martyr's airs, with which this obscure youth of twenty-four, friendless and penniless, settled down to his life-long battle with the overwhelming forces of interest and opinion by which slavery was sustained. He had lifted himself, as was necessary, entirely above political superstition, and learned to deem the venerated Constitution and the adored Union, in so far as they sustained slavery, a "league with death and a covenant with Hell." He had emancipated himself from the influence of the Churches, though he was a Baptist by profession, and to the last, however liberal or even latitudinarian he might become, remained a thorough Christian in sentiment, and continued to draw his inspiration largely from the Bible. He soared even above American Anglophobia, and could treat with scorn the article of national faith that the responsibility for slavery, as for everything else that was not perfect in the Republic, rested on England, while the profit went to the Americans. He was not alone in this detachment from the combination of Revolutionary politics with lingering Puritanism, which up to that time had been the national creed and the mould of the national character. The lectures of Emerson, the theology of Theodore Parker, the Utopia of Brook Farm, the experiments in Socialism, were phenomena of the same kind. It was the beginning of a transformation which is now nearly complete.

Lundy, mild in all things, was in favour of gradual emancipation. Gar-

rison almost from the outset rejected both gradual emancipation and compensation as sinful compromises with Evil. He was wrong in both cases; and in both his judgment was based on a principle which a philosophic study of history would have shown to be false. Slavery could not be brought under the category of robbery or anything else that was simply a crime. In the past ages it had been a relative good. It was now a gross anachronism and a monstrous evil. To abolish it was necessary; but the mode and conditions of abolition were questions which it was for practical wisdom to decide. The Gospel, which was still Garrison's code of morality, treated slavery as lawful, though it sapped the institution at its base. Compensation might not be due to the slave-owner from Heaven; but it was certainly due to him from the State which had recognised his property, had encouraged him to invest in it, and was bound to protect it like property of any other kind. To tell the slave-owners that they were to be dealt with as robbers was to drive them to desperation. Garrison's errors, however, were practically harmless. The door of egress which he barred on one side had already been walled up on the other. Politically and socially, as well as commercially, slavery was the soul of the South, which would no more have consented to gradual than to immediate emancipation, nor have sold its cherished institution for any price. Those who sadly compare the probable cost of compensation with the actual cost of civil war, may, therefore, lay their regrets aside.

The colonisation plan, which sought a peaceful solution in the separation of the races, was another object of Garrison's abhorrence. He hated it as a follower of St. Peter would have hated the doctrine of Simon Magus. His theory was that the negro was a black American citizen forcibly deprived of his rights, but perfectly capable of exercising them, and of raising himself to the level of his

fellow-citizens, if only he were set free, and had the means of education given him. To ship off the freedmen to Liberia was practically to deny this, and at the same time both to recognise the lawfulness of slavery, and practically to assist the slave-owner by ridding him of the freedmen, who to him were a dangerous class. Colonisation, therefore, was the height of treason. Here again Garrison was wrong, and here again his error was practically harmless. Colonisation was an attempt to bale a ship with a spoon.

Still, we cannot help wondering what Garrison's own solution of the problem was. The idea of social insurrection he abhorred. He abhorred the use of force in any way. He talks in his manifestoes of the influence of love and repentance, but elsewhere he speaks of the slave-owner as a monster incapable of either. At one time he seems to think that England can put an end to slave labour by refusing to buy slave-grown cotton, and appeals to her to take that course. But a little experience would have convinced him of the vanity of hoping that commerce will, on grounds of morality, "boycott" the producer of the best goods. Garrison's task, however, was to awaken the national conscience. His policy was comparatively of little consequence. The solution prepared by destiny, and which alone was possible, was one which neither he nor anybody else could have foreseen.

The 'Liberator' had at starting for capital the loan of some old type. The office was under the eaves, and on the floor of the office was the editors' bed. The two partners did all the printing, as well as all the writing, editing, and correspondence. They lived on bread and milk with a little fruit and cake, and were willing if necessary to live on bread and water. Financially the journal for several years after its appearance was hovering between life and death. But as an organ it soon began to make its mark. If friends and subscribers did not come in very

fast, the fire of the enemy was drawn and in a few years Garrison's name became an object of hatred to the friends of slavery at the North, and an object not only of hatred but of fear to the slave-owners of the South. One Southern Legislature passed a resolution against him which amounted almost to setting a price upon his head. The closing of the mails to anti-slavery literature was another tribute to his growing power. He was accused, not only by enemies but by cautious friends, of extreme violence of language. We do not profess to have looked over the files of the 'Liberator,' but the specimens of Garrison's writing before us, including printed letters in which he was sure to speak without restraint, do not seem to us to betray more violence than was inseparable from an appeal to the national conscience against iniquity. "In seizing the trumpet of God," he had "intended to blow a strong blast such as might arouse a nation slumbering in the lap of moral death." The auction block, the separation of families, the systematic brutalisation of the negroes, the abuse of negro women, the horrible scourgings, the burnings alive, the bloodhounds, the reign of terror, the internal slave trade, were patent facts to the plain mention of which Junius could have hardly added a sting. So was the barbarism of Southern society, which underlay the surface of refinement presented by the mansions of a few rich planters, and of which the picture has been preserved for us in the invaluable work of Mr. Olmsted.

It is right, however, to say that among the slave-owners in the Southern States, as in the West Indies, there were some who, having inherited the institution, and perhaps believing in its necessity, if not in its beneficence, tried to do their duty by their slaves. So far as these men were concerned, sweeping denunciations were unjust and impolitic at the same time.

In 1833 Garrison went to England to counteract the operations of the

Colonisation Society and to fraternise with the British Abolitionists. He breakfasted with Buxton, who had invited a large party to meet him. When he entered, Buxton, instead of rushing up to him and grasping his hand, looked at him for some time doubtfully, and at last asked "whether he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Garrison, of Boston, in the United States?" His guest told him that he had. "Why, my dear sir," exclaimed Buxton with uplifted hands, "I thought you were a black man!" Garrison professes to regard the mistake as a compliment, implying that he had fought for the oppressed race as zealously as though he had been one of them. He also saw Wilberforce, whose pigmy form he contrasts as an abode of genius with the majestic bulk of Webster, his ideal of intellectual greatness. He got a speech out of O'Connell. Great praise is due to O'Connell for having steadfastly condemned and denounced slavery while all the Irish in America were supporting it, and exhibiting themselves as the most cruel and insolent enemies of the unhappy negro. But the speech, though Garrison calls it magnificent, was a roaring torrent of ferocious vituperation and extravagant bombast which could do Garrison and his cause nothing but harm. The American slave-owners were described as "the basest of the base, the most execrable of the execrable." The orator proclaimed that he "tore down the image of Liberty from the recreant land of America, and condemned her as the vilest of hypocrites, the greatest of liars." "His voice," he said, "deafening the sound of the westerly wave and riding against the blast as thunder goes, should reach America, and tell the black man the time of his emancipation was come, and the oppressor that the period of injustice was terminated."

This language, duly reported in the United States, was not a happy introduction for Mr. George Thompson, the anti-slavery orator, who, at Garrison's

instance, now visited the United States on a propagandist mission. It must be owned that this calling in of foreign aid in a domestic agitation was doubtful policy. The question, it is true, was one that concerned humanity at large; but the struggle was national; national interest and honour were especially touched; wisdom and right policy alike required that national self-respect should not be hurt. The reformer, whether religious or social, must fulfil all righteousness; and righteousness, while nationality exists, will include the obligations of a patriot. Garrison, however, if he erred, paid the penalty; for Thompson's visit, following O'Connell's vituperation, roused public feeling to such a pitch that there soon ensued a dangerous explosion. Garrison had been twitted with want of courage in not going to the South and preaching his abolitionism there. He pertinently answered that Americans who declaimed about the wrongs of Poland did not think it necessary to put themselves into the clutches of the Czar. He might have added that courage enough was shown in bearding the exasperated liegemen of cotton at Boston. A mob, described as wealthy and respectable, now broke into a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society at which Garrison was present, dragged him out, tore off his clothes, hauled him through the streets with a rope round him, and would have done some further violence, perhaps even have lynched him, if he had not been rescued by the mayor, Lyman, who, on some nominal charge, consigned him for the night to the safe keeping of the gaol. Lyman was a Pro-Slavery man, and he is bitterly arraigned by the Garrisonians for not having more valiantly vindicated the law. But it seems to us that he did, in the circumstances, about as much as he could. The birthplace of American liberty, however, had a narrow escape of drinking the blood of a martyr to freedom of opinion. His object certainly was to save

Garrison's life. The Boston riot was one of many outbreaks of violence which took place in different parts of the Union as the movement advanced and the atmosphere became more charged with wrath. In one of these, Lovejoy, an anti-slavery journalist, was killed by the settlers from the South, who form part of the population of Illinois. It was the first blood of the civil war.

Before his visit to England, Garrison had founded the New England Anti-Slavery Society. This widened into the American Anti-Slavery Society with its many affiliations. For the American Anti-Slavery Society Garrison composed a Declaration of Sentiment, like the Declaration of Independence. It was received with rapture, and is eminently well penned, though highly assailable on the grounds which it assigns for rejecting gradual abolition and compensation. With the growth of the Abolitionist Church came, in the course of nature, heresies and schisms. The friends of the clergy wanted to depose Garrison, whom they regarded as heterodox, which he certainly was to the extent of great independence and disregard of clerical influence, though his principles and language to the end remained entirely Christian. There was also a struggle upon the question whether Abolitionists should become a third political party, with an organisation and candidates of its own. Against this, Garrison wisely protested; urging that the moral and religious character of the movement would be impaired, that it would be fatally confined within the limits traced by a Constitution which sanctioned slavery, and that it would be contaminated and degraded by the political self-seekers and adventurers who would enter it with mercenary designs. This last objection is being signally confirmed and illustrated by the condition of the Prohibitionist movement at the present day. One painful part of these controversies was an altercation in print between Garrison and his old friend Lundy. In

the struggle for the command of the ship the helmsman could not help showing any human tendency to self-assertion which there might be in his nature. But he kept control of the helm, and on the whole steered well. He, however, had better not have let the 'Liberator' become the organ of peculiar views about the Sabbath, which repelled the clergy, or about Woman's Rights. Still less did he show his wisdom in allowing the Anti-Slavery journal to preach the "Perfectionist" doctrines of Mr. Noyes. That personage, who afterwards became the prophet ruler of the Oneida community, with its human stirpiculture, had arrived, before Prince Krapotkine, at the conclusion that all earthly governments were founded in wrong. Christ, he held, was the only rightful ruler; and in his opinion the hope of the millennium began where Dr. Beecher's expired, "in the overthrow of the American nation." That Garrison should have fallen under this man's influence shows that he was one of the weak things of the world chosen to confound the strong. It is wonderful that his lapse did not drive more adherents from his side. He also showed some narrowness of mind in his bearing towards eminent men like Channing, who were one with him in heart, though they did not go his length or take exactly his line. But had he been other than he was, even in his defects, he probably never would have done the work which was specially given him to do.

Here the present biography leaves us; but the rest of the story is written on the broadest, most momentous, and bloodiest page of history. The moral movement, with Garrison still in its front, gathered strength and spread till, having won the Press, the Pulpit, and a great political party, it virtually elected Lincoln. Now came the crisis and the solution—the only solution which, so far as we can see, was possible, terrible and costly as it was. Alarmed and exasperated by the loss of its political ascendancy, the South

executed the threat which it had often repeated, and broke the Union. Still it seems more than doubtful whether the North would have consented to coercion if the South had simply stood on its defence. Happily, as it proved in the end, for the American continent and for humanity, a merely defensive attitude was not congenial to the Southern temper, trained as it had been by the exercise of a despotic power over slaves. The attack upon Fort Sumter put all the legal and constitutional feeling, as well as the patriotism, of the North upon the side of coercion, and decided the doom of slavery. If during the civil war you asked Northern people for what they were fighting, the answer in nine cases out of ten was, not that they were fighting to abolish slavery, but that they were fighting to uphold the law. Had the heart of the North not been thus stirred, and its legal instincts satisfied, it seems likely that the South would have been allowed to depart in peace. But the departure in all probability would not have been final. The South would have had in its hands that indispensable outlet of American commerce, the mouth of the Mississippi. It would have retained its commercial connections and its political partisans at the North. The eventual result would most likely have been the restoration of the Union on terms virtually dictated by the South, with increased guarantees for slavery and with an enhancement of Southern power arising from the moral and political submission of the North, which would have been a security more effectual than any legal guarantee. It is in short hardly possible to imagine how the destruction of slavery could have been brought about in any other way than that which the course of events actually took; though till the first shot was fired against Fort Sumter no mortal eye could have accurately foreseen what destiny had in store. But the bombardment of Sumter was no accident; it was the outcome of Southern temper engendered by slavery and

goaded to frenzy by the moral movement in the North.

On the morrow of Emancipation it was the wish of Wendell Phillips and other Implacables that the Anti-Slavery Association should still be kept on foot and continue to have an organ of its own. Garrison's sounder instincts told him that the battle having been won the time had come for sheathing the sword. The Anti-Slavery Association accordingly was dissolved. The 'Liberator,' having been allowed to complete its thirty-fifth year, was withdrawn. In its last number but one appeared the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment for ever forbidding slavery in the United States; in the last a prose hymn of triumph strongly religious in tone. Its editor could say that having brought it out without subscribers, and spent his life in working for it, he withdrew it without having made a farthing. Gratitude, however, made provision for his old age; and other tributes, in his own country and England, did not fail. The fourteen years which remained to him were spent in domestic happiness, and in quietly contributing with his pen to the promotion of objects which he had still at heart. Not a pulse of restless ambition, or of craving for the resumption of leadership, ever disturbed his breast.

Miss Martineau, who looked at nothing with an idolatrous eye, and who has criticised Garrison's controversial style very sharply, says that his aspect at once put prejudice to flight; that his countenance glowed with, and was wholly expressive of, purity, animation, gentleness; that he had a good deal of the Quaker in him, and that his speech was deliberate like a Quaker's, but gentle as a woman's; that his conversation was of the practical cast, and sagacity was its most striking attribute; that his whole deportment breathed the evidence of a heart at ease, and this it was that attached his friends to him with an almost idolatrous affection. She adds that he never spoke of himself or his

persecutions unless compelled; and that his child at home would never learn what a distinguished father he had.

Slavery, thanks in no small measure to this man's efforts, is dead and buried a century deep. The Southern people would not now call it to life again if they could. But out of its grave has arisen the question of the races. Garrison while he proclaimed, and no doubt with full conviction, the natural equality of Black and White, was careful, when he was about to be married, to assure a tattling and calumnious world that his affianced bride was not a black woman. Why should he not have married a black woman? Had he dived into his heart on that occasion, he would, perhaps, have been led into a train of thought which would have disturbed his complacency, and opened to him a vista of difficulties beyond the goal which he was striving so hard to attain. There can be no real equality, social or political, without intermarriage; and without real equality there can be no Republic. This the Roman Plebeians saw when they insisted that to the liberties which they had won there should be added as an indispensable coping-stone the liberty of intermarriage with patricians. But of intermarriage between the white and black races at the South there is no hope; it is barred not only by social tradition, which, strong as it is, time would obliterate in this case, as it has in others, but by physical antipathy. The line has been drawn more sharply and indelibly than ever since the negro woman has ceased to be at the command of white overseers and drivers. Fusion, which in other cases has been the sequel of emancipation, and has blended the enfranchised slaves or serfs into a community with their former masters, is in this case out of the question. For the present the negro, innured to subjection, and with the brand of slavery fresh upon him, submits alike

to social pariahship and political suppression. His franchise remains almost a nullity. But this can hardly last for ever. When it comes to an end, what will follow? There is no longer any prospect of the solution of the problem by the extinction or decrease of the black race; the mortality among the negroes when they were first turned out to shift for themselves was naturally large; but they now, it appears, multiply faster than the whites. Their physical constitution is very strong, and better adapted than that of the whites to the climate, at least in the Gulf States. Nor are they likely to be carried off by emigration, though at one time there was a spasmodic exodus of terror; on the contrary they seem to cling to their homes, and to emigrate less than the whites. This problem of the races and the dangers attending it are most vividly presented in the intensely interesting volumes of Mr. Tourgee, 'The Fool's Errand,' 'Bricks without Straw,' and 'An Appeal to Cæsar;' though the statement of the case in the last, it appears, is somewhat vitiated by the defective character of the statistics on which the writer has relied. Mr. Tourgee's specific is education, to be provided for the negroes on a large scale by the nation, with safeguards, which unhappily would not be needless, against malversation of the fund. Education is a very good thing; but it is difficult to see how it could remove the barrier raised by nature against the fusion of the races, or how, without fusion, they can ever form one community. If the negro has faculties capable of being developed he will, when educated, become impatient of subordination; but this will scarcely secure peace and union between the races. The situation is one without a precedent in history, and forms one of the darkest problems of the future.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE PROVINCE AND STUDY OF POETRY.¹

THE Chair which I have the honour of filling presents difficulties, so many and so great, that the first words of any one who has been chosen to the post must, almost inevitably, be words of a somewhat earnest entreaty for the goodwill, the kind excuses, the patience, of his hearers. So far as I know, this is the only professorship in any civilized country—in any European country at least, which has for its exclusive subject nothing less than the whole field of Poetry, from old Homer in the isle of Chios, to our own venerable Epic Poet in the Isle of Wight. Within this period, how many thousand poets, nay, hundreds of thousands, have lived and worked and passed away, unknown or known, but each adding his voice to “the still sad music of humanity,”—that great song which is always going up—now harsh and thin, perhaps, now sweet and resonant,—from this prosaic and material world! The conditions of human life may, as we often hear it said of our own age, and as it has been said, I imagine, of every age in turn, be unpropitious to Poetry; but the Poets are still adding, eagerly and daily, to their vast Treasury-hive, like the bees in Virgil:

—Genus immortale manet, multosque per
annos
stat Fortuna domus, et avi numerantur
avorum.²

When the brief occupant of this Chair looks at the vast array and family of

his Ancestors, how should not a certain terror seize him—how should he venture to judge and value them;—how even number them?

We all vaguely know how vast this field of Poetry is; how long it has been cultivated; how varied and magnificent the harvests,—if I may thus carry on the metaphor,—which it has borne for the pleasure and advantage of mankind. But it is probable that to no man, even if he devoted to the subject the labours of a life, could it now be possible to explore, much less to be familiar with and know it, in its completeness. Some eighteen hundred years ago, indeed, a short critical review of the poetry of the then civilized European races was attempted by the Latin writer Quintilian. He had before him only the literatures of Greece and the first and best portion of that of Rome. Yet even of these he has attempted no more than a sketch. And this sketch, though of the highest value from the writer's own acuteness of judgment and from the traditional criticisms of previous days which he has obviously followed and preserved for us, yet covers little more than the chief poets. To do more was not, indeed, Quintilian's object; had he tried to make his view complete, his one chapter, even in that terse ancient style which, unhappily, the modern world cannot endure, would have swelled to volumes. Since his time, besides the latter portion of the Roman Poetry which barbarian ravage has left us, has been added all the poetry of the Romance languages, all that of the Teutonic races, all that of the Celtic. Basque and Finlander, Arabia and China,—I know not whether we should not add, Assyria and Egypt,

¹ An Introductory Lecture, by Francis T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

² “The race maintains its immortality, and through the length of years the happy destiny of the family stands firm, and can count up the ancestors of ancestors.”

nay, Oceana in all her vastness,—like the Queen who came before the throne of Solomon,—offer their gifts. And, as if this vast world of verse were insufficient, we in Oxford may lawfully pride ourselves on the possession of two men, each of true world-wide eminence,—(a phrase how often abused!)—who call us to view, as an essential and inevitable portion of the History of Poetry, the hymns and epics of that great Indian civilization, which, if I understand them rightly, hand down to us, if not the actual words, yet at least the modes of thought by which, in the remotest ages, “the supreme Caucasian mind” was characterized.

Even in this brief and imperfect outline, how vast, how magnificent a subject opens before us!—Poets best do justice to Poetry; and those of my hearers who have the good fortune to be familiar with the ‘Paradise Regained,’ may recall some splendid passages in the third and fourth books, where Milton presents a picture closely analogous, in breadth and variety, to the sketch which I have just given. I refer of course to that panorama of the kingdoms of this world and their glory which the Tempter sets before the eyes of Our Saviour from the “specular mount,” as the poet terms it, of Temptation. There he takes us in vision from Asia

As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
with its early capitals, Nineveh,
Babylon, Persepolis, Ecbatana, Seleucia,
and a long roll of other memorable names, to the

Great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth;—
with all the nations of the world
bringing her, as tribute, all the fruits
of civilization, from India to Britain,
from Ceylon to Germany; thence carrying us, lastly, with the finest
poetical instinct, from these mythic
or material images of splendour, to behold—

Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece—;

while there he enumerates first, as though Poetry were the finest flower and fruit of the Hellenic intellect, those Masters of song, from whose charm eighteen hundred years and more have taken nothing of its first force and freshness.

Hardly less varied, and greatly more extended, than Milton’s visionary landscape, is the field of Poetry before us. This is the subject matter with which it is my arduous but honourable duty to attempt to deal. In attempting this, in the poet’s words, “we must learn to live in reconciliation with our stunted powers.” In any but the most fractional degree it is obviously impossible that I can fulfil my office. It is even more impossible that I can do it with comfort to myself and with advantage to you, unless I am favoured with the patience, the goodwill, the sympathy of my hearers.

The Statute establishing this Chair lays down no special rules for the Prælector’s guidance. Only a phrase occurs which was quoted by Lowth in his able and scholarly lectures, near a century and a half ago (1741-1751);—That the study of Poetry was of value in the University, as tending to the improvement of the chief sciences there pursued, sacred and secular. But I read in this, not so much a suggestion for the matter of the lectures, as a recognition of Poetry as a high and holy Art, as a motive power over men,—in opposition to the sentiment which regards it as the creation and the recreation of an idle day,—as a mere source of transient or sensuous pleasure. From that loftier aspect Poetry, it seems to me, should be regarded and approached; and not least in Oxford; here, at the meeting-point between the spirit of Youth and the spirit of Study. Perhaps you smile at this. And these powerful spirits, doubtless, are not always upon friendly terms;—there are rumours, indeed, of an ancient feud between them; *res olim dissociabiles*, as Tacitus said once of Order and

Liberty.¹ Yet when, by happy fortune, Study and Youth do meet in amity, great is the gain to both; youth strengthens itself with power through study; study is inspired with freedom by youth. In words which at the present time may speak with a peculiar force to the memories of many among us, *Imperium* and *Libertas* are united.

Had my own younger days, in truth, been more faithful to this doctrine, I might have felt more confidence in regard to the task towards which I am now addressing myself. Even however from those days onward it has always seemed to me,—as it must have seemed to others,—that English literature calls loudly for full and free recognition as one of the studies of an English University. If ever so recognized, I claim for Literature,—Art though it be,—the whole rights and methods of scientific pursuit. And for those who thus may pursue it, I claim also, in the highest measure, all that Science, in the latest and widest sense of the word, offers in the way of intellectual advance, of moral invigoration and pleasure, as the reward of her votaries. In this direction, at any rate, my wish, within my limited sphere, is to work; encouraged by recent signs which seem to indicate that the current of University thought is now, in some degree, running propitiously. To offer details on the scheme for this systematic study, (should it ever become such,) as an integral portion of the Humanity School, would be out of place and presumptuous. But I hope I may be allowed briefly to express a very strong conviction upon two points, which impressed me greatly when, in former years, it was my work to teach this subject under the direction of my fellow-collegian, equally eminent and admirable, the present Bishop of London. First; the thorough study of English literature, as such—literature, I mean, as an Art; indeed, the finest

of the Fine Arts,—is hopeless, unless based on equally thorough study of the literatures of Greece and Rome. But secondly; when so based, adequate study will not be found exacting, either of time or of labour. To know Shakespeare and Milton is the pleasant and crowning consummation of knowing Homer and Æschylus, Catullus and Virgil. And upon no other terms can we obtain it.

Poetry, it need hardly be said, as by general consent it is the finest flower of literature, would enter largely into such systematic, positive, scientific study. Whether any idea of this nature was before the mind of the liberal founder of the Professorship, I am ignorant. But 1708,—the date of the first Lectures,—is the time when Dryden and Locke, the fathers respectively of analytical criticism and analytic psychology in England, were just dead; when Pope was beginning that brilliant career which a distinguished member of New College is doing so much to elucidate; when men like Swift, Addison, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, with other lights of a literature essentially modern in its character, were in the ascendant. It is hence possible that some anticipatory impulse may have then existed towards such a study of poetry as I have just described. But, whether this were so or not, a scheme of this broad character is manifestly beyond the limits of the Professorship, even if English literature were already admitted to a humble entrance within that Palace of Art, the sacred precinct of the Schools. It is more probable that simply to aid in the creation of Good Taste, or *Gusto* as it might then have been called, was the dominant purpose of the University; such models of criticism as were given in Pope's celebrated Essay (written in 1709), and by the writers whom Pope enumerates, being in the Founder's mind. And to do what I can in this direction will be my object as your Professor.

At this point, I ask leave to offer

¹ 'Agricola': c. iii.

a little personal explanation, requesting your pardon for an egotism which I shall do my best afterwards to avoid. My wish was, at first, when beginning my work, to dispense with general statements as to Poetry, the theory of it as a Fine Art, the nature of its influence upon the world, the laws of criticism and good taste, and the like. These somewhat abstract considerations it is difficult to make clear, more difficult to make accurate,—most difficult of all, maybe, to make interesting. Yet on the whole it seems most useful in itself, and most respectful to you, my hearers,—some of whom, at least, I could with more fitness and advantage learn from than lecture,—if, as the saying is, I should “begin from the beginning,” in the old-fashioned way. And there may be the more reason for this course, because I do not find that it has been definitely attempted by any holder of the Chair during the last half-century; not, indeed, since it was adorned by the exquisite taste and lofty feeling of Keble. Following him then, *haud passibus aequis*, I shall try to set forth at once a few broad general principles upon the subject as a whole, with the hope hereafter to illustrate and vivify them by lectures of a more detailed character. Every one has seen the plain outline maps which are found in Guides and Handbooks, and serve to show the traveller his way through those elaborate and confusing charts, by whose aid he does not so much learn his road, as the crowd of wonders he is to find while pursuing it. In offering such an outline, a lecturer runs the risks, alas! like Dogberry, of bestowing all his tediousness upon your worships. But to the best of my power I shall avoid technical and abstract terms. Nor shall I trouble you now with any essay at a definition-in-form of Poetry. Many men of genius,—some of my predecessors included,—have made the attempt. But they have rather given us beautiful phrases describing certain aspects

of Poetry, than a complete definition. This Proteus is a spirit too many-sided and vast, too simple and too subtle at once, to be thus caught and bound and exhibited. Such a definition may, indeed, rise in our souls when we are saturated with the best poetry,—at home with the Master-singers. But I think that we shall then be somewhat shy of trying to put it into words. In the beautiful phrase of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon his own Art, it will be an Idea which “subsists only in the mind. The sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.”¹

Taking my duty then to be, to aid, so far as I may, towards Good Taste in Poetry, these two words, it should be noticed, cover a very wide field of study. For Good Taste, when we look closely, means in truth nothing less than that familiarity which enables us to win from Poetry the greatest amount of pleasure:—the deepest draught of that relief, comfort, exhilaration, enlargement, elevation of mind which she has, in all ages, freely given to all who truly love her.

Good Taste in Poetry exists on the same ground as in the other Fine Arts. Three diverse elements, it would seem, combine always to form it. We must have (1) Natural bias and sympathy with the art in question; (2) Familiarity with its masterpieces, Acquaintance with works of lesser degree; (3) Knowledge of the conditions of the art as Art, of its own historical course, and of the parallel history of the country which produces it.

Some natural bias, first, towards the subject, some inborn and incommunicable sympathy must be presumed; some portion, in short, of the gift which the Artist himself has in larger degree. For it is only a question of degree which separates him from those to whom his Art gives pleasure; there

¹ Discourse ix. ; Oct. 17, 1780.

is something in us all of Homer, something of Shakespeare, when their works speak to us as soul with soul; when we triumph with Achilles in the trenches, or grieve with Lear over Cordelia. It is through this one touch of sympathy that the vitality,—what, by a phrase of somewhat pathetic irony, we call the immortality—of the masterpieces of art, those of Poetry in particular, is maintained. To judge any art truly, we also, in our measure, must be born artists. This natural basis must be set as the primary requisite for good judgment; as Plato once said of *Virtue*, this cannot be taught. Yet the difficulty thus seemingly presented to us at the outset is not really formidable. For in some natural bias towards the Beautiful in her many forms, most men, I fully believe, have their inborn share; Wordsworth's famous phrase,

—many are the Poets,

may thus, perhaps, be best interpreted.

That this favourable predisposition exists in you, I shall therefore assume, through the fact of your presence to-day; if anywhere, this instinct should be found in its freshness here; it is one of the best treasures of the spirit of Youth.

But, like all God's gifts to His creatures, our native sense of the Beautiful in Art is at once a help towards life, and a responsibility. Without this innate sympathy, judgment is a barren thing; but sympathy itself is all but barren, unless it be strenuously cultivated into judgment. This is but a commonplace; yet much current criticism, if it deserve the name, supported by natural indolence, practically sets aside the doctrine that we must work towards a faithful judgment of Art hardly less than the Artist; that Art's final result and overplus of pleasure is, itself, the fruit and the reward of pleasant labour.

From that of which we are heirs, I pass to that which we can acquire; from the natural groundwork of Taste, to what we must ourselves add;

Familiarity with masterpieces, Acquaintance with lesser work. Even limited thus, it is only a province or two in the United Kingdom of Poetry which the most energetic can hope in some degree to conquer. But it is one of the privileges of this art, that each great province, in essential features, is typical of the rest. Poetry is the mirror of mankind; of man's grand elementary passions and thoughts above all. He, then, who masters one natural group will have, thus far, laid sufficient foundation for right judgment.

Thirdly; to gain true Taste in Art, —which, let me again remind you, means simply the greatest power of enjoying and profiting,—we require knowledge of the formal rules of each art, of its own historical career, and relation to its own age. Every art, as words familiar in Oxford tell us, aims at some good end; this in Poetry, may be provisionally, at least, defined as pure, high, and lasting pleasure. As the medium through which the painter works is colour, that of the poet is language. Words are his colours; the dictionary is his palette; but he has upon it a thousand-fold more tints than the painter. Under what special conditions and rules must he use words for the creation of his poem? These are the technical laws of his art; to this belong questions of metre, rhyme, diction, style, species of poetry, as Epic or Lyric; choice and treatment of subject, and the like;—in short, all the points in which Poetry differs from the other Fine Arts.

These are the conditions under which the Poet must work; here are the tools of his trade, the word-material over which he is to show his plastic power. Why, then, it may be asked, should these be studied by us,—spectators only of his picture, readers of his poem? Why not "take the goods the Gods provide us," ask no more, and enjoy?¹—Simply because we should thus

¹ This question arose of old with regard to Music. *Τί δεῖ μάθάνειν. . . , ἀλλ' οὐχ ἐτρέφειν*

inevitably and uniformly fail to obtain the fullest and most lasting enjoyment. We cannot do justice to the poet's work unless we know the strict limits and laws under which he produces it. These technical conditions were with him at every moment as he penned each line. These conditions also we, in some measure, must know, if we are truly to sympathize with poet and poem.

The aspect of Poetry which I have just touched on is the most peculiar to it, the most intimate. Farthest from it lies the historical career and development of poetry, and its relation, in each country, to that country's own contemporary life. Perhaps upon the necessity of studying these two closely-united subjects I need not now enlarge. It seems clear at once that, if isolated, no work of art can either be intelligently judged or duly enjoyed; to gain that vantage-ground we must know what led up to it, what followed. Nor is knowledge of the surrounding history, if I may be allowed the phrase, less essential. Poetry reflects life; it runs as a river through its own age, and all the currents of thought and of action fall into it. We must know what it imitates, if we are to judge and to enjoy the truth of the imitation.

In this somewhat lengthy preface my effort has been to lay down and define distinctly an outline of the different elements which Poetry presents for study. We must have, Sympathy, Familiarity, Knowledge of the Art and of its history. Or, looked at in another

way, these two latter main roads towards Good Taste might be spoken of as Poetry viewed in its results, and Poetry viewed in its processes;—the poem given to the world, and the poet as an artist in his studio. I divide them for convenience of treatment; but it will be seen that they form only different faces of the same thing. By study of the specific rules of Poetry as a Fine Art, and of its historical course, we put ourselves in the proper light to examine and appreciate the Master-singers. By familiarity with Master-works, we find the technical rules of their art best exemplified and put vividly before us, and can also catch some glimpse at the working of the poet's special powers, — Invention, Fancy, Imagination; powers which we are constantly tempted to define, but which (it seems to me), like the essential spirit of Poetry itself, almost always elude definition.

These two main elements of study, which I hope constantly to have before me, it will be best, I think, to elucidate in a little detail. Poetry as an Art it is my wish to consider in the next lecture, comparing it with the other Fine Arts. It seems to suit a first discourse better, to dwell upon Poetry in its main effects on the mind, on Poetry as a motive force in the world, as an expression of our best and most intimate thoughts and feelings; Poetry, in short, as an integral part of the general history of mankind.

What, then, has been the main power of Poetry over mankind, and whence is that power derived? There have been spaces, more or less blank, when her descant has been hardly audible above the din of war, or stifled in the heavy air of vulgar and material civilization. But Poetry, whenever existing as a living force, to put it in a word, has simply been the voice through which the passions and imaginations of the race, as well as of the individual, have uttered themselves. And Poetry, at the same

ἀκούοντας ὁρθῶς τε χαίρειν καὶ δύνασθαι κρίνειν;
Ὡς περ οἱ Λάκωνες ἑκείνοι γὰρ οὐ μανθάνοντες
ὅμως δύνανται κρίνειν ὁρθῶς, ὡς φασί, τὰ χρηστὰ
καὶ τὰ μὴ χρηστὰ τῶν μελῶν: "Why need we
study, and not rather learning of others gain
power rightly to enjoy and judge? So do the
Lacedaemonians; for they without study yet
can judge rightly, as they say, what is good
and not good in melody." (Arist. 'Polit.,'
viii., 5.)—But no one, I will venture to say,
who has learned no more, even, than one in-
strument, will agree with the Spartan critics.

time, has only given back what she has herself received. As the river shapes the valley, and the valley gives the river its bias, so the poet is at once moulded by the general current of thought and feeling prevalent in each age,—and then himself aids in moulding them. Poetry stands as a mediator between man's heart and mind, and the world in which he moves and exists. In the systematic lectures given here by Keble, the author of the 'Christian Year,' true to his own modest depth and delicacy of nature, treated his Art mainly in its effect upon individual men. The Poet's impulse he describes as a desire to give relief to an over-full heart; whilst the reader, in his turn, finds this relief from the poem. It is Poetry as a *vis Medicatrix*, in which Keble is most interested. What I desire now to dwell upon, is another aspect of the same power;—poetry as a *vis Imperatrix*; Poets as they have given aid and guidance to the men about them, enabling them to live again in the Past, or to anticipate the future; Poets, in a word, as leaders of thought, through the channels of emotion, and beauty, and pleasure.

In some words which many here will remember,¹ Mr. Arnold, with his usual happy eloquence, has dwelt upon what he names the "interpretative power" of Poetry. This interpretation is given in several ways. It may be, as he says in the passage alluded to, by those magical touches of pure imagination which awaken in us a new and intimate sense of "the real nature of things;" it may be by making us feel the inner beauty of what we have hitherto regarded as the barren commonplaces of life,—a function, amongst others, admirably fulfilled by Wordsworth. But nowhere, I think, does Poetry act as Interpreter more grandly, than when she shines forth as the practical guiding power over a whole nation, leading them to

higher, holier, and nobler things. The reproach has been often cast upon the Fine Arts, and justified often by the tone of those who love them unwisely,—that they serve only for the adornment and the amusement of life; that, because they are imperatively bound to move us through Pleasure, Pleasure is their final cause of existence. Above that reproach Poetry is lifted most when performing this imperial function. Perhaps I may here seem to magnify, if not my office, at any rate the Art which that office professes. Doubtless the history and development of nations have been greatly moulded by events over which Poetry has, unhappily, exercised no influence. We may not say with Shelley, in his fine frenzy, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Yet it is surely probable that if Greece could be imagined without Homer, Rome without Virgil, Italy without Dante, England without Shakespeare, not only would each nation have lost one of its highest sources of personal, and as it were, private, wealth, and we with it, but the absolute current of its history could not have followed its actual course; nay, that it would have missed, in each case, something of its best and most fertile direction.

By this I do not mean that a direct political influence over national history can be often traced to poetry. Indeed, we generally and not untruly think of it as standing in a kind of opposition to the prose of material advance, to the strife of party tongues, to the din of warfare. But beneath these and all other analogous forms of activity lies the broad basis of our common human nature; and no one, I think, even of those who would draw the line most trenchantly between the real and the ideal, between facts and visions, between Adam Smith, let us say, and Keats,—can deny that the sentiments of that common human nature are powerfully worked upon by Poetry, when given to us by the greater Masters and Makers. Nor would even

¹ 'Essays in Criticism'; Article upon Maurice de Guérin.

a direct practical aim be alien from the genius of this Fine Art. The greatest of poets, on the contrary, so far as evidence enables us to judge, have been precisely those who were most completely and emphatically men of their day: "children," as the highest-hearted among German Master-singers has said, "of their age," though with the mission to "strengthen and purify it."

In what mode has the national influence which I here am ascribing to Poetry been felt? It has been felt in what I would call the interpretation of each country to itself; in making the nations alive, in the first instance, to their own unity; afterwards, to their place in the whole comity of mankind. I may call it briefly, the Power of Poetry in the world. Let me give one or two examples,

So to interpose a little ease,

in a rather too abstract discussion.

Virgil I will take first, for two reasons. He has been familiarized to us, in all the fullness of his many-sided and exquisite genius, more than to the students of fifty years since; partly by two admirable editions which England owes, one to a great Cambridge scholar, the other to our own lost and lamented Conington; partly by that treatise on his age, life, and works, equally learned and sympathetic,—two things not often united,—by which my old College friend, William Sellar, has done honour both to Edinburgh and to Oxford. My other reason is that Virgil, by the character of his genius, gentle, gracious, supreme in Art, rather than energetic or creatively original, would not seem at first sight one of those poets who, in Lord Tennyson's phrase, are destined to "shake the world,"—or, rather, to give it strength and calmness after it has been shaken by civil war and revolution. Yet this great and beneficent work was really accomplished by the author of the 'Georgics' and the 'Æneid.' That poem, it has been eloquently said by Hallam,

"reflects the glory of Rome as from a mirror."¹ "It remains," says the historian of the early Empire, "the most complete picture of the national mind at its highest elevation, the most precious document of national history, if the history of an age is revealed in its ideas, no less than in its events and incidents."² But much more, with high probability, may be claimed for the 'Æneid.' Miserably imperfect as is our evidence for the inner life whether of the Romans or of the provincials whom they ruled and assimilated, enough remains to prove the depth and width of the impression which Virgil's work stamped upon the Empire, and thus upon all then existing Western civilization. I do not here allude to the effect, not always fortunate, which Virgil's style exercised over the later Latin Epics. But everywhere in Latin literature we find proof how deeply this poem touched thinking men. Nor was this influence confined to literature. We know that the 'Æneid' was a text-book in the popular schools; we see Virgil's verse yet scrawled on the roofless walls of Pompeii, and within the gloom of the Catacombs.

Those faults of idea and sentiment, the unsatisfying element which modern comparative criticism finds in the 'Æneid,' happily or unhappily for the reader, were then unfelt; what the ruling race seems, from the very date of its publication, to have recognized, was, that here was enshrined the representative idea of the City and the Empire; the poem in which Roman power and civilization were personified. The mirror reflecting the glory of Rome, past and present, was to the Romans also the glass in which they beheld her future and immortal glory:—

Imperium sine fine dedi.³

¹ 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe'; ii. v.

² Merivale's 'History of the Romans under the Empire'; ch. xii.

³ "I have granted them Empire without end."

In its "long-resounding march" the 'Æneid' appealed to them through all the great sentiments and thoughts which had enabled Rome to conquer and to rule the world—to the mystical "Fortuna Urbis"; to their love for their own beautiful land; to the traditions of their origin and history; to their proud confidence in themselves; their strange but deeply-rooted sense of religion; to their love of law and fixed government;—above all, and in Virgil's time including all, the 'Æneid' appealed to "the imperial idea of Rome in its secular, religious, and personal significance. This idea," Professor Sellar adds, Virgil "has ennobled with the associations of a divine origin and of a divine sanction; of a remote antiquity and an unbroken continuity of great deeds and great men; of the pomp and pride of war, and the majesty of government: and he has softened and humanized the impression thus produced by the thought of peace, law, and order given to the world. . . . We are reminded only of the power, glory, majesty, and civilising influence with which the idea of Rome is encompassed."¹ Looked at thus, the 'Æneid' lifts itself above all Latin poetry, as the great Temple of Jupiter once raised its golden roof over all the temples and palaces of the City. It is the Capitol of Roman literature. When we add that this "glorified representation" of the State was borne in to men's hearts and memories by a poetical style so supreme and exquisite in charm that after nineteen centuries it retains all its unique fascination,—need we hesitate to believe that Virgil the Magician was an imperial power in the Roman world? That his genius, penetrating the soul, was a bond of national unity to the Romans throughout the wide regions of the Empire? That it taught them a lofty aim and ideal of public life during the years of Imperial prosperity? That

when the evil days of decay and invasion began, it nerved many a heart to endure, and many an arm to strike? Oxford has scholars and historians to whose judgment I bow with due respect. If they should remind me how scanty, as I noticed before, is the *positive* evidence for the political impulse which I here assign to Virgil, and to Poetry through him, my reply would be, It is so. But I rest this argument upon deeper grounds than material proof; upon the certainty that what has widely and deeply and long moved the minds and hearts of men, must have strongly influenced their lives and actions;—I rely upon the common laws of human nature.

You will remember that I am now speaking of Poetry in her loftiest function; of Poets as a vital energy in the course of the world. Is it not a singular fate which, in this character, unites in the closest bonds Virgilius Maro with Dante Alighieri?—the Poet whose work was to impress the unity and meaning of the actual Roman Empire upon the minds of men,—and the Poet, who by his advocacy of an ideal Roman Empire, was to impress first upon Italy that impulse towards national unity which has accomplished itself in our own days? For these two great men we may claim a living and moving force, a spiritual power and presence, through near two thousand years; while it is to the earlier that the later looks up for guidance, not only in poetry, but in thought. Both were men of singular natural sensitiveness, delicacy of feeling, tenderness of nature; yet both, drawn by the sure instinct of the Poet, discerned the national necessity of their day, and left home-life and love-songs, to become the inspired political leaders of Italy. It is Virgil whom Dante takes for his master; in his immense task, that of seeing first and telling afterwards the long Pilgrimage through Hell by Purgatory to Heaven, "Virgil bids him lay aside the last vestige of fear. Virgil is to crown him king and priest

¹ 'Virgil'; by W. Y. Sellar, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh: 1883.

over himself, for a higher venture than heathen poetry had dared ;"¹ Virgil to him is "that lord of the loftiest song, who soars above the rest like the eagle."²

Tu duca, tu signor, e tu maestro.³

But Dante's spirit is bolder than Virgil's, more confident, with more wisdom in regard to this world, more insight for the next ; political impulse with him, is, also, only a portion of his task. Dante's style, again, though far below Virgil's in continuous grace and unfailing dignity, deserves the epithet *supreme* in another way. Even Shakespeare's is not so direct, so flexible, so incisively penetrating as Dante's. No words cut deeper than his. Nor was less power in his Art essential for the delivery of his message to his countrymen.

I have tried to sketch the power of the 'Æneid' over men. In what consisted the similar power of the 'Divina Commedia'? In defining this, I shall avail myself of the Essay by Dean Church,—the finest, the most complete single piece of criticism which our day, though not wanting critics of high quality, has produced. Italian life in Dante's time was a history, not of a country, but of cities ; of their rivalries and their wars. Nay, it was a history of civil war within each city ; castle against castle, family against family. Yet, beneath this wretched scene of jarring disintegration, reminding us often of what Milton termed the battles of kites and crows in old England,—beneath all this lay a deep memory of the historic Roman empire with its iron unity, a vague sense that Italy should rightly form one country at peace within herself. Some sought this union through the spiritual headship of the Papacy ; some, through the German Emperors. Dante be-

longs strictly to neither side ; he is Guelf and Ghibeline at once ; his party, as he says, was one made by himself.⁴ The Imperial power which he desired and advocated was an ideal empire, alien far from the material supremacy of Hohenstaufen and Hapsburg. "Dante's political views," says Dean Church, "were a dream : . . . a dream, in divided Italy, of a real and national government, based on justice and law. It was the dream of a real State." If the dream were blended with impossibilities, yet, "in this case, as in many others, he had already caught the spirit and ideas of a far distant future." We see Dante, like Virgil, conscious of greater issues than he could grasp,

Tendentemque manus ripe ultioris amore.⁵

And his words, as we know, have run through Italy from his day till ours ; at times as a hidden fire, at times as a beacon and a warning to his countrymen. We cannot strictly *prove* the influence of Virgil on the fortunes of the Empire. But no one can question the power which Dante has exercised towards that unification which is now working itself out,—to the satisfaction of most Italians, and (it is to be hoped), on the whole, to the gain of all.

By what poetical energies,—to revert to our immediate subject,—has the 'Commedia' exercised this power over Italy,—this power, it may be truly said, over Europe? Dante's appeal to his countrymen is through all the interests of their life. In his poem we find their history as heirs of Rome, united always with that of his own age. Virgil's Rhipeus, Cato, Trajan, in his liberal view, have their

⁴ A te fia bello

Averti fatta parte per te stesso.

"To thee it shall be honourable to have made thee a party for thyself" : 'Paradiso' ; C. xvii. 69.—I quote from Mr. A. J. Butler's edition (1885) : one of the most useful and scholarly pieces of work lately executed in England.

⁵ "And stretching forth his hands for love of the further shore."

¹ Dean Church ; 'Essay on Dante' : 1854.

² Quel signor dell' altissimo canto,

Ch'è sovra gli altri, com' aquila, vola.

('Inferno' : C. iv. 95, 96.)—Line 80 shows that Virgil, not Homer, is here intended.

³ "Thou art my leader, lord, and master."

place among the saints of Paradise ; we see all the leading Italians, his contemporaries, the true heroes and the false, the scenery and cities of his "fair country," the fresh rising art, Cimabue and Giotto. And above and beyond the framework and personages of his drama the poet's magic mirror repeats, interprets, and intensifies all the politics of his age, all its morality, all its theology. Nor are the contents of the poem more rich and impressive than its art. Wild and wandering as the scenes of his pilgrimage may be, one strong purpose traverses and animates the whole. As in the fourteenth century, so in the nineteenth, Dante breathes conviction into the heart by the sheer force of Poetry ; by the austere yet subduing loveliness of his style ; by the words which, in his own beautiful phrase, "carry their beauty with them."¹

Thus far we have thought of Poetry in her loftiest function, as a motive force in the world's progress. This aspect of the Muse has been much put aside, especially in modern days, in favour of her more markedly narrative, personal, or subjective creations ; or of criticism upon Poetry as an art. I have hence attempted to illustrate my proposition by the examples of Virgil and of Dante. But those whose assent I may have had the good fortune to gain will recognize that the same high place has been filled by others ; that every race and country, in its turn, has, it is probable, found interpreters of itself to itself among its poets. Many such, doubtless, are now dimly known or forgotten, hidden away in the birth-night of the race,—as the early age of a rising nation is that in which this national power of song has most often been felt. What the tale of Arthur was in ancient Wales, what the original Gadhelic hero-legends, of which a phantom likeness is left to us under the name of Ossian, what their in-

fluence over the sensitive Celtic nature may have been, we shall never know. But we can yet trace the modifying and impelling action of David and Isaiah over the Hebrew mind, of Homer over the Hellenic. In the same class, though not of equal moment, we may, I think, rank the great romances—those of Charlemagne, of Arthur, of Perceval, during the middle age of Europe. Their influence runs parallel with, but counter to, the influence of the early Renaissance. Nor, in later days, have these great forces ceased operating. Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Scott, Burns,—not to enter the debateable ground of our own century ; do we not feel that these names represent

✓ Full-welling fountain-heads of change,

of movement, of life ? Do we not feel that these countrymen of ours, with others whom we may silently add, have distinctly co-operated, more or less, in proportion to their poetic gift, in framing what one of them calls, "our island-story ;" that they have largely made the minds of Englishmen, not only during their own age, but in ours also ?

If, however, this national motive power of Poetry be her highest function, it is also her rarest. Two greatly more popular provinces remain, which I hope to outline in fewer words. By far the largest number of poets have devoted themselves,—and perhaps from the earliest times,—on the one hand, to represent the world about them in the widest sense of that wide phrase, *Man above all* ;—on the other hand, to putting their own personal thoughts and feelings into the music of verse. This is the range claimed for his *Art* by Wordsworth in that memorable *Essay* which on some points, indeed, is justly open to the criticisms it has received, in Wordsworth's own time from Coleridge, more recently from my own courteous and accomplished friendly

¹ 'Convito' ; I : c. 8 ;—a quotation which I owe to Dean Church.

antagonist, Mr. Courthope. But one eloquent passage, describing the sphere of Poetry, may, I think, be advantageously quoted.

"Aristotle has said that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing; it is so; its object is truth, . . . not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; Truth which is its own testimony. . . . Poetry is the image of man and nature. . . . The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being. . . . Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge. . . . Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, *that he looks before and after* . . . he binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society. . . . Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man."

These are not rhetorical phrases; they express the reasoned convictions of one whose deep insight into the common heart of man and the soul of nature needs no praise of mine. Poetry, speaking of it in its higher forms, is the most vivid expression of the most vivid thoughts and feelings of man. And, as by the gift that was in them the Poets have spontaneously and inevitably known and felt more keenly, more warmly, I may say it with truth, more truly, than their fellows; so the pictures which they have left us, in exact proportion to their proper power in their Art, are more lively, more informed with soul, nearer the heart than any others. Poets, when they have rightly used their gifts, when they have written with their eye on their object, as Wordsworth said, not on themselves,—uniting disinterestedness with conviction,—Poets are the true Representative Men of their century; in Milton's majestic phrase, treating

Of fate and chance and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.

We are considering now, let me once more for clearness' sake remind you, Poetry in its results, rather than its processes; the finished work of Art, more than the laws which govern

the Artist. When Poetry as an Art is before us, will be the time to try to seize the limitations which oppose a direct treatment of History, Morals, Religion, or Science, in verse. But if these conditions place History or Morals in didactic form,—like the direct imitation of Nature in painting,—beyond the limits of Poetry, she gives us in compensation something more vital, more penetrative. Keeping in view still poems of impersonal, objective character:—beside their wider, national, functions, where is the temper of each race, the common life of city and country, painted more fully and brilliantly than in Homer or Dante? And with these great names we may join that long series of traditionary ballads which every nation owns, and which are to the Epic what the star-dust of the sky is to the great stars themselves. Even the most picturesque or brilliant of historians does not paint so tersely and truly, with such living tints, as we find in the historical pictures of the poets. At the best, historians only speak what the others sing. So again with novelists. If their narration has far more wealth in detail and fullness than the poet can compass, they cannot compete with him in vivid flashes of description or character, in the strokes which need no repetition. In this peculiar class of poetry, modern literature, our own, I think, in particular, has been fertile. I know what our debt is to the great romance-writers of the century. Yet in 'Auld Robin Gray,' in the 'Death of Sir John Moore,' in Wordsworth's 'Brothers,' in Lord Tennyson's 'Rizpah,'—to name a few only for example's sake,—will you not agree that we have tales in their essence, novels in three pages instead of three volumes, which even a Thackeray could not equal, or a Scott surpass?

If, again, we take a lower or narrower level of life as the poet's standing-ground, the manners and morals, frailties and fashions of the

day, the tone of society, the current criticism on literature or art,—nowhere are these preserved for our pleasure with such brilliant clearness, such accurate lightness of touch, as by Aristophanes, Horace, Chaucer, or Pope. Drama stands in a peculiar region, midway between prose and verse. But when it is either poetry pure, as at Athens, or mixed, as in the England of Elizabeth and James, whilst the Dramatist is faithful to the higher traditions of his art, it yet fulfils its old Aristotelian office of purifying the passions, whilst it brings the past or present before us in an enchanted world of its own, and adds a charm to Poetry herself. Each century as it passes writes itself in light upon the mirror of the poet's mind, and is fixed for ever by the secret of his art in words livelier than the painter's tints, more durable than the marble of the sculptor.

What Epic poetry does for mankind, what we receive from Narrative, from Satire, from the Drama, I have now briefly sketched. All are, of course, given to us through the soul of the poet; rays of light refracted as it were and variously tinted by passage through his thoughts and feelings. But all these classes are alike, broadly speaking, in being representations of what is in itself external to the Poet: they are all, to use one of the few abstract metaphysical terms which it is difficult to avoid, forms of objective Poetry. This species, for the last hundred years or so, has been less fertile, and, perhaps, less popular, than during the former centuries of civilization. To take another phrase, we might call it synthetical Poetry; whilst what we are apt to prefer is largely of the analytical kind; personal, subjective,—in a restricted sense of the word, Lyrical. Time does not allow me here to enter into this point with any attempt at completeness. All I will venture now to say is, that the first or objective order of poems seems to

me the most healthy in its nature, the least distorted by caprice or fantasticality, above all, the more free from Egotism;—that suicidal, hidden cancer-worm of Art and of life. It has certainly exercised the widest, the most massive, influence on the world; the creative, as contrasted with the penetrative, Imagination has in this field displayed its energies most widely. In support of this criticism, which I submit with diffidence, I may quote a striking passage from Goethe. It occurs among those conversations,¹ fortunately recorded by Eckermann, in which the *mitis sapientia* of the poet's old age often shines out with a peculiarly simple and attractive light. "The poet deserves not the name while he only speaks out his few subjective feelings; but as soon as he can appropriate to himself and express the world, he is a poet. Then he is inexhaustible, and can be always new; while a subjective nature has soon talked out his little internal material, and is at last ruined by mannerism. People always talk of the study of the ancients; but what does that mean, except that it says, turn your attention to the real world, and try to express it, for that is what the ancients did when they were alive." "Goethe" (Eckermann continues) "arose and walked to and fro, while I remained seated at the table, as he likes to see me. He stood a moment at the stove, and then, like one who has reflected, came to me, and with his finger on his lips, said, 'I will now tell you something which you will often find confirmed in your experience. All eras in a state of decline and dissolution are subjective; on the other hand, all progressive eras have an objective tendency.

¹ January 29, 1826. I quote from Mr. J. Oxenford's excellent translation; 1850.—In this book, Eckermann's naïf honesty has not concealed Goethe's weak points as a critic; yet I doubt if any of the poet's writings, (the letters to Schiller included,) give so favourable, so human, a view of his nature.

Our present time is retrograde, for it is subjective; we see this not merely in poetry, but also in painting, and much besides. Every healthy effort, on the contrary, is directed from the inward to the outward world, as you will see in all great eras, which have been really in a state of progression, and all of an objective nature."

Goethe's criticism here is the more interesting and weighty because, as he seems to have correctly felt, his judgment was in contradiction to his own practice as a poet. And those who do not accept his view may point with triumph to some amongst his own many personal subjective lyrics. In the Lyrical region indeed, wherein I include the 'Faust,' and in this alone, so far as my knowledge extends,—may I confess it?—does the writer of first-rate genius strictly appear recognizable. With Goethe's name, I may, therefore, fitly preface the brief remarks with which I propose to-day to tax your patience upon the last great province of Poetry remaining for notice.

As a practical descriptive definition, we might characterize the Lyric as eminently the voice of passion and of impulse, uttering in verse, generally fervent and rapid, some single thought, feeling, or situation. The poet's art will hence be especially shown by the choice of a metrical structure appropriate to the subject, and of a subject marked by unity in its motive. Or, rather, to speak more truly, motive and metre and prevailing colour will have presented themselves together to his mind as it were in a predestined unity. Within these general limits, the lyric falls under the two main heads of Objective and Subjective, Impersonal and Personal, upon which Goethe comments. Of these the first is, doubtless, highest or largest in purpose; it is to this that we naturally give the great name of Ode, under which the most splendid and world-moving lyrics by common consent would be grouped. But here, also,

perhaps, are found the most ambitious failures of the lyric. A vast fervour of intensity, a rare command of his art, are demanded of the poet; the furnace must be seven times heated, which is to fuse and poetize this "large utterance" into unity. Hence that noble form of song often runs in the calmer current of narrative lyric, as the 'St. Agnes' of Keats, or the 'Ruth' of Wordsworth; or, as in Gray's exquisite lines, glides down into the Elegiac.

The personal or subjective lyric, I need hardly remark, is by far the most frequent form; it is also that which perhaps yields the most immediate pleasure and relief to the mind; it is especially the treasure-house for the Memory. Within this kind also our two main divisions reappear. The Lyric, whilst expressing individual feeling, may also represent universal feeling. The Poet's personality may be felt to be that of human kind. The objective quality may be latent in the subjective. I venture to ask your attention to this point; the distinction is one which cuts very deep, and the value of lyrical poetry as a living power is greatly affected by it. I will name a few examples; taking first the more absolutely and purely personal style,—the strictly subjective lyric.

The poem which expresses a single mind, which does not appeal to the common human heart, will often spring from an exceptional or fantastic temperament. Such are many of those fanciful lyrics of the seventeenth century which we owe to writers such as Donne, Crashaw, or Lovelace: nor is the race extinct in our own time. Such poems are seldom read, but never read without interest. Rarely, however, do they touch our feelings; for the ingenious is a foe to the pathetic. It is otherwise with those poems in which some morbid element, some too sensitive note, penetrates the strain with sadness. During this century, Italy has seen two singers of this character, strangely contrasted with the natural

gaiety of the land: her own son Leopardi, and our exile Shelley. Upon the beauty of Shelley's lyrics, this is not the time to dwell; my point here is, that their remoteness from ordinary feeling, their severance from humanity, set as they are to that weird melody of their own by the poet's mastery over his art, is no small cause of the fascination which they hold over us:

Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Were Shelley's lyrics not thus exceptionally personal, thus aloof from experience,—a music of despair, such as Lucretius might have heard in fancy as he looked up at the "æther studded with shining stars,"—I think we could hardly enjoy them. In Mr. Arnold's beautiful phrase, he seems to

Wave us away, and keep his solitude,

at the moment when the witchery of his Eolian music most attracts us.

Shelley, however, is every way alone in his magic. Wordsworth in his solitary 'Highland Reaper' expresses the quality which we look for most, and find most frequently, in first-rate lyrics;—the voice of humanity, the cry of the heart;—our own experience given back to us in song; the commonplace of life transmuted into novelty and beauty;

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again.

Shakespeare has been our first grand-master in this style; some half dozen songs of his, in Sappho's phrase, "sweeter than the harp, more golden than gold," unite universality of feeling with lovely uniqueness of style beyond anything in the language: Milton's too rare lyrics, many by Wordsworth, songs such as the 'Break, break,' or 'Ask me no more,' of our great living Lyrist, often coming near Shakespeare's in quality. But the field of the lyric is a world of beauty in itself, too large and too varied in its flowers that I should attempt to sketch it. One only specimen, how-

ever, I will venture to give, as an example of the personal lyric in its simplest form of perfection. It is some unknown lover's song of absence.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

These "slender accents of sweet verse,"—this little Romance of a life in eight lines, as I have elsewhere called it, has to me that beauty which almost calls forth tears; and it is no wonder that Burns himself, despite two attempts, has failed to better it.

This lecture began with a historical outline of the realm of Poetry in its length and breadth. I have then tried, in similar outline, to set forth Poetry in its main results as a motive power in the world at large, and over the hearts of men; a power expressing itself by those varied methods of appeal, which bear the name of styles or classes. For the next occasion when I have the privilege of addressing you, remains, I hope, Poetry as an art,—the conditions under which she has to exercise this power; and, as my moral from the whole, the claim of Poetry to be treated as a subject for study not less scholarly and scientific than the other great studies of Oxford.

This is an ambitious attempt; it asks your kind forbearance; for a judgment tempered with mercy. Perhaps, indeed, any attempt to show what Poetry really is, is impossible. Let me quote a few beautiful lines applicable to this point, by that dear and high-hearted friend whose premature death has opened, sadly, my way to a Chair which, I may indeed occupy, but cannot fill as Shairp filled it. Some here may remember the lines; though but scant justice, I think, was done during his lifetime to his own gift in poetry,—marked as it is every-

where by the tenderness, the gallantry, the patriotism, the lofty aspiration and deep, fervent Faith which were the notes of Shairp's character. After all our attempts (he is saying) to interpret the soul of those we love, an element remains, and this the central, the most important, which is beyond our finding out :

We gaze on their loved faces, hear their
speech,

The heart's most earnest utterance,—yet we
feel

Something beyond, nor they nor we can
reach,

Something they never can on earth reveal.

This is the secret of the poet ; this is that which, as one of them said, we *cannot show, but feel only*. For me, at least, whilst I hold this Chair, it will be enough if I can give some true insight into the character and course of Poetry, some aid towards understanding and judging ; if by choice of specimens I can assist towards full initiation into the beauty of the great master-works ; above all, and without which all is of no avail, if I can lead some to true study of the Poets, with love, with reverence, and with enthusiasm.

A HOLIDAY.

Is the age sordid, impotent, and cold ?
None the less sweetly shrill the thrushes call ;
None the less swiftly snowy blossoms fall
On slim young grasses and buds manifold
Where kingcups raise their chalices of gold
As tender breezes drift the hawthorn's pall ;
None the less milky sway the chestnuts tall ;
Or royally are large white clouds enrolled,
Where up the azure mighty branches climb.
On eyes that see and hearts that contemplate
No shadow falls of days degenerate,—
They reckon but by seasons' change the time ;
Here the vain babblings of unlovely hours
Cringe into silence before holier powers.

SEBASTIAN VAN STORCK.

It was a winter-scene, by Adrian van de Velde, or by Isaac van Ostade. All the delicate poetry, together with all the delicate comfort, of the frosty season was in the leafless branches turned to silver, the furred dresses of the skaters, the warmth of the red-brick house-fronts under the gauze of white fog, the gleams of pale sunlight on the cuirasses of the mounted soldiers as they receded into the distance. Sebastian van Storck, confessedly the most graceful performer in all that skating multitude, moving in endless maze over the vast surface of the frozen water-meadow, liked best this season of the year for its expression of a perfect impassivity, or at least of a perfect repose. The earth was, or seemed to be, at rest, with a breathlessness of slumber which suited the young man's peculiar temper. The heavy summer, as it dried up the meadows now lying dead below the ice, set free a crowded and competing world of life, which, while it gleamed very pleasantly russet and yellow for the painter Albert Cuyp, seemed well-nigh to suffocate Sebastian van Storck. Yet with all his appreciation of the national winter, Sebastian was not altogether a Hollander. His mother, of Spanish descent and Catholic, had given a richness of tone and form to the healthy freshness of the Dutch physiognomy, apt to preserve its youthfulness of aspect far beyond the period of life usual with other peoples. This mixed expression charmed the eye of Isaac van Ostade, who had painted his portrait from a sketch taken at one of those skating parties, with his plume of squirrel's tail and fur muff, in all the modest pleasantness of boyhood. When he returned home lately from his studies at a place far inland, at the proposal of his tutor,

to recover, as the tutor suggested, a certain loss of robustness, something more than that cheerful indifference of early youth had passed away. The learned man, who held, as was alleged, the tenets of a surprising new philosophy, reluctant to disturb too early the fine intelligence of the pupil entrusted to him, had found it, perhaps, a matter of honesty to send back to his parents one likely enough to catch from others any sort of theoretic light; for the letter he wrote dwelt much on the lad's intellectual fearlessness. "At present," he had written, "he is influenced more by curiosity than by a care for truth, according to the character of youth. Certainly, he is strikingly different from his equals in age, in his passion for a vigorous intellectual gymnastic, such as their supineness of mind causes to be distasteful to most young men, but in which he shows a fearlessness that at times makes me fancy that his ultimate destination may be the military life; for indeed the rigidly logical character of his mind always leads him out upon the practical. Don't misunderstand me! At present, he is strenuous only intellectually; and has given no definite sign of preference, as regards a vocation in life. But he seems to me to be one practical in this sense, that his theorems will shape life for him, directly; that he will always seek, as a matter of course, the effective equivalent to—the line of being which shall be the proper continuation of—his line of thinking. This intellectual rectitude, or candour, which to my mind has a kind of beauty in it, has re-acted upon myself, I confess, with a searching quality." That searching quality, indeed, many others also, people far from being intellectual, had experienced—an agitation of mind

in his neighbourhood, oddly at variance with the composure of the young man's manner and surrounding, so jealously preserved.

In the crowd of spectators at the skating, whose eyes followed, so well-satisfied, the movements of Sebastian van Storck, were the mothers of marriageable daughters, who presently became the suitors of this rich and distinguished youth, introduced to them, as now grown to man's estate, by his delighted parents. Dutch aristocracy had put forth all its graces to become the winter morn: and it was characteristic of the period that the artist tribe was there, on a grand footing—in waiting for the lights and shadows they liked best. The artists were, in truth, an important body just then, as the natural complement of the nation's hard-won prosperity; helping it to a full consciousness of the genial yet delicate homeliness it loved; for which it had fought so bravely, and was ready at any moment to fight anew, against man or the sea. Thomas de Keyser, who understood better than any one else the kind of quaint new Atticism which had found its way into the world over those waste salt marshes, wondering whether quite its finest type, as he understood it, might ever actually be seen there, saw it at last, in lively motion, in the person of Sebastian van Storck, and desired to paint his portrait. A little to his surprise, the young man declined the offer; not graciously, as was thought.

Holland, just then, was reposing on its laurels after its long contest with Spain, in a short period of complete well-being, before troubles of another kind should set in. That a darker time might return again, was clearly enough felt by Sebastian the elder—a time like that of William the Silent, with its insane civil animosities, which might demand similarly energetic personalities, and offer them similar opportunities. And then—it was part of his honest geniality of character to admire those who “get on” in the

world. Himself had been, almost from boyhood, in contact with great affairs. A member of the States-General which had taken so hardly the kingly airs of Frederick Henry, he had assisted at the Congress of Munster, and figures conspicuously in Terburg's picture of that assembly, which had finally established Holland as a first-rate power. The heroism by which the national well-being had been achieved was still of recent memory—the air full of its reverberation, and great movement. There was a tradition to be maintained; the sword by no means resting in its sheath. The age was still fitted to evoke a generous ambition; and this son, from whose natural gifts there was so much to hope for, might play his part, at least as a diplomatist, if the present quiet continued. Had not the learned man said that his natural disposition would lead him out always upon practice? And in truth, the memory of that Silent hero had its fascination for the youth. When, about this time, Peter de Keyser, Thomas's brother, unveiled at last his tomb of wrought bronze and marble in the Nieuwe Kerk at Delft, the young Sebastian was one of a small company present, and relished greatly the cold and abstract simplicity of the monument, so conformable to the great, abstract, and unuttered force of the hero who slept beneath.

In complete contrast to all that is abstract or cold in art, the home of Sebastian, the family mansion of the Storcks—a house, the front of which still survives in one of those patient architectural pieces by Jan van der Heyde—was, in its minute and busy well-being, like an epitome of Holland itself, with all the good-fortune of its “thriving genius” reflected, quite spontaneously, in the national taste. The nation had learned to content itself with a religion which told little, or not at all, on the outsides of things. But we may fancy that something of the religious spirit had gone, according to the law of the transmutation

of forces, into the scrupulous care for cleanliness, into the grave, old-world, conservative beauty, of Dutch houses, which meant that the life people maintained in them was normally affectionate and pure.

The most curious florists of Holland were ambitious to supply the Burgomaster van Storck with the choicest products of their skill, for the garden spread below the windows on either side of the portico, and the central avenue of hoary beeches which led to it. Naturally, this house, within a mile of the city of Haarlem, became a resort of the artists, then mixing freely in great society, giving and receiving hints as to the domestic picturesque. Creatures of leisure—of leisure, on both sides—they were the appropriate complement of Dutch prosperity, as it was understood just then. Sebastian the elder could almost have wished his son to be one of them: it was the next best thing to the being an influential publicist or statesman. The Dutch had just begun to see what a picture their country was—its canals, and *boomjies*, and endless, broadly-lighted meadows, and thousands of miles of quaint water-side: and their painters, the first true masters of landscape for its own sake, were further informing them in the matter. They were bringing proof, for all who cared to see, of the wealth of colour there was all around them, in this, supposably, sad land. Above all, they developed the old Low-country taste for interiors. Those innumerable *genre* pieces—conversation, music, play—were in truth the equivalent of novel-reading for that day; its own actual life, in its own proper circumstances, reflected in various degrees of idealisation: with no diminution of the sense of reality (that is to say) but with more and more purged and perfected delightfulness of interest. Themselves illustrating, as every student of their history knows, the good-fellowship of family life, it was the ideal of that life which these artists depicted; the ideal of home in a country where the prepon-

derant interest of life, after all, could not well be out of doors. Of the earth earthy—genuine red earth of the old Adam—it was an ideal very different from that which the sacred Italian painters had evoked from the life of Italy, yet, in its best types, was not without a kind of natural religiousness. And in the achievement of a type of beauty so national and vernacular, the votaries of purely Dutch art might well feel that the Italianisers, like Berghem, Both, and Jan Weenix, went so far afield in vain.

The fine organisation and acute intelligence of Sebastian would have made him an effective connoisseur of the arts, as he showed by the justice of his remarks in those assemblies of the artists which his father so much loved. But in truth the arts were a matter he could but just tolerate. Why add, by a forced and artificial production, to the monotonous tide of competing, fleeting existence? Only, finding so much fine art actually about him, he was compelled (so to speak) to adjust himself to it; to ascertain and accept that in it which should least collide with, or might even carry forward a little, his own characteristic tendencies. Obviously somewhat jealous of his intellectual interests, he loved inanimate nature, it might have been thought, better than man. He cared nothing, indeed, for the warm sand-banks of Wynants, nor for those eerie relics of ancient woodland which survive in Hobbema and Ruysdael, still less for the highly-coloured sceneries of the academic band at Rome, in spite of the escape they provide one into clear breadth of atmosphere. For though Sebastian van Storck refused to travel, he loved the distant,—he enjoyed the sense of things seen from a distance,—carrying us, as on wide wings of space itself, far out of one's actual surroundings. His preference in the matter of art was, therefore, for those prospects *à vol d'oiseau*—of the caged bird on the wing at last—of which Rubens had the secret, and still more Philip de

Koninek, four of whose choicest works occupied the four walls of his chamber—visionary escapes, north, south, east, and west, into a wide-open though, it must be confessed, a somewhat sullen land. For the fourth of them he had exchanged with his mother a marvelously vivid Metsu, lately bequeathed to him, in which she herself was presented. They were the sole ornaments he permitted himself. From the midst of the busy and busy-looking house, crowded with the furniture and the pretty little toys of many generations, a long passage led the rare visitor up a winding staircase; and (again at the end of a long passage) he found himself as if shut off from the whole talkative Dutch world, and in the embrace of that wonderful quiet, which is also possible in Holland, at its height all around him. It was here that Sebastian could yield himself, with the only sort of love he had ever felt, to the supremacy of his difficult thoughts.—A kind of *empty* place! Here, you felt, all had been mentally put to rights by the working-out of a long equation, which had “zero equals zero” for its result. Here one did, and perhaps felt, nothing; one only thought. Of living creatures only birds came there freely, the sea-birds especially, to attract and detain which there were all sorts of ingenious contrivances about the windows, such as one may see in the cottage sceneries of Jan Steen and others. There was something perhaps of his passion for distance in this welcoming of the creatures of the air. A great simplicity in their manner of life had, indeed, been characteristic of many a distinguished Hollander,—William the Silent, Baruch de Spinoza, the brothers de Witt. But the simplicity of Sebastian van Storck was something different from that, and certainly nothing democratic. His mother thought him like one disembarassing himself carefully, and little by little, of all impediments, habituating himself gradually to make shift with as little as possible, in preparation for a long journey.

The Burgomaster van Storck entertained a party of friends, consisting chiefly of his favourite artists, one summer evening. The guests were seen arriving on foot in the fine weather, some of them accompanied by their wives and daughters, against the light of the low sun, falling red on the old trees of the avenue and the faces of those who advanced along it—Willem van Aelst, expecting to find hints for a flower-portrait in the exotics which would decorate the banquetting-room; Gerard Dow, to feed his eye, amid all that glittering luxury, on the combat between candle-light and the last rays of the departing sun; Thomas de Keyser, to catch by stealth the likeness of Sebastian the younger. Albert Cuyp was there, who, developing the latent gold in Rembrandt, had brought into his native Dordrecht a heavy wealth of sunshine, as exotic as those flowers or the eastern carpets on the Burgomaster's tables; with Hooch, the in-door Cuyp, and Willem van de Velde, who painted those shore-pieces, with gay ships of war, such as he loved, for his patron's cabinet. Thomas de Keyser came in company with his brother Peter, his niece, and young Mr. Nicholas Stone from England, pupil of that brother Peter, who afterwards married the niece. For the life of Dutch artists, too, was exemplary in matters of domestic relationship, its history telling many a cheering story of mutual faith in misfortune. Hardly less exemplary was the comradeship which they displayed among themselves, obscuring their best gifts sometimes, one in the mere accessories of another man's work, so that they came together to-night with no fear of falling out, and spoiling the musical interludes of Madame van Storck in the large back parlour. A little way behind the other guests, three of them together, son, grandson, and the grandfather, moving slowly, came the Hondcoeters—Giles, Gybrecht, and Melchior. They led the party, before the house was entered, by fading light to see the curious poultry of the

Burgomaster go to roost ; and it was almost night when the supper-room was reached at last. The occasion was an important one to Sebastian, and to others, through him. For—was it the music of the duets ? he asked himself next morning, with a certain distaste as he remembered it all, or the heady Spanish wines poured out so freely in those narrow but deep Venetian glasses ?—on this evening he approached more nearly than he had ever yet done to Mademoiselle van Westrheene, as she sat there beside the *clavécin*, looking very ruddy and fresh in her white satin, trimmed with glossy crimson swansdown.

So genially attempered, so warm, was life become, in the land of which Pliny had spoken as scarcely dry land at all. And, in truth, the sea which Sebastian so much loved, and with so great a satisfaction and sense of well-being in every hint of its nearness, is never far distant in Holland. Invading all places, stealing under one's feet, insinuating itself everywhere along an endless net-work of canals (by no means such formal channels as we understand by the name, but picturesque rivers, with sedgy banks and haunted by innumerable birds) its incidents present themselves oddly even in one's park or woodland walks ; the ship in full sail appearing suddenly among the great trees, or above the garden wall, where we had no suspicion of the presence of water. In the very conditions of life in such a country there was a standing force of pathos. The country itself shared the uncertainty of the individual human life : and there was pathos also in the constantly renewed, heavily taxed labour, necessary to keep the native soil, fought for so unselfishly, there at all ; with a warfare that must still be maintained when that other struggle with the Spaniard was over. But though Sebastian liked to breathe, so nearly, the sea and its influences, those were considerations he scarcely entertained. In his passion for *Schwindsucht*—in English, we haven't

the word—he found it pleasant to think of the resistless element which left one hardly a foot-space amidst the yielding sand ; of the old beds of lost rivers, surviving now only as deeper channels in the sea ; of the remains of a certain ancient town, which within men's memory had lost its few remaining inhabitants, and, with its already empty tombs, dissolved and disappeared in the flood.

It happened, on occasion of an exceptionally low tide, that some remarkable relics were exposed to view on the coast of the island of Vleeland. A countryman's waggon overtaken by the tide, as he returned with merchandise from the shore !—you might have supposed, but for a touch of grace in the construction of the thing—lightly wrought timber-work, united and adorned by a multitude of brass fastenings, like the work of children for their simplicity ; while the rude, stiff chair, or throne, set upon it, seemed to distinguish it as a chariot of state. To some antiquarians it told the story of the overwhelming of one of the chiefs of the old primeval people of Holland, amid all his gala array, in a great storm. But it was another view which Sebastian preferred : that this object was sepulchral, namely, in its motives—the one surviving relic of a grand burial, in the ancient manner, of a king or hero, whose very tomb was dissolved away.—*Sunt metis metæ !* There came with it the odd fancy that he himself would like to have been dead and gone as long ago, with a kind of envy of those whose deceasing was so long since over.

On more peaceful days he would ponder Pliny's account of those primeval forefathers, but without Pliny's contempt for them. A cloyed Roman might despise their humble existence, fixed by necessity from age to age, and with no desire of change, as "the ocean poured in its flood twice a day, making it uncertain whether the country was a part of the continent or of the sea." But for his part Sebastian found something of poetry

in all that, as he conceived what thoughts the old Hollander might have had at his fishing, with nets themselves woven of sea-weed, waiting carefully for his drink on the heavy rains, and taking refuge as the flood rose on the sand-hills, in a little hut constructed but airily on tall stakes, conformable to the elevation of the highest tides; like a navigator, thought the learned writer, when the sea was risen, like a shipwrecked mariner when it was retired. To the fancy of Sebastian, he lived with great breadths of calm light above and around him, influenced by, and in a sense, living upon them; and he felt that he might well complain, to Pliny's so infinite surprise, on being made a Roman citizen.

And certainly Sebastian van Storck did not felicitate his people on the luck which, in the words of another old writer, "hath disposed them to so thriving a genius." Their restless ingenuity in making and maintaining dry land where nature had willed the sea, was even more like the industry of animals than had been the life of their forefathers. Away! with that tetchy, feverish, unworthy agitation, with this and that, all too importunate, motive of interest! And then, "my son!" said his father, "be stimulated to action!"—he too thinking of that heroic industry which had triumphed over nature, precisely where the contest had been most difficult.

Yet, in truth, Sebastian was forcibly taken by the simplicity of a great affection, as set forth in an incident of real life of which he heard just then. The eminent Grotius being condemned to perpetual imprisonment, his wife determined to share his fate, alleviated only by the reading of books sent by friends. The books, finished, were returned in a great chest. In this chest the wife inclosed the husband, and was able to reply to the objections of the soldiers who carried it, complaining of its weight, with a self-control, which she maintained till the captive was in safety, herself remain-

No. 317.—VOL. LIII.

ing to face the consequences; and there was a kind of absoluteness of affection in that, which attracted Sebastian for a while to ponder on the practical forces which shape men's lives. Had he turned, indeed, to a practical career, it would have been less in the direction of the military or political life than to another form of enterprise popular with his countrymen. In the eager, gallant life of that age, if the sword fell for a moment into its sheath, they were for starting off on perilous voyages to the regions of frost and snow in search after that "north-western passage," for the discovery of which the States-General had offered large rewards. Sebastian, in effect, found a charm in the thought of that still, drowsy, spell-bound world of perpetual ice, as in art and life he could always tolerate the sea. Admiral-general of Holland, as painted by Van der Helst, with a marine background by Bakhuysen—at moments his father could fancy him so.

There was still another very different sort of character to which Sebastian would let his thoughts stray, without check, for a time. His mother, whom he much resembled outwardly, a Catholic from Brabant, had had saints in her family, and from time to time the mind of Sebastian had been occupied with the subject of monastic life, its quiet, its negation. The portrait of a certain Carthusian prior, which, like the famous statue of Saint Bruno, the first Carthusian, in the church of Santa Maria dei Angeli at Rome, could it have spoken, would have said, "Silence!" kept strange company with the painted visages of men of affairs. A great theological strife was then raging in Holland. Grave ministers of religion assembled sometimes, like the painted scene by Rembrandt, in the Burgomaster's house; and once, not however in their company, came a renowned young Jewish divine, Baruch de Spinoza, with whom, most unexpectedly, Sebastian found himself in sympathy, meeting the young Jew's far-reaching thoughts half

▲ ▲

way to the confirmation of his own ; and he did not know that his visitor, very ready with the pencil, had taken his likeness as they talked, on the fly-leaf of his note-book. Alive to that theological disturbance in the air all around him, he refused to be moved by it, as essentially a strife on small matters, anticipating a vagrant regret which may have visited many other minds since,—the regret, namely, that the old, pensive, use-and-wont Catholicism, which had accompanied the nation's earlier struggle for existence, and consoled it therein, had been taken from it. And for himself, indeed, what impressed him in that old Catholicism was a kind of lull in it—a lulling power—like that of the monotonous organ-music, which Holland, Catholic or not, still so greatly loves. But what he could not away with in the Catholic religion was its unfailing drift towards the concrete—the positive imageries of a faith, so richly beset with persons, things, historical incidents.

Rigidly logical in the method of his inferences, he attained the poetic quality only by the audacity with which he conceived the whole sublime extension of his premises. The contrast was a strange one, between the careful, the almost petty, fineness of his personal surrounding—all the elegant conventionalities of life, in that rising Dutch family—and the mortal coldness of a temperament the intellectual tendencies of which seemed to necessitate straightforward flight from all that was positive. He seemed, if one may say so, in love with death ; preferring winter to summer ; finding only a tranquillising influence in the thought of the earth beneath our feet cooling down for ever from its old cosmic heat ; watching pleasurably how their colours fled out of things, and the long sandbank in the sea, which had been the rampart of a town, was washing down in its turn. One of his acquaintance, a penurious young poet, who, having nothing in his pockets but the imaginative or other-

wise barely potential gold of manuscript verses, would have grasped so eagerly, had they lain within his reach, at the elegant outsides of life, thought the fortunate Sebastian, possessed of every possible opportunity of that kind, yet bent only on dispensing with it ; certainly a most puzzling, and comfortless creature. A few only, half discerning what was in his mind, would fain have shared his intellectual clearness, and found a kind of attractive beauty in this youthful enthusiasm for an abstract theorem. Extremes meeting, his cold and dispassionate detachment from all that is most attractive to ordinary minds came to have the impressiveness of a great passion. And for the most part, people had loved him ; feeling instinctively that there must be somewhere the justification of his difference from themselves. It was like being in love : or it was an intellectual malady, such as pleaded for forbearance, like bodily sickness, and gave at times a resigned and touching sweetness to what he did and said. Only once, at a moment of the wild popular excitement, which at that period was easy to provoke in Holland, there was a certain group of persons who would have shut him up as no well-wisher to, and perhaps a plotter against, the common-weal. A single traitor might cut the dykes in an hour, in the interest of the English or the French. Or, had he already committed some treasonable act, who was so anxious to expose no writing of his that he left his letters unsigned, and there were little stratagems to get specimens of his fair manuscript ? For with all his breadth of mystic intention, he was anxious, as the hours crept on, to leave all the inevitable details of life at least in order, in equation. And all his singularities appeared to be summed up in his refusal to take his place in the life-sized family group, painted, *très distingué et très soigné*, remarks a modern critic of the work—about this time. His mother expostulated with him on the matter—she must

needs feel, a little icily, the emptiness of hope, and something more than the due measure of cold in things for a woman of her age, in the person of a son who desired but to fade out of the world like a breath,—and suggested filial duty. “Good mother!” he answered, “there are duties towards the intellect also, which women can but rarely understand.”

The artists and their wives were come to supper again, with the Burgomaster van Storck. Mademoiselle van Westrheene was also come, with her sister and mother. The girl was by this time fallen in love with Sebastian; and she was one of the few who, in spite of his terrible coldness, really loved him for himself. But though of good birth she was poor, while Sebastian could not but perceive that there he had many suitors of his wealth. In truth, Madame van Westrheene, her mother, did wish to marry this daughter into the great world, and plied many arts to that end, such as “daughterful” mothers use. Her healthy freshness of mien and mind, her ruddy beauty, some showy presents that had passed, were of a piece with the ruddy colouring of the very house those people lived in; and for a moment the cheerful warmth that may be felt in life seemed to come very close to him—to come forth, and enfold him. Meantime the girl herself, taking note of this, and that on a former occasion of their meeting he had seemed likely to respond to her inclination, and that his father would readily consent to such a marriage, surprised him on the sudden with those coqueries and importunities, all those little arts of love, which often succeed with men. Only, to Sebastian they seemed opposed to that absolute nature we suppose in love. And while, in the eyes of all around him to-night, this courtship seemed to promise him, thus early in life, a kind of quiet happiness, he was coming to an estimate of the situation, with regard to that ideal of a calm, intellectual indifference, of which he was

the sworn chevalier. Set in the cold, hard light of that, this girl, with the pronounced personal views of her mother, and in the very effectiveness of arts prompted by a real affection, bringing the warm life they prefigured so close to him, seemed vulgar! And still he felt himself bound in honour; or judged from their manner that she and those about them thought him thus bound. He did not reflect on the inconsistency of the feeling of honour (living, as it does essentially, upon the concrete and minute detail of social relationship) for one who, on principle, set so slight a value on anything whatever that is merely relative in its character.

The guests growing late and lively, were almost pledging the betrothed in the rich wine. Only Sebastian’s mother knew; and at that advanced hour, while the company were thus intently occupied, drew away the Burgomaster to confide to him the misgiving she felt, grown to a great height just then. The young man had slipped from the assembly; but certainly not with Mademoiselle van Westrheene, who was suddenly withdrawn also. And she never appeared again in the world. Already, next day, with the rumour that Sebastian had left his home, it was known that the expected marriage would not take place. The girl, indeed, alleged something in the way of a cause on her part; but seemed to fade away continually afterwards, and in the eyes of all who saw her was like one perishing of wounded pride. But to make a clean breast of her poor girlish worldliness, before she became a *béguine*, she confessed to her mother the receipt of the letter—the cruel letter that had killed her. And in effect, the first copy of this letter, written with a very deliberate fineness, rejecting her—accusing her, so natural, and simply loyal! of a vulgar coarseness of character—was found, oddly tacked on, as their last word, to the studious record of the abstract thoughts which had been the real business of Sebastian’s life, in the

room whither his mother went to seek him next day, littered with the fragments of the one portrait of him in existence.

The neat and elaborate manuscript volume, of which this letter formed the final page, (odd transition! by which a train of thought so abstract drew its conclusion in the sphere of action,) afforded at length, to the few who were interested in him, a much-coveted insight into the curiosity of his existence; and I pause just here to indicate in outline the kind of reasoning through which, making the "Infinite" his beginning and his end, Sebastian was come to think all definite forms of being, the warm pressure of life, the cry of humanity itself, no more than a troublesome irritation of the surface, a passing vexatious thought, or uneasy dream, of the absolute mind—at its height of petulant importunity in the eager human creature.

The volume was, indeed, a kind of treatise to be; a hard, systematic, well-concatenated train of thought, still implicated in the circumstances of a journal. Liberated from the accidents of that particular form, its unavoidable details of place and occasion, the theoretic strain would have been found mathematically continuous. The already so weary Sebastian might perhaps never have taken in hand, or succeeded in, this detachment of his thoughts; every one of which, beginning with himself there, as the peculiar and intimate apprehension of this or that particular day and hour, seemed still to protest against such disturbance, as if reluctant to part from those accidental associations of the personal history which had prompted it, and become a purely intellectual abstraction.

The series began with Sebastian's boyish enthusiasm for a strange, fine saying of Doctor Baruch de Spinoza's, concerning the Divine Love—That whoso loveth God truly must not expect to be loved by Him in return. Through mere reaction against an actual surrounding of which every

circumstance tended to make him a finished egotist, that bold assertion defined for him the ideal of an intellectual disinterestedness, of a domain of unimpassioned mind, with the desire to put one's subjective side out of the way, and let pure reason speak.

And what pure reason affirmed, in the first place, as the "beginning of wisdom," was that the world is but a thought, or series of thoughts, existent, therefore, solely in mind. It showed him, as he fixed the mental eye with more and more of self-absorption on the facts of his intellectual existence, a picture or vision of the universe as actually the product, so far as he really knew it, of his own lonely thinking power—of himself, there, thinking: as being zero without him: and as possessing a perfectly homogeneous unity in that. "Things that have nothing in common with each other," said the axiomatic reason, "cannot be understood or explained by means of each other." But to pure reason things discovered themselves as being, in their essence, *thought*—all things, even the most opposite things, mere transmutations of a single power—the power of thought. All was but conscious mind. Therefore, all the more exclusively, he must minister to mind, to the intellectual power, submitting himself to the sole direction of that whithersoever it might lead him. Everything must be referred to, and, as it were, changed into the terms of that, if its essential value was to be ascertained. "Joy," he said, anticipating Spinoza,—that, for the attainment of which men are ready to surrender all beside—"is but the name of a passion in which the mind passes to a greater perfection or power of thinking; as grief of the passion in which it passes to a less."

Looking backward for the generative source of that power, from himself to the cause of his mysterious being, he still reflected, as one can but do, himself—the pattern of himself—vaguer and enlarged, upon the broad

screen of the supposable world without. In this way, some, at all events, would have explained his mental process. To him it was nothing less than the apprehension, the revelation, of the greatest and most real of ideas—the secret structure of all things. He, too, with his vividly-coloured existence, with this picturesque and sensuous world of Dutch art and Dutch reality all around, which would fain have made him the prisoner of its colours, its genial warmth, its struggle for life, its selfish and crafty love, was but a transient perturbation of the absolute mind; of which, indeed, all finite things whatever, time itself, the most durable achievements of nature and man, and all that seems most like independent energy, are no more than petty accidents or affections. Theorem and corollary! Thus they stood:

"*There can be only one substance:* corollary—the greatest of errors is to think that the non-existent, the world of finite things seen and felt, really is: theorem,—for, whatever is, is but in that: corollary (practical) one's wisdom, therefore, consists in hastening, so far as may be, the action of those forces which tend to the restoration of equilibrium, to the calm surface of the absolute and untroubled mind, to *tabula rasa*, by the extinction in one of all that is but correlative to the finite illusion—by the suppression of ourselves."

In the loneliness which was gathering round him, and oddly enough as a somewhat surprising thing, he wondered whether there were, or had been others, who had like thoughts, ready to welcome any such as his veritable compatriots. And, in fact, he became aware just then, in readings difficult indeed, but which their absorbing interest caused to seem almost like an illicit pleasure, a sense of kinship with certain older minds. The study of many an earlier adventurous theorist satisfied his curiosity, as the record of daring physical adventure, for instance, might satisfy the curiosity of the healthy. It was a tradition, a con-

stant tradition—that daring thought of his; an echo, or haunting recurrent voice of the human soul itself, (and as such, sealed with natural truth,) which certain minds would not fail to heed; discerning also, if they were really loyal to themselves, its practical conclusion. The One alone is: and all things beside are but its passing affections, which have no proper right to be.

Even as, but its accidents or affections, there might have been found, within the circumference of the infinite thinker, an adequate scope for the joy and love of the creature. There have been dispositions in which that abstract theorem has only induced a renewed value for the finite interests around and within us: Centre of heat and light,—truly, nothing has seemed to lie beyond the touch of its perpetual summer. It has allied itself to the poetical or artistic sympathy, which feels challenged to become acquainted with and explore the various forms of finite existence all the more intimately, just because of that sense of one lively spirit circulating through all things—a tiny soul in the very sunbeam, or leaf. Sebastian van Storck, on the contrary, was determined, perhaps by some inherited satiety and fatigue in his nature, to the opposite issue of the practical dilemma. For him, it was the pallid arctic sun, disclosing itself over the dead level of a glacial, a barren and absolutely lonely, sea. The lively purpose of life had been frozen out of it. What he must admire, and love if he could, was "equilibrium," the void, the *tabula rasa*, into which, through all those apparent energies of man and nature that in truth are but forces of disintegration, the world was really settling. And, himself a mere circumstance in a fatalistic series, to which the clay of the potter was no adequate parallel, he could not expect to be "loved in return." At first, indeed, he had a kind of delight in his thoughts—in the eager pressure forward, to whatsoever conclusion, of an intellectual gymnastic, which was like

the making of Euclid. Only, little by little, under the freezing influence of the propositions themselves, the theoretic vitality itself, and with it his old eagerness for truth, the care to track it from proposition to proposition, was chilled out of him. And, in fact, the conclusion was there already (might be foreseen) in the premises. By a singular perversity, it seemed to him that every one of those passing affections—himself, alas! at times—was for ever trying to be—to assert itself; to maintain its isolated and petty self, by a kind of practical lie in things; all through every incident of that hypothetical existence it had protested that its proper function was to die. Surely! they marred the freedom, the truth, the beatific calm, of the absolute selfishness, which could not, if it would, pass beyond the circumference of itself; to which at times, with a fantastic sense of well-being, he found himself capable of a kind of fanatical devotion. And those, as he conceived, were his moments of genuine theoretic insight, in which, under the abstract “light perpetual,” he died to self; while yet the intellect, after all, had attained a freedom of its own, through the vigorous act which assured him that as nature was but a thought of his, so himself also was but the passing thought of God.

No! rather a puzzle only—an anomaly—upon that one, white, unruffled consciousness! His first principle once recognised, all the rest, the whole array of propositions down to the heartless practical conclusion, must follow of themselves. Detachment: to hasten hence: to fold up one’s whole self, as a vesture put aside: to anticipate, by such individual force as he could find in him, the slow disintegration by which Nature herself is levelling the eternal hills:—here would be the secret of peace, of such dignity and truth as there could be in a world which after all was essentially an illusion. For Sebastian at least, the world and the individual alike had been divested of all effective purpose.

The most vivid of finite objects; the dramatic episodes of Dutch history; the brilliant personalities which had found their parts to play in them; that golden art, surrounding one with an ideal world, through which the real world was discernible indeed beyond, but etherealised by the medium through which it came to one; all this, for most men so powerful a link to existence, only set him on the thought of escape—means of escape—into a formless and nameless infinite world, evenly grey. The very emphasis of those objects, their importunity to the eye, the ear, the finite intelligence, was but the measure of their distance from what really is. One’s personal presence—the presence, such as it is, of the most incisive things and persons around one—could but lessen by so much, that which really is; yet is, undeniably, of a very transient nature. To restore *tabula rasa*, then, by a continual effort at self-effacement!—Actually proud, at times, of his curious, well-reasoned nihilism, he could only regard what is called the business of life as no better than a trifling and wearisome delay. Bent on making sacrifice of the rich life possible for him (as he would readily have sacrificed that of other people) to the bare and formal logic of the reply to a query, never proposed by entirely healthy minds, regarding the remote conditions and tendencies of that life, he did not reflect that if others had inquired as scrupulously the world could never have come so far at all—that the fact of its having come so far was itself a weighty exception to his hypothesis. His fantastic devotion souring into fanaticism, into a kind of religious mania, with what was really a vehement assertion of his individual will, he had formulated duty as the principle to hinder as little as possible what he called the restoration of equilibrium, of the primary consciousness to itself—its relief from that uneasy, tetchy, unworthy dream of a world, made so ill, or dreamt so weakly—to forget, to be forgotten.

And at length this dark fanaticism, losing the support of pride in the mere novelty of a reasoning so hard and dry, turned round upon him, as our fanaticism will, in black melancholy. The theoretic, or imaginative, desire to urge Time's creeping footsteps, was felt now as the physical fatigue which leaves the book or the letter unfinished, or finishes eagerly, out of hand, for mere finishing's sake, unimportant business. Strange! that the presence to the mind of a metaphysical abstraction should have had this power over one so fortunately endowed for the reception of the sensible world. It could hardly have been so with him but for the concurrence of physical causes with the influences proper to a mere thought. The moralist, indeed, might have noted that a kind of pride, a morbid fear of vulgarity, lent secret strength to the intellectual prejudice, which realised duty as the renunciation of all finite objects, the fastidious refusal to be or do any limited thing. But beyond this, it was legible in his own admissions from time to time, that the body, following, as it will with powerful temperaments, the lead of mind and the will, the intellectual consumption (so to term it) had been concurrent with, strengthened and was strengthened by, a vein of physical *phthisis*—by a merely physical accident, after all, of his bodily constitution; which might have taken a different turn, had another accident led him to the hills instead of to the shore. Is it only the result of disease? he would ask himself sometimes with a sudden suspicion of his intellectual cogency—this persuasion that myself, and all that surrounds me, are but a diminution of that which really is!—this unkindly melancholy?

The journal, with that "cruel" letter to Mademoiselle van Westrheene coming as the last step in the rigid process of theoretic deduction, circulated among the curious; and people made their judgments upon it. There were some who held that such opinions

should be suppressed by law; that they were, or might become, dangerous to society. Perhaps it was the confessor of his mother who thought of the matter most justly. The aged man smiled, observing how, even for minds by no means slight, the mere dress alters the look of a familiar thought—with a happy sort of smile as he added (meaning that the truth of Sebastian's apprehension was duly covered by the propositions of his own creed, and quoting Sebastian's favourite pagan wisdom from the lips of Saint Paul) "In Him, we live, and move, and have our being."

Next day, as Sebastian escaped to the sea under the long, monotonous line of wind-mills, in comparative calm of mind—reaction of that pleasant morning from the madness of the night before—he was making light, or trying to make light with some success, of his late distress. He would fain have thought it a small matter, to be adequately set at rest for him by certain well-tested influences of external nature, in a long visit to the place he liked best: a desolate house, amid the sands of the Helder, one of the old lodgings of his family,—property now, rather, of the sea-birds, and almost surrounded by the encroaching tide; though there were still relics enough of hardy, sweet things about it, to form what was to Sebastian the most perfect garden in Holland. Here he could make "equation" between himself and what was not himself, and set things in order, in preparation towards such deliberate and final change in his manner of living as circumstances so clearly necessitated.

As he stayed in this place, with one or two silent serving people, a sudden rising of the wind altered, as it might seem, in a few dark, tempestuous hours, the entire world around him. The strong wind changed not again for fourteen days; and its effect was a permanent one; so that people might have fancied that an enemy had indeed cut the dykes somewhere—a pin-hole, enough to wreck the ship of Holland.

or at least that portion of it, which underwent an inundation of the sea the like of which had not occurred in that province for half a century. Only, when the body of Sebastian was found, apparently not long after death, a child lay asleep, swaddled warmly in his heavy furs, in an upper room of the old tower, to which the tide was almost risen; though the building still stood firmly, and still with the means of life in plenty. And it was in the saving of this child, with a great effort, as certain circumstances seemed to indicate, that Sebastian had lost his life.

His parents were come to seek him,

believing him bent on self-destruction, and were almost glad to find him thus. A learned physician, moreover, endeavoured to comfort his mother by remarking that in any case he must certainly have died ere many years were passed, slowly, perhaps painfully, of a disease then coming into the world: disease begotten by the fogs of that country—waters, he observed, not in their place, “above the firmament”—on people grown somewhat over-delicate in their nature by the effects of modern luxury.

WALTER PATER.

THE OFFICE OF LITERATURE.

DR. JOHN BROWN'S pleasant story has become well-known of the countryman who being asked to account for the gravity of his dog replied, "Oh sir! life is full of seriousness to him—he can never get enough o' fechtin." Something of the spirit of this saddened dog seems lately to have entered into the very people who ought to be freest from it—our men of letters. They are all very serious and very quarrelsome. To some of them it is dangerous even to allude. Many are wedded to a theory or period, and are the most uxorious of husbands—ever ready to resent an affront to their lady. This devotion makes them very grave, and possibly very happy after a pedantic fashion. One remembers what Hazlitt, who was neither happy nor pedantic, has said about pedantry:

"The power of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuits is one of the greatest happinesses of our nature. The common soldier mounts the breach with joy, the miser deliberately starves himself to death, the mathematician sets about extracting the cube-root with a feeling of enthusiasm, and the lawyer sheds tears of delight over Coke upon Lyttelton. He who is not in some measure a pedant though he may be a wise cannot be a very happy man."

Possibly not; but then we are surely not content that our authors should be pedants in order that they may be happy and devoted. As one of the great class for whose sole use and behoof literature exists—the class of readers—I protest that it is to me a matter of indifference whether an author is happy or not. I want him to make me happy. That is his office. Let him discharge it.

I recognise in this connection the corresponding truth of what Sydney Smith makes his Peter Plymley say about the private virtues of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister:—

"You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present Prime Minister. Grant all that you write—I say, I fear that he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interests of his country, and then you tell me that he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals. I should prefer that he whipped his boys and saved his country."

We should never confuse functions or apply wrong tests. What can Books do for us? Dr. Johnson, the least pedantic of men, put the whole matter into a nutshell (a cocoa-nut shell, if you will—Heaven forbid that I should seek to compress the great doctor within any narrower limits than my metaphor requires), when he wrote that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it. "Give us enjoyment!" "Teach us endurance!" Harken to the ceaseless demand and the perpetual prayer of an ever unsatisfied and an always suffering humanity!

How is a book to answer the ceaseless demand?

Self-forgetfulness is of the essence of enjoyment, and the author who would confer pleasure must possess the art, or know the trick of destroying for the time the reader's own personality. Undoubtedly the easiest way of doing this is by the creation of a host of rival personalities—hence the number and the popularity of novels. Whenever a novelist fails his book is said to flag; that is, the reader suddenly (as in skating) comes bump down upon his own personality, and curses the unskilful author. No lack of characters and continual motion is the easiest recipe for a novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept "moving on." Nobody knew this better than Fielding, whose novels, like most good ones, are full of inns.

When those who are addicted to

what is called "improving reading" inquire of you petulantly why you cannot find change of company and scene in books of travel, you should answer cautiously that when books of travel are full of inns, atmosphere, and motion they are as good as any novel; nor is there any reason in the nature of things why they should not always be so, though experience proves the contrary.

The truth or falsehood of a book is immaterial. George Borrow's 'Bible in Spain' is, I suppose, true; though now that I come to think of it, in what is to me a new light, one remembers that it contains some odd things. But was not Borrow the accredited agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Did he not travel (and he had a free hand) at their charges? Was he not befriended by our minister at Madrid, Mr. Villiers, subsequently Earl of Clarendon in the peerage of England? It must be true; and yet at this moment I would as lief read a chapter of the 'Bible in Spain' as I would 'Gil Blas'; nay, so pleasantly have my Borrowian memories been stirred by Mr. Saintsbury in the January number of this magazine that I positively would give the preference to Senor Giorgio.

Nobody can sit down to read Borrow's books without as completely forgetting himself as if he were once more a boy in the forest with Gurth and Wamba.

Borrow is provoking and has his full share of faults, and though the owner of a style, is capable of excruciating offences. His habitual use of the odious word "individual" as a noun-substantive (seven times in three pages of 'The Romany Rye,') elicits the frequent groan, and he is certainly once guilty of calling fish the "finny tribe." He believed himself to be animated by an intense hatred of the Church of Rome, and disfigures many of his pages by Lawrence-Boythorn-like tirades against that institution; but no Catholic of sense need on this account deny himself the pleasure of reading

Borrow, whose one dominating passion was *camaraderie*, and who hob-a-nobbed in the friendliest spirit with priest and gipsy after a fashion as far beyond praise as it is beyond description by any pen other than his own. Hail to thee, George Borrow! Cervantes himself, Gil Blas, do not more effectually carry their readers into the land of the Cid than does this miraculous agent of the Bible Society, by favour of whose pleasantness we can any hour of the week enter Villafranca by night, or ride into Galicia on an Andalusian stallion (which proved to be a foolish thing to do) without costing anybody a *peseta*, and at no risk whatever to our necks—be they long or short.

Cooks, warriors, and authors must be judged by the effects they produce: toothsome dishes, glorious victories, pleasant books—these are our demands. We have nothing to do with ingredients, tactics, or methods. We have no desire to be admitted into the kitchen, the council, or the study. The cook may clean her saucepans how she pleases—the warrior place his men as he likes—the author handle his material or weave his plot as best he can—when the dish is served we only ask is it good? when the battle has been fought, who won? when the book comes out, does it read?

Authors ought not to be above being reminded that it is their first duty to write agreeably—some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing it, so there is no need for any one to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has therefore no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.

Literature exists to please; to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures—and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest

office. Their name is happily legion, and I will conclude these disjointed remarks by quoting from one of them, as honest a parson as ever took tithe or voted for the Conservative candidate, the Rev. George Crabbe. Hear him in 'The Frank Courtship':

" 'I must be loved ;' said Sybil ; 'I must see
The man in terrors, who aspires to me :
At my forbidding frown his heart must
ache,
His tongue must falter, and his frame must
shake ;
And if I grant him at my feet to kneel
What trembling fearful pleasure must he feel :
Nay, such the raptures that my smiles
inspire
That reason's self must for a time retire.'
'Alas ! for good Josiah,' said the dame,
'These wicked thoughts would fill his soul
with shame ;
He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust !
He 'cannot, child : '—the child replied, 'He
must.'"

Were an office to be opened for the

insurance of literary reputations no critic at all likely to be in the society's service would refuse the life of a poet who can write like Crabbe. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Swinburne are not always of the same way of thinking, but all three hold the one true faith about Crabbe.

But even were Crabbe now left unread, which is very far from being the case, his would be an enviable fame—for was he not one of the favourite poets of Walter Scott, and whenever the closing scene of the great magician's life is read in the pages of Lockhart, must not Crabbe's name be brought upon the reader's quivering lip?

To soothe the sorrow of the soothers of sorrow, to bring tears to the eyes and smiles to the cheeks of the lords of human smiles and tears is no mean ministry, and it is Crabbe's.

es-
mour,
withal,
to nine-
grounds
d with
e and

VICTOR GRAHAM.¹

I:

FOR all its memories of Charles Lamb the Temple is not, I think, a very cheerful place to live in. Yet I live there, have lived there now for many years, and, for aught I can see in the future, shall live there till my lease of all sublunar tenements shall expire, to be renewed no more. Its possibilities of cheerfulness will, of course, depend very much on the individual's capacity for enjoying existence; but, given a predisposition to melancholy, I know no place wherein the very doubtful luxury of woe can be so easily and uninterruptedly enjoyed. And for such purposes it is on an autumn evening above all other times and seasons in its prime. So I remember well to have found it one particular evening in early autumn not many years ago—a dismal evening to a dismal day, when, through my own sheer laziness, my fire was dying low in the grate, my lamp unlit, my curtains yet undrawn, and when, in the utter silence of my darkening room, I could hear the leaves falling in the court below, as the harsh gusts whirled them from the tossing branches.

As I sat there amid the growing shadows, musing on the vanity of human wishes, the spite of Fortune, the law's delay, and all those ineffectual thoughts that men who have learned neither to labour nor to wait delight to cherish, I heard with careless curiosity the postman's step mounting my staircase, and then a letter drop into my box. Was it a bill? No, it was not that; nor a missive from those tormentors of the Church whom the law (putting by her of his) the main idea of this little story is the tirades that of 'Eyre's Acquittal.' It should Catholic 'at 'Victor Graham' was conceived, deny himself composed, four years before the of Miss Mathers's book.

delay for once) permits to mix themselves in other men's affairs. To so much my long and sad experience enabled me to swear at sight, and with a mind at ease I opened it. It was signed Victor Graham, and besought the pleasure of my company at his house in B—shire, so soon as I might find it convenient to leave London, and for so long a time as I could spare from my business. Convenient! With a fervent hope that in these matters my convenience might not too far outrun my friend's, I wrote a glad acceptance, and went straightway out to post it.

Victor Graham! It was the name of one I had called friend from early days: and though of late years we had met but rarely and mostly by accident, he had ever kept his place in my heart. At school and college our friendship had been a by-word; and then we parted—he to a fair estate and a rent-roll carefully nourished by a thrifty guardian, and I—well, that concerns no one who may read these pages. For a year or two after taking his degree, though loving quiet and of rather studious temper, he had moved about London, a welcome guest everywhere, with his handsome face and winning manners, set off by the lavish gilding of Fortune. All men spoke well of him; fair women smiled on him; and mothers, with daughters waiting in the marriage market-place, upheld him for the fine flower of his age.

Then he married, suddenly, and London knew him no more. Whom he had married I never knew; no one, I think, precisely knew. Though I saw and heard little of the babbling world, yet stray notes of gossip would float sometimes up to my dim garret, and as I was known to have been once Graham's friend, all that was to

be said against his wife of course I heard. It was confused stuff. She was a foreigner, of doubtful birth, and an environment not at all doubtful. She had been an actress, or a singer—at any rate had learned to earn her living by such, or, it was even hinted—especially, of course, by the women who had once so loudly sung her husband's praises—by still less convenient practises. One thing, at least, was certain: Victor Graham had behaved shamefully.

Soon after his marriage he had gone abroad, and his visits to England had been rare and short, and always, so far as I knew, made without his wife. Occasionally we had encountered in the street; once or twice he had climbed my toilsome stairs, and vaguely, though always kindly, expressed a hope that we should see more of each other when he had settled again at home. But of the third party to this arrangement he had never spoken more than once or twice, and always as "my wife." Of her very name even I was ignorant. Naturally I did not court a confidence my friend withheld; and besides, to tell the truth, I had so little curiosity in the matter. I was very fond of him, though years and absence had of course somewhat dimmed the bloom of our early friendship; I was quite prepared to like his wife, when the day came, if it ever came, for me to know her; but for that day I was content to wait with a perfectly equal mind. And now, it seemed, the day was at hand. Who, or what she was, mattered nothing to me, or what she had done. As long as she made her husband happy, and her husband's friends welcome—and from what I knew of Graham I felt sure this last at least would be so—really I cared not how black the catalogue of her crimes might be. So with a sense of rest and cheerfulness, which for many a long night had been a stranger to me, I betook me to my bed, and slept.

II.

My friend was waiting for me at the station. I found a greater change in him than the years only should have brought. He had been, I have said, singularly handsome in his youth. His beauty was not gone; but something was there that should not have been. The finger of Fate seemed to have touched the white smooth forehead before its time: in the frank blue eyes there was a shade of weariness, and in the voice a note of sadness that had no business there in one so young, so blessed with what we all agree to call good gifts. Still, he seemed unfeignedly glad to see me; and as we drove over the few miles which lay between the station and his home we came nearer to our old friendship than I had ever thought to come again.

His wife was a beautiful woman—no doubt of that. A daughter of the gods, but divinely dark. She welcomed her husband's friend most charmingly, in perfect English, touched with an accent that to my unpractised ear conveyed no particular nationality. By her look she might have been either Italian or Spanish; it was, at any rate, certain that she was of no northern blood. Her husband called her Laure, and they seemed supremely happy with each other.

The house was a rambling old place; a medley of all styles, altered and added at the whims of many a generation of Grahams. To such a purist as Lord Grimthorpe it would have been an eyesore and a profanity, no doubt; but to me it was simply delightful. There was a noble hall, in which we sometimes sat after dinner, smoking, for Mrs. Graham was generosity itself in the matter of tobacco; an infinity of passages leading to nothing; a glorious panelled dining-room; tapestry, stained glass, old oak, old armour, old pictures, old books; and, withal, all modern comforts necessary to nineteenth-century salvation. The grounds were all one would have expected with such a house: the gardens large and

kept in rare order, without any suspicion of primness, and there was a kitchen-garden which, besides the things convenient to such places, boasted an old brick wall that was in itself a crown of glory—are there many things more good and comforting to the eye than a brick wall lovingly handled by time? And beyond the gardens stretched a noble park, wherein the waters of a winding lake danced silver-bright in the sunshine, or slept amber-coloured beneath the shade of immemorial trees. Whatever had been the reasons which may have led my friend to forswear the violent delights of life in London, when I saw the home fortune had given him, I had no doubt he had chosen the better part. And for me, such a refuge was as a dream of some impossible Paradise. After the ceaseless struggle for existence in my lonely chambers, this easy, careless, luxurious life was inexpressibly grateful. The return would be doubly bitter, no doubt; but for the present, the present was enough.

And so the happy days passed, lazily, noiselessly, as though the great roaring tide of human affairs were rolling in another planet. The Grahams were little troubled with neighbours. A small village, boasting the usual factors of rural society, the parson, and the doctor, slumbered peacefully at their gates; and between it and the great house all needful good fellowship existed. But of other society—that bugbear of country life—there was happily a plentiful lack. In the lands that marched with Graham's stood a mighty pile of stone, the seat of some great lord. But it stood empty, save for a week or two in the shooting-season, while the owner scattered with both hands a fortune laboriously built up by his trading sires. The few squires about had left their cards, and the ceremony had been duly returned. But there the intercourse had ceased. "We are all excellent friends," said Graham, "when we meet, but somehow we do not meet very often; perhaps that is

what keeps up our friendship. Laure and I are at one in our dislike to leaving home, and except the parson and his wife—who are both good fellows—you are the first guest we have seen. She does not seem bored; and I, as you know, never did care much for general company." The parson and his wife were now away, making holiday somewhere, so there was nobody and nothing to interrupt the most even tenor of our existence. The days were passed in reading, sauntering, boating on the lake, and sketching, in which Graham was a great proficient, and I an enthusiastic, though not gifted, amateur; the evenings in talk and music, Mrs. Graham both playing and singing divinely, as became her. A dull time, I dare say, most people would have called it; to me it was as the renewal of existence. Children, I should add, there were none.

I have said my friend and his wife were supremely happy with each other. Very fond of each other they certainly were, but happy was perhaps not quite the right word, if it must signify any sense of gaiety or cheerfulness. Cheerful or gay, in the common meaning of the terms, they were not. About Mrs. Graham, as about her husband, there was an air of melancholy, though with her it seemed rather a natural part of her temperament. It was not unpleasant, certainly not depressing; at least, I found it not so. Perhaps it suited with my mood. As we leave our youth farther and farther behind us, advancing into that debateable land which melts into the middle age, we rarely, I think, carry with us our fondness for the more active forms of gaiety. It is not well, perhaps, to say, with the wise man, sorrow is better than laughter; and verily not always by the sadness of the countenance is the heart made better. Nor have I any patience with those who, like Master Stephen, procure stools to be melancholy upon; the poetic luxury of woe has always seemed to me a very bastard sort of enjoyment. But as the golden morning of youth grows dim, as the en-

chantments of the dawn fade into the hard light of noon, there comes, I think, on most of us a tender feeling, a seriousness rather than a sadness, which is neither unpleasing nor inconvenient. And so the quiet sober atmosphere of my present life seemed to me precisely that I had always longed for. And it matched, too, with the lovely autumn days, with the golden woodlands, smiling somewhat sadly in the soft September sunlight; the misty mornings, the crimson evenings, the crisp touch of frost that came up with the darkness—all the rich heritage of an English autumn. Our summer had gone; our autumn was upon us; it was well to think of the winter.

But we were very far from sad; our hearts were not in the house of mourning. Graham had read much, and travelled much; many lands and cities of men he had seen, and could talk well of them, and of other things. And she bore her part in the conversation, for she had clearly been her husband's companion in many of his studies as in his travels; her tastes had either become moulded to his, or were in natural sympathy with them; while I provided just that occasional spice of disagreement which was needed to keep the symposium alive. And, when the talk had run its course, she would turn to her piano, and charm us into new channels of thought with strains of music and snatches of song, tender and triumphant, strange and sweet and sad, such as I felt ready to swear never came from one who had learned the mystery of music for bread. But always between her husband and me there was silence about her past. About their married life, which had been spent, it seemed, almost wholly in travel, he spoke unreservedly; but about her, save as the companion, the loved companion, of his travels, he never spoke.

And so we passed the days, as happy in our own way as three human beings could be. Once or twice I had murmured something about London;

but they would not hear of it. And when once Graham asked me outright, in his wife's presence, if it was necessary for my work that I should go back to my garret and my lonely life, I could not but say it was not. So I stayed on, with no thought of the future.

III.

SEPTEMBER had passed into October; the sweet Indian summer that England sometimes knows was upon us. We had passed a glorious day in the open air, roaming since a late breakfast about the park and the woods, Graham and I on foot, and Mrs. Graham on a strange, unkempt little pony they had brought home with them from some foreign mountain-land, as active as a cat and quiet as a sheep. We had lunched at a keeper's house far away on the skirts of an outlying wood, and had returned through the evening shadows to a very late dinner. Beautiful as the day had been, we had all three been a little silent and depressed, I think, as we made our way home through the dim paths, now thickly strewn with ruined leaves, and along the border of the quiet lake, up through a noble avenue of limes to the house. But dinner had somewhat renewed us; and after dinner we, the two men, walked up and down the terrace that ran past the windows of the drawing-room and library, continuing over our cigars a vivacious argument on some book—I forget what—that had been started during the meal. As we walked and talked Mrs. Graham played, and ever and again her voice came floating out on the stillness of the night in fitful company to her music. A favourite piece of hers had always been those lovely lines of Hood's, beginning—

"Farewell Life, my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim."

She had set them to some strange music of her own, and never had I heard, and never have heard since, anything so ineffably sad as the effect of the first stanza; then she would

strike a different note, and the strain would rise in gradual cheerfulness till it culminated in a burst of triumph with the closing lines—

“O’er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould !”

That night she sang the first stanza, with a deeper, a more intolerable sadness than I had ever heard her throw into the words before—

“Farewell Life ! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim :
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill ;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose !”

And as she sang the silver mists came creeping up from the lake, spreading and wreathing themselves over the landscape in all manner of strange and ghostly shapes. Then she stopped.

“Go on, Laure,” said her husband ; we had stayed our walk at the window to listen. “Go on ; the vapours are stealing up ; we want the gayer strain to drive them back.”

But she rose and shut the piano. “No,” she said, coming to the window, “no gayer strain. I am not in the mood for it. I cannot smell the rose above the mould to-night.”

Yet as she came into the moonlight she was smiling, and her voice, though gentle and low, as always, had no unusual note of sadness in it as she bade us good-night.

“Are you sleepy ?” said Graham, after we had come in, and the butler had set the usual array of bottles and glasses in the smoking-room. That butler, by the way, was the only feature in our life I did not like ; a cold, sullen, uneasy fellow, though certainly a most admirable servant. Before leaving the room he had asked his master if he could speak to him for a minute ; but Graham, usually most gentle and considerate to his servants, had answered, a little sharply for him, that the morning would be time enough for business. So the man

left the room, with a curious dogged look on his face which did not improve its habitual expression.

“Are you sleepy ?” asked Graham, preparing to light a fresh cigar.

No, I was in no humour for sleep, I said.

“I am glad of that,” he answered ; “for, to tell you the truth, I have been sleeping so badly of late—which is not at all a common trick of mine—that I quite dread the idea of saying good-night. For the last week I have had a bed made up in my dressing-room, so as not to disturb Laure, who always sleeps, happy woman, like a child. But, with your help, I think we should manage to exorcise the fiend to-night.”

So we lit our cigars, and smoked and talked far on into the small hours ; till at last Graham rose and said, “Well, thanks to your good-nature and my selfishness, I think I shall manage to wear through the rest of the night pretty well.”

“The dawn cannot be very far off,” said I, winding up my watch.

“Ah, well,” replied Graham, laughing, as he led the way out of the room, “we are not much troubled with early hours and morning gongs in this house. Any one who wished it might sleep till the first Monday after eternity, for all the wakening he would get here.”

But when I got to my room I found that I had taken part of my host’s burden on my own shoulders. I could not sleep. Accordingly I did what every wise man will do in such circumstances ; I lit a candle, and took up a book which I had carried up to my room a few nights previously. It was a volume of Shakespeare, containing one of my favourite plays, the play of ‘Antony and Cleopatra,’ and I settled myself in a tolerably equal mood to endure what after all was no very great hardship. But the devil was in it—I could not fix my mind upon the words. I read and re-read them, but my thoughts were straying far away from great Egypt and her high Roman lover, straying

to the dim wet woodland paths, and the two who had walked therein with me that day, to the creeping mists, and the haunting strain that had seemed to call them up from the bosom of the night. Angry with myself, I tossed the book down, and left my bed. No one slept near me; my room was at the end of a gallery devoted to guests, and guests there were none save this poor sleepless soul. The large window at the end of the gallery looked over the park towards the lake; my own windows faced towards the garden, above the terrace where Graham and I had stood listening to his wife's song. I opened my window, and leaned out; all was still; Nature was happier than I; she slept beneath her silvery coverlet. Then I stepped into the gallery, and looked out across the park, where the trees rose like shadowy islands out of some great haunted water, as though I were gazing from some—

"Magic casement opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

As I looked, a figure came noiselessly out from under the house and moved off like a phantom in the misty moonlight across the park towards the distant woods. In the strange mood I was then in, it seemed all natural enough; and I turned back into my room with no more thought for this midnight traveller than if I had seen a policeman pacing the empty moonlit streets of London. A midnight traveller—nay, if he had any way to go, the day would find him on his journey, for already the eastern sky was lightening, and that mysterious stir which heralds the dawn was in the air. The night-breeze had cooled my blood, and settled my brain; and it was with an assurance that this time I should not court sleep in vain that I laid my head once more on my pillow.

The sun was high when I was awaked by a hand upon my shoulder. One of the footmen, with a white, scared face, stood by my bedside.

No. 317—VOL. LIII.

"Oh, sir! Get up," he cried. "My mistress, my poor mistress!"

"Your mistress," said I, leaping to my feet, "what, in Heaven's name, is the matter with her?"

"Dead, sir, dead—murdered in her sleep! But come quick, sir, quick; come to my master."

Slipping on some clothes I followed the man down the gallery to the other wing, where Graham and his wife slept. Did the servants know? I asked, as we hurried along. Yes, was the answer. Her maid had found her about half-past nine lying dead; stabbed to the heart as she slept. One of the grooms had gone for the doctor—who had unfortunately left his house very early, and would not be back till late—though all the doctors in the world could do nothing for her now. And Mr. Graham? I asked. He was with her. Where was Roberts? Roberts was the butler. The man stopped suddenly, and, without looking at me, said, "Roberts has gone, sir." "Gone!" "Yes, sir; left the house, some time in the night it must have been. None of us saw him after he took the tray into the smoking-room about eleven, as you know. He never went to bed at all; but he has taken nothing with him, and he wasn't seen to pass through any of the lodge gates."

I thought of the figure I had seen in the moonlight, but of course said nothing to my companion. At the foot of the little flight of steps leading up to the group of rooms occupied by the Grahams the man stopped again. "He is in there, sir," he said, pointing to the half-open door of what had been Mrs. Graham's sitting-room. It led through her dressing-room into the bed-room beyond. Graham's dressing-room, where he had slept, lay to the right, and beyond, another small room, which he often used as a study in the early morning. A door led from his dressing-room into his wife's sitting-room, and one opened from her bed-room on to a small landing leading down to the servants' quarters; so

B B

that the former could be reached without passing through the sitting-room. I pushed open the door of the latter and advanced into the room. A voice from the bed-room called my name, and I went in. Graham was sitting by the bed; as I entered he looked up at me, and said, in a quiet voice, "She is quite dead, George." And there she lay, smiling with a happier expression than her face had often worn in life. Her glorious black hair streamed over the pillow, but the light in the glorious black eyes was quenched for ever.

"They did their cruel work well," he said. "Thank God, she can have known nothing and felt nothing. She always slept so sound."

And as he spoke he turned back the night-dress. There, just over the heart, was a small wound, from which one single drop of blood had welled out on to the white skin.

"This is what they did it with," he went on, holding up a small dagger, sharp and strong enough to need no second blow. It was some costly foreign toy that I had often noticed lying about on the tables, or between the leaves of a book.

"I gave it to her in Genoa," he said, "soon after our marriage. A cursed gift: I feel as though my own hand had had a share in the cruelty."

All this time he was very quiet and composed; his voice never faltered, and he re-arranged the dress with unshaking hand. But such a look as his I never saw on human face before, and most fervently I pray never to see again. It was not only sorrow for her; with the sorrow was a haunting sense of horror and fear for the future, indescribable and awful.

I may make a quick end of this part of my story. There is no need to dwell over the painful time which followed—the doctor's fruitless visit, the inevitable inquest, the funeral, and so forth. It will be enough to say that the verdict was an open one. I told, of course, what I had seen; but

there was ample proof to clear Roberts—for he it was—from all suspicion. It seemed that he had been betting for some time past, and had got into trouble with some of the ministers to his folly. When he had asked over night to speak to his master he intended, no doubt, to make confession; but, as this chance was denied him, he determined to leave the house and get out of the reach of his persecutors. He went straight from us to the cottage of one of the stablemen, who had been concerned with him in his speculations; and there he had stayed, talking over his troubles, till I had seen him making his way across the park. He had told the man his intentions and where he was going, and had asked for his clothes and other possessions to be sent after him. This story was proved true. He had given the right address, and it was found also that he had left his stewardship in fair order behind him. Whatever else he may have been, the fellow was no thief; and so he passes out of our story. Clue to the murder there was absolutely none. No robbery had been committed; there were no signs to show how or when the murderer had got into or left the house; that, however, was not surprising, for a door leading into the garden through a conservatory at the end of the billiard-room had been always left unlocked, that Graham, whose habits had been ever somewhat vagrant, might leave the house at any hour without disturbing the sleepers. Robberies were unknown in that happy valley, and during the summer months the house stood generally open night and day. The country police looked wisely and talked mysteriously; a famed detective came down from London, but, unlike his brethren of fiction, very soon owned frankly that he was completely puzzled. It was clear that unless some special revelation were vouchsafed, or Ate herself intervened, the wits of man were powerless. The murder of this poor lady was to be one of those many grim secrets shrouded for ever from

human eyes on the knees of the silent gods.

For some few days after the funeral I stayed on at the house by my friend's particular request; then he told me that he felt he should be better alone, and, indeed, it had now become necessary for me to return to London. Before I left, he promised that I should see him, or hear from him, when he had decided on his future course of action. A week after my return a letter came from him. He could not see me, he said, but he wrote to tell me his plans. The house was to be shut up, and he was going abroad; he was not certain yet where he should go, or for how long he should be away; much would depend on circumstances at present in the air. But I should certainly hear from him before long. He was taking, he said, the dagger with him; and this was the only allusion he made to his wife's death. It had, I thought, a strange suggestiveness about it.

IV.

Two years had gone; it was autumn; and again I sat alone in my garret, on much the same evening and in much the same mood as when I had been bidden on that fatal visit. During the first year of his absence I had heard from Graham three times; from Genoa he had written, from Naples, and from Venice. His letters had been short and unsatisfactory, had told me little of himself, and still expressed no definite plans for the future. Then they had stopped; but I had heard of him occasionally from men who had come across him, or on his track, in various cities. In Spain and Algiers he had been seen; then he had set his face eastward, had been heard of in Bucharest and in Constantinople, and had been last seen in Cairo. What I heard filled me with grave fears and sorrow for my friend. It was said that Victor Graham, the most refined, cleanly and temperate of men, had taken to evil ways. He was drinking hard, they said, and gambling, consorting with the worst com-

pany of both sexes. One or two of those from whom this ill report came were men not prone to exaggerate or to speak uncharitably of their neighbour; so that I could hardly doubt that, even allowing for the inevitable properties of rumour, the shock of his wife's terrible death had driven Graham, for the time at any rate, off his balance. It was very sad.

As I sat there, alone, in the dusk, brooding over that strange death and all the pity that had come of it—for that very morning I had met one of those who had caught a glimpse of Graham in his wild life—once more, as on that past autumn evening, there came a footstep up my stairs and the knocker sounded on my outer door. I rose, and opened it, Graham himself stood before me.

Victor Graham; but ah, how changed! All the beauty had gone from his face; the blue eyes were dim and hollow; the smooth white skin was wrinkled and discoloured; the fair soft hair was thin and grey; his very stature seemed shrunken. He looked an old man, and—God help him!—an evil one. But he was my friend still.

"Victor!" I said, stretching out both hands to him, "I am glad to see you at last."

He took my hands, and held them hard; but he did not look at me, and he did not speak. He moistened his thin white lips feverishly, and his face worked; but he did not speak.

I led the way into my sitting-room, and wheeled a chair to the fire. He dropped into it, like one utterly wearied and broken down, and covered his face with his hands. At length he raised his head, and spoke hoarsely, coughing terribly as he finished his sentence.

"Give me something to drink, George," he said; "I have been very ill."

I mixed some weak brandy and water, which seemed to put a little life into him. Poor fellow! he *was* very ill.

"Can you put me up for the night,

George!" he went on. "Anywhere; that sofa will do. I have much to say to you. I landed this morning early, and have been busy all day with my lawyer, and other people; and I am desperately tired. But I must talk to you, if you can spare your evening to me."

"All my time is yours, dear Victor: and of course you can stay here, to-night and as many nights as you please; my quarters are not splendid, as you know; but there is always room for a friend."

He thanked me, and then, for a time, there was silence again between us. At last he began:—

"I wrote to you first from Genoa. When I left England I went there straight. I could not say why; I had no certain plan of any kind in my head; but that cursed dagger, which I carried always with me, day and night, somehow seemed to point to Genoa. The first week or two after I got there was an awful time. I never left my lodgings—they were the same she and I had used before—till nightfall, and then would wander about the city till day broke, not to sleep—very little sleep have I known these last two years—but to rest my tired limbs, and try to still my aching heart. I had taken no servant with me, and am glad I did not; and save to answer the people in the house when they asked for orders I never spoke to a human being. Then I met some friends—men, at least, I had met before, there and elsewhere. No friends, indeed! One of them you used to know at college—Burton, the man they called the Anatomy—as infernal a scoundrel as ever went. There was quite a colony of them in Genoa, for whom the air of England was not, I imagine, very good. They lived together, they and their women folk, and a precious crew they were. Well, I got among this lot—"

Then he paused, and, still looking into the fire, said: "You have not heard from me, George, for more than a year; have you heard anything of me?"

I answered that I had.

"And nothing very good, eh?"

I shook my head.

"It was all true enough. I soon grew as big a blackguard as the rest of my—friends. I was never a rogue, as they all were; I had no need to be that. I was rich, and, terribly as I have thrown money about these last eighteen months, I am a pretty rich man still. It was the money that commended me, of course, for, Heaven knows, I was no boon companion to them. While I shared in their pursuits and—bah! their pleasures—I never tried to hide my loathing for it all, and for them. We were very near quarrelling more than once, but a grateful remembrance of my moneybags always came in time to calm them; and so we lived on, I a privileged death's head at their evil feasts, and they my obsequious satellites. You mustn't think this shameful life gave me any pleasure, George, but it helped me to forget, and I was so miserable then, and so desperate, that memory meant either madness or death. I must tell you, too, that this sort of life was not so utterly unknown to me as you and my friends would suppose. Something of it I had seen before, though of nothing quite so bad as this; and moreover, though I had been among such creatures, I had never been of them. You have always known me as a quiet, rather shy, studious sort of fellow; and so I am, but by will rather than temperament. I have a touch of the Berserk in me, as my father had before me—you never heard of him; he died when I was quite young. I knew this, and have always fought against it. But it was near breaking out twice, though I never let it quite get the better of me, and none of my friends ever knew of it. Once was in Paris, and once again in London. The second time I was saved by my wife.

"I have never told you anything about her, George; I never spoke to any of my friends about her. God knows she was as pure as our mothers, but she came of an evil stock. When I met

her she was living with her brother, whose acquaintance I had made in Paris and elsewhere, but never in good company. He looked, I suppose, to use her as a decoy—you know how beautiful she was—and I, no doubt, was to be her first prey. So I was, but not in the way her brother fancied. I married her, and took her away for ever from that infernal crew. Perhaps I saved her; she had saved me had she lived. Four years we were together; what happy years they must have been, you alone of all my friends could judge. Never once did I wish to be away from her, or live otherwise than as you saw us living. But it was not to be. She died—you know how she died; and what remains of me you can see.

"Here, I may as well say that I heard two or three times from Whitman, the detective; but he only wrote to say he had nothing to say. He had kept Roberts in touch, but had very soon satisfied himself that the man was as innocent as you are. I had let him make inquiries among the servants in a quiet way; but I had earnestly prayed him to do or say nothing to frighten or hurt them. I was so certain from the first no servant of ours had ever raised a hand against her. How could they? They all loved her: everybody who knew her loved her. I am sure that even the man who struck the blow could have borne her no ill-will.

"Well, to go on; I led this life some three or four months, the worst, as I really felt myself, of all the vile lot. At last I broke from it. I had been out at sea for a few days in a little yacht I had hired, and the quiet of the sea and sky, the pure breeze, the open sunlight, and the night with her high solemn stars, had all filled me with ineffable disgust and shame. I could bear it no more. I returned; made certain hasty preparations—any leaving-taking I thought a quite unnecessary ceremony; and within four-and-twenty hours had turned my back on Genoa.

"I did not go alone. Poor soul!

she was not all bad; and in her way I think she honestly liked me, and was sorry for me. She was a gentlewoman by birth and education—I never knew, nor cared to know, how she had come to this—and was able to be a real companion to me, when my mood would suffer her. But this was not often, and we parted soon. I was never unkind to her; but such a man as I, carrying such a burden, could not but have been intolerable to a woman to whom it was necessary as air and food that she should be never sick nor sorry—should never think. Intolerable, she frankly, and not unkindly, told me at last I was. I frightened her, she said, and made her think too much; we were best apart. She was right, and we said good-bye. I was able, I hope, to be of some real service to her; but I have never heard from her or of her since.

"It was in Spain that we parted, in Seville, and I made my way alone south, and crossed over into Africa. And there the charm of that wonderful Eastern life got hold of me, and for a time I knew quiet and something that, compared with what I had so lately known, was almost happiness. But the charm soon faded; the devils returned and drove me forth again, maddening, like Io, over Europe. You tell me that you had news of me from time to time, and I myself supposed it would be so; for more than once I came across men you knew, and spoke to them, when I could not help it, and felt that they would tell you what they had seen and heard. But I had never the heart to send any word of my own to you. I need not weary you with any details of my wanderings. They would be most monotonously unprofitable. I never quite sank so low again as I had sunk in Genoa, for I mixed but little with my own kind. But it was all bad enough. Let us get on to the last scene of this wretched tragedy.

"It opens in Egypt. I had been a week in Alexandria, quite alone, and never stirring out till it was dark. There were many Englishmen in the

place, whom I had known, and who, as once or twice I passed them in the crowd, stared inquisitively at me, as at one they thought they should know—though I was changed enough, as you can see, from the Victor Graham they remembered. Well, one night I went out; it was stiflingly hot, and that evil-smelling city smelled more evilly than ever. I walked through the narrow muddy streets, meeting no living being but the occasional patrol—those Alexandrian streets are no pleasant places for a solitary European to wander in, after nightfall, but I cared, as you may fancy, little for that. I went down towards the harbour, and at last stopped before a low long building which I had seen often before, but never entered. It bore no good name, as the favourite drinking-haunt of the sailors who swarm in Alexandria, a motley crowd gathered from all parts of the civilised and uncivilised globe—of the latter mostly, one might fancy. I pushed open the door, and went in. It was a long room, wrapped in tobacco-smoke, and noisy with a Babel of every tongue under the sun. Small round tables were scattered about the dirty wooden floor, and at these sat a strange crew, drinking, playing dominoes, smoking, chattering, singing, swearing, laughing, quarrelling. Englishmen there were, Frenchmen, Italians, Greeks, Maltese, Levantines, Negroes, Arabs, Turks—it would be hard to say what race of man was unrepresented in that strange scene. The noise was deafening, the atmosphere appalling. But I made my way through it all to a long bar crowded with flagons and glasses, which traversed the room at its upper end.

“Behind the bar stood a girl, who looked indeed a sunbeam in that shady place. If she was not all English, you could swear at a glance she had English blood in her veins. Very pleasant she was to look at, and very pleasantly she greeted me: how grateful it was to hear one’s own language again! She talked as one would never have expected to hear a girl talk in such a place; but in the middle of her

conversation with me, which was innocence itself, she turned to a little knot of quarrelsome fellows standing near, and rated them in a polyglot jargon, adapted to the nationality of each of the group, and in a style that made even my blunted ears tingle; the next moment, however, she was smiling in my face, as frank and gentle as ever.

“A strange girl! She told me something of herself. Her father was an English sailor, a bit of a smuggler, and possibly something of a pirate. Her mother she never knew. Ruffian as her father was, he had been kind to her, and done the best for her he could after his lights. She had come with him to Alexandria about a year ago, and shortly after their arrival he had died. Then, through the interest of some sailors who had known him, she got her present situation, where she was well paid, she said, and pretty well treated. She was a great attraction, especially to the English sailors, who made a great pet of her; so that it was her master’s interest to deal fairly with her, and scoundrels as those Levantines are, they are not the men to mar their own interests. She had been in her time, poor thing, what we call ‘no better than she should be’—she was, I suppose, then about two-and-twenty: but I am sure she never could have been a bad girl.

“Well, I went to the place several times, and at last I persuaded her to leave it with me. She had been attracted to me from the first as an Englishman, and I was more courteous, probably, and gentler to her than the other men she saw; that will be quite sufficient reason to explain her consent. I got her master’s consent too, of course, which was a mere matter of money; and within a week we were at Cairo, making preparations for the Nile.

“Had that voyage been less awful in its results than it was, I should never forget it. It was burning hot in the day, of course; but the wind blew always from the north, as it does at that time of the year—it was June

when we started; and as the sun set all nature seemed to revive. Through the day we lay beneath the awning of our boat, I sometimes reading to her while she worked, or she reading to me as I sketched. And ever farther and farther we floated away from the great noisy cruel world, on into the everlasting mysteries of those solemn sands. Sometimes we would land and pass a week or more beneath our tents, in the shadow of some mighty group of immemorial ruins, or in a grove of high-branched palms. I think the girl was happy, and I at least was at rest. The soul of the brooding East passed into mine, the silence of the desert cooled my fevered blood, and I was at rest at last—for a time!

"One evening, after a week among the palms and temples of beautiful Philæ, we had gone on board again at dusk, though, according to custom, we were not to start till dawn. For the last few days my old plague of sleeplessness had returned, though since leaving Cairo I had been most happily free from it, and I had gone back to a practice I had never used since that fatal time at home. I told you, George, on that night, that I had not been sleeping well; but I did not tell you, nor anybody, that I had been taking a draught to drive the demon away. The last three nights on Philæ I had done the same; but though I had managed to get some sleep, it was a restless, broken, unrefreshing thing. The girl was very tired when we went on board, and almost immediately went down to her cabin. But I stayed on deck, smoking and musing, till close on midnight; then, feeling as though I might sleep, I went to mine, and slipping off some of my clothes—we were not cumbered with many garments in that climate—I lay down. That night I did not take my usual draught, but I was soon asleep.

"Great God! George, what a waking! I was roused by a shriek ringing loud and shrill in my ear, and a hand grasping my wrist. The girl was sitting up in her berth, with a look of horror in her eyes—her eyes that were

turned on me, who stood over her with one hand raised, the hand held in her grasp, and in that hand the dagger stained with my wife's blood! Fortunately I had the sense to slip the dagger in my vest, and turn to the deck to meet the watch and such of the crew as had been waked by the noise with the assurance that Madam had been disturbed by a bad dream, but that all was well again.

"Poor girl! she was sadly startled and frightened, of course; but she saw that I had been really asleep, and it was easier work to pacify her than I could have hoped. Hers was a gentle trusting nature for all her hard life; and she had more affection for me than I deserved.

"But *my feelings*, George! can you conceive them? Can you not guess how the cloud rolled away from the past, and the mystery of that awful night was a mystery no more? For the first of many nights I took no sleeping draught, after we had parted then; for the first of many nights I had not taken one that August night upon the Nile. You remember my words over her dead body? *I feel as though my own hand had had a share in the cruelty.*"

He rose, and paced the room for a time in silence; then he came back to the fire, and stood looking down into its light—the only light there was. Presently he spoke again.

"I need not go over the voyage back. Of course I took every care to guard against any further mischance; sleeping—or resting rather, it could hardly have been called sleep—by day, and keeping watch with my men at night. We came home as quickly as we could, and I left my companion at Brindisi, in the charge of some old seafaring friends of her father's—good kindly souls, better than one would have thought to find among the friends of such an one as her father—who promised to do well by her. Of course I left them ample means to keep their promise, and part of my business with the lawyer to-day was on her account. Poor thing! I think

at least I have done now what I could to let her suffer no more hurt from her affection for me. Then I came straight home, and to you. George, you can guess what my thoughts have been busy on for every mile of the long road back to England. What should I do? If any one were in trouble now for this dreadful thing—if there were any suspicion abroad—my course would be plain enough. But as it is, I know not what to think. Will you help me, George?"

What could I say? Right or wrong I had but one thing to say, and I said it. No living man but he and I knew his terrible secret; let it be kept a secret still. What was to be gained, who would be profited, by his going before the world to tell his pitiful tale? Justice would not be served; there was no wrong now to be repaired. I felt that the gentle soul of his dead wife would counsel him as I did.

He heard me to the end, and then thanked me very quietly and kindly. Then he said he would sleep. "I am so deadly tired," he said, smiling very sadly, "that I think even I shall sleep to-night."

I had a small, spare room—little more than a closet—but there was a bed in it. There I took him, and telling him I would take care no servant disturbed him in the morning, I left him. But I was in no mood for sleep myself. Hour after hour I lay awake thinking over the strange sad story I had heard. Twice I rose, and went softly into Victor's room. He lay in a heavy sleep, the dreamless sleep of sheer exhaustion. His face was turned to the open window: in the moonlight it was more like the face I had known in happier times; but as I looked on it I felt that, save as a memory, it was a face I should know but a short while longer. At last I, too, slept, as the dawn was whitening the east, and the sparrows twittering in the Temple gardens.

When I woke it was past ten o'clock, and Victor was gone. The

old woman who ministered to my few wants was making ready my breakfast. "The gentleman left a note for you, sir, but wouldn't have me wake you," she said. "It had just gone eight when he came out of his room. What a handsome gentleman he must have been—but lord, sir, how deadly ill he looked!"

The note said that he did not feel equal to seeing me again just yet, after last night. He should go home, and think over what I had said. I should hear from him again very soon.

I did not hear from him for a fortnight. Then he wrote to say he was sure I had counselled well, and he had determined to let me be the sole sharer of his secret. He was not well, he added—the old trouble, sleeplessness, and a bad cough. Little Doctor Wilson—did I remember him? he had asked after me—was very kind, but looked very grave, and shook his head even more than usual. But the quiet life and country air he himself thought would do him good; and it was so welcome to be at home again, for all the bitter memories the old familiar sights recalled. Would I come and see him there? "You have always been a good friend to me, George—a much better one than ever I have been to you; but you will never prove your friendship more than by consenting to share my solitude. I am afraid it is selfish of me to ask you; but there is none but you in the world I could ask, and I do so long for some one. I have been rather worse for the last day or two; but when I am better again I will write."

He never wrote, and I never saw my friend again. Within a week Victor Graham was sleeping sound enough—"the morningless and unawakening sleep:" and all that was left for me was to help to lay him in the little churchyard beside the wife he had loved so well. Short had been their married life, awful their parting; but they were together now to part no more.

A CENTURY OF BOOKS.

Most people have, at some unhappy moment, been compelled to play at intellectual games. As the sufferers know, intellectual games are played (they call it *play*) with pieces of paper and pencils. You are obliged to write lines to a series of idiotic rhymes, or to do things even more difficult than this. Sometimes the cruel task is to state, in writing, your likes and dislikes—a sport familiar, as M. Daudet tells us, to the natives of Tarascon. The likes of the great Tartarin are familiar to all; he preferred, among heroes, William Tell, among trees the baobab-tree, and his beloved author was Fenimore Cooper,—and a very good choice too!

For weeks and months the enterprising editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' has been making people of notoriety play this game with him. I don't know whether the public have been amused more than by other intellectual games. Some of the confessions extorted by the literary editor are comic enough. Many of his playmates know nearly as much about books as Hottentots do about the spot stroke. Many of the best literary judges in England seem either to have been omitted from this round game, or to have churlishly declined to play. However, the actual struggles of the victims are not without amusement to the observer who has time to be amused.

Sir John Lubbock started the game by a lecture delivered at the Working Men's College. Sir John, talking of books, announced a craving for a list of the hundred best books, excluding contemporary authors. Why a hundred? Why not eleven, or twenty-two, or thirty-one, or forty save one, like the stripes in the Jewish law? No one knows, nor is the answer of the

faintest importance. At games one must start with something arbitrary, and Persian and Chinese skittles offer far more pins to the striker than the humble and limited skittles which, with beer, make an English holiday. Again, does a book mean a book, or all the works of an author, or a selection from these? And for whom is the ideal list to be constructed? For an intelligent working man, only acquainted with his own language, or for an intellectual young lady, or for a guardsman, or a philosopher, or a gamekeeper, or an inspector of factories, or a stockbroker, or a barrister? Barristers, and stockbrokers, and married ladies, and reviewers, do not, as a rule, read at all; and I have only known one omnibus conductor who studied Plato, in the Master of Balliol's translation. On the other hand, judges read a good deal (mainly novels); and prime ministers are students (Prince Bismarck likes Gaboriau, Mr. Gladstone is fond of Homer and the 'Speaker's Commentary'); while intellectual girls and intelligent working men are believed to love to have "a course of reading chalked out for them," as the saying goes. For whom, then, is the ideal list of a hundred books to be compiled? Probably for the amateurs who feel they need direction; that is, for well-meaning persons, entirely devoid of the literary temperament, but, in compensation, abundantly supplied with a conscientious sense of "what they owe to their own culture."

If a man, or woman, is reading for a definite purpose, then you can give them directions. Let us say that a working man wants to understand the history of England, and how we all got into our present discreditable muddle. You may recommend him

Mr. Green's 'Short History' to be taken, as much as possible, "at a gulp," as Mr. Browning's Spanish monk, "swigged his orange-water." Then, if he is very patient and toilsome, this working man may work through Professor Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' and take the various good histories of special periods in succession—Mr. Froude's, Mr. Gardiner's, Macaulay's, Lord Stanhope's, and so forth, throwing in Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' and perhaps finishing with Mr. McCarthy's 'History of Our Own Time,' which I have not read, but (like Colonel Newcome in the case of Mill's 'History of India'), hear well spoken of for erudition. Next the scholar may sit down to the Bishop of Chester's 'Constitutional History,' and by the time he has added *that* to the conquests of his culture, he will be as old as Cato when Cato began to learn Greek. He may then devote his remaining span to the Latin tongue, and read the 'De Scaccario' for himself in the original. He will know quite enough about English history, and will be able to tell his grandchildren, perhaps, all about the English Commune, and the relapse of the island into savagery, which, by the way, can be studied in Mr. Richard Jefferies's 'After London.'

There is a brief but sufficient "course" chalked out for a man who reads for a given purpose. For any other given purpose, whether it be to learn all that is known about metaphysics, political economy, the nearest fixed star, the origin of religion, or what not, courses may be deftly chalked. But if a reader vaguely wishes to "improve his mind," how can any list be made? The thing is absurd, unless you know what little there is to be known about the intellect in question; and the purpose, as Mr. James Payn sensibly says, is priggish. Of all feeble folk the feeblest are those who meander about asking to be educated. They tell one that they are "trying to educate themselves into liking Turner," and you find them,

blinking and bemused, among his water-colours at Burlington House. All this is vanity. One is born with a soul, or a system, capable of knowing what is beautiful when one sees it, or one is not. In the former case, one revels in Turner as soon as one has a chance of seeing his work. In the latter case, one has no joy in him, and there should be an end of it.

To go about making believe very much to try to acquire taste, as Pascal would have us acquire faith, by pretending that we have it till we delude ourselves, is childish, and were it less impotent dullness, would be immoral. The same rule holds about Wagner, and Mr. Irving's acting (both equally unintelligible to me), and the Elgin marbles, and Tanagra terracottas, and Leonardo da Vinci's pictures. Some people are born incapable of enjoying these forms of art, as others are born with a natural aversion to politics, and to Archdeacon Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' and to M. Renan's attempts to be funny like Voltaire, and to M. Paul Bourget's 'Psychologie,' and to minced veal, and family dinner-parties, and Russian cigarettes.

These little likes and dislikes are affairs of natural taste and temperament, and I don't mean, for one, to educate myself into liking any of the things which are naturally obnoxious to me. If people would be as fair about literature they would be much more happy. They would not take up books infinitely too good for them, or yawn over cribs to Plato, or epitomes of the 'Mahabharata,' or Hume's 'History of England,' or Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' when what they really could be comfortable with is the 'Spectator,' or the 'Sporting Times,' or the 'Licensed Victuallers' Gazette,' or 'King Solomon's Mines.' I never read Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and I am not going to begin. I am not a pigeon fancier, and I do not care a pin whether I was created or evolved. The book is a masterpiece, but a masterpiece for others; "good absolute, not for me

though," says the Piper. Then why should I read it, and waste my time, even if a hundred 'Pall Mall' counsels thunder anathemas at me. But it is just as absurd to tell people *not* to read Darwin, as Mr. Ruskin does, as not to read Grote, if people like Grote. Either book might be the making of a man's mind, and the beginning of an honourable career in science, or politics (if a career in politics can be honourable), or in historical study. Mr. Ruskin, that fine practical humourist, denounces Darwin and Grote and Voltaire and Thackeray and Kingsley; he does not like them, he thinks they are not good for us, he thinks they do not tell him enough about the habits of the shrimp and other insects. But who made Mr. Ruskin a judge or a nursery governess over us? A great many well-meaning young people hang on his lips, and perhaps do not read Thackeray, and miss those beautiful examples of noble life which Thackeray shows us, and miss all that charitable philosophy of the humourist, and all the magic of his style, because Mr. Ruskin happens to be one of the people who are so constituted as to think the author of 'Esmond' a cynic. Nor is Kingsley good enough for this critical gentleman, so difficult to please. He blames the horror of 'Hypatia,' which Kingsley thought worth mentioning at a moment when monkery was rather fashionable in England. And he either forgets or dislikes 'Westward Ho,' with all its vigour, its pathos, its poetry. Gibbon, too, lacks "wit," and we remember that William Wordsworth thought Voltaire dull. He may not agree with Mr. Ruskin, just as coffee or tobacco or Bass's beer may be pernicious to Mr. Ruskin's constitution. But that is no reason why this great irresponsible humourist should bid the rest of us enter on a career of total abstinence from 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes.' As to Grote's 'History,' Mr. Ruskin's remarks would be provoking in a critic less obviously determined to be wildly

humorous. Mr. Grote's style was cumbrous and clumsy; with his dangerous Radical opinions I have no sympathy. But Mr. Grote had *sense*, and what a pleasure it is, after months of wandering among German and Anglo-German mares' nests, to return to his straightforward, simple sagacity. He had, moreover, immense and amazing knowledge of the facts preserved in the whole mass of Greek literature. But Mr. Ruskin holds that any head-clerk of a bank could write a better history than Mr. Grote's, *if* he had the vanity to waste his time on it.

As to Mr. Darwin, he is "barred," because it is "every man's business to know what he is;" as if Mr. Darwin—that modest, strenuous, honest, and gentle labourer in a field which, personally, one happens not to wish to enter—as if Mr. Darwin did not know what is in man, and could prevent others from knowing themselves. To object to him because he has a queer "tail" of followers does not become Mr. Ruskin, whose own "tail" would not much grace a march through Coventry.

To return to Sir John Lubbock's list and the origin of the game of the Hundred Best Books who are the people who should read Confucius? or the Koran? Is it necessary to intellectual salvation? Why not the 'Upanishads;' why not all the Brahmanas, whose names Lucy rattles off in 'Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie'? And Lewes's 'History of Philosophy!' Of all hopeless books, put together on a subject which the author was congenitally incapable of knowing anything about Lewes's 'History of Philosophy,' to my mind, is the most deplorable. Then the 'Ethics' of Aristotle—who is to read them, and is it to be in Chase's, or Williams's, or Peters's version? "With a great price"—namely, by many toilsome hours in company with Liddell and Scott, after many and many months of college lectures "bought I this freedom," namely, the possession of some shadowy notions as to what Aristotle is driving

at in the 'Ethics.' To that intelligent working man, or conscientious and highly-educated young lady, who proposes to begin the 'Ethics,' I venture to cry, "*Don't*. You will be dreadfully bored, and you are not at the historical point of view from which you can understand the Stagirite. He is either laboriously hammering out into articulate speech ideas which have long been commonplace, or he is in a region of mystic speculation where you cannot follow him, or he is dealing with moral problems peculiar to a society all unlike that in which you are living. Nor is it likely that the 'Sheking' will please or interest you, more than the 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' of Spinoza. There is a Chinese work which Dr. Legge calls a Sacred Book, a kind of Bible, and which M. Terrien de la Couperie takes for a sort of Dictionary of Synonyms. Should *this* be among the hundred best books? Greek and Oriental classics are, with rare exceptions, meant for a few scholars and highly-educated specialists, not for working men or young ladies."

The literature is good for us which we find to be good in our progress through books, and amongst men, not the literature which is highly recommended to us. We do not appreciate Horace and Virgil at school. We are not capable, yet, of knowing what style is, and what thought means. Later in our day we return to these great poets, and to Sophocles; at school we are well enough content with Macaulay's 'Lays,' and, at all ages, Homer and Scott appeal to us and delight us. But, if we are to draw up a list of the best books for pleasure and delight—the true ends of reading—then individual taste comes in, and a proper list is impossible. We scarcely get beyond Shakespeare, and even then we are not thinking so much of what women can enjoy, as of what is matter for men. Helen Pendennis sometimes read Shakespeare, "whom she pretended to like, but didn't," and many excellent ladies are like Helen.

A crowd of modern folk "cannot read Dickens." Then let them leave him alone. It is a weary thing to see a person "trying to educate himself into liking Dickens." Hawthorne cannot be universally recommended; Scott is eclipsed by Ouida. It would be pedantic to recommend Scott, or Fielding, to people who prefer Ouida; do not let us even say to them, *moriemini in peccatis vestris*. It is much less a sin to like Ouida, and say so, and read that adventurous author, than to pine for her secretly, and waste time in struggling for apples "atop of the topmost bough," struggling to like the comedy of Dickens, the wit of Molière, the style and the humour of Thackeray, the manly charm of Scott, the romance of Dumas. These good things are beyond the reach of many worthy people. And why should they not prefer Keble to Mimnermus, and Artemus Ward to Swift, and the author of 'Phyllis' to Miss Burney, and Miss Braddon to Miss Austen?

For my part I can be happy with all these writers, except, perhaps, Keble; but there is no reason why one should be discontented with one's favourites because the lady one sits next at a dinner party cannot read Rabelais (Heaven forbid it!) or Dickens. It takes all sorts to make a world. Let me confess that I don't care for 'Don Quixote,' or Cicero's 'De Officiis' (or his *de* anything else), or Titus Livius, or the 'Rig Veda,' or Chaucer, or any of the Elizabethans except Shakespeare and Marlowe. Who else is there that I fail to enjoy? There are Pope, and Dryden, and Juvenal, and 'Paradise Lost.' I prefer Horace, and Herrick, and the 'Georgics,' and 'Lycidas,' and Ronsard, and Beloe's 'Anecdotes of Books,' and Homer, and Herodotus.

A man can have these little preferences without making a religion of them. I dislike roast mutton and roast beef—am I to put them in an *index expurgatorius*? Mr. Ruskin may, and doubtless would do so, if any editor asked him for a

list of a hundred dishes, and if he happened not to be a great eater of beef. Let us permit people to go their own way, in reading as in eating, unless a friend asks us to recommend a novel. Even then let us be cautious not to let the poor man see that we think him a *crétin* because he cannot stand 'Le Crime et le Chatiment,' or 'Le Crime de l'Opéra,' or 'Modeste Mignon,' as the case may be. Personally I am extremely partial to 'Popol Vuh,' but I do not desire to thrust that remarkable book on any reader. It has not, so far, been added to the lists of the multitude of counsellors of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' What is a Century of Books without 'Popol Vuh'? As to these counsellors, their advice is sometimes entertaining, when it illustrates their habit of mind. In an age of scandals and horrors, what happiness it is to reflect that we have still the pure taste of Lord Coleridge with us. To him "the splendid genius of Aristophanes does not seem to atone for the bareness and vulgarity of his mind." This would never have occurred to an ordinary person—a mere judge of

literature. But this is better still: "with the poem of Malory on the 'Morte d'Arthur' I am quite unacquainted." Well, I have heard of the man who never heard of Scott, and there is a legend that Lord Coleridge never heard of Mr. Corney Grain. But Lord Coleridge is not alone in his ignorance of Malory's compositions in verse. Here his judicial nescience is universally shared.

Some other lists are interesting—Mr. William Morris's, because it is so earnest; Mr. Swinburne's, because it is so good—really good for real lovers of books, not for people who want to educate themselves. Mr. Stanley's account of how *he* dropped books all across the Dark Continent, as in a paper-chase, is diverting; so is Lord Wolseley's characteristic and very brief roll of works that travel with a general. But who does not hail with pleasure, after so much of the intellectual game, Mr. Matthew Arnold's resolute refusal to play? "Lists, such as Sir John Lubbock's, are interesting things to look at, but I feel no disposition to make one."

IN GEORGE SAND'S COUNTRY.

I.

PEASANT FARMING IN LE BERRY.

ENGLISH tourists in the regions familiarised to them by George Sand's immortal pastorals are few and far between. Nowhere, perhaps, throughout Europe is the great novelist more read and appreciated than among ourselves, yet I was told at Châteauroux that the sight of an English face was phenomenal there. It is now ten years since the author of '*La Petite Fadette*,' *la bonne dame*, as the village folks called her, was laid to rest in a quiet corner of her own garden; I was nevertheless the first English pilgrim, so the servants at Nohant assured me, to pay a visit to the illustrious grave. Stranger still, American tourists have not discovered George Sand's country, so full of beauty and interest. It must be added that Nohant, the author's home, and La Châtre, the little town now adorned with her statue, were, till within the last year, quite out of the beaten track. When George Sand quitted her country house for a visit to Paris, or anywhere else, she had to take the slow, tumble-down diligence to Châteauroux, in company of her humbler neighbours. The ancient, prettily situated little town of La Châtre led nowhere. Now, however, it is made accessible by a most convenient line of railway, connecting Tours by Châteauroux and La Châtre with Montluçon. The conveniences of this line to travellers in France are very great, as it enables them to get from east to west without going to Paris; but at present the guide-books ignore it, so that I journeyed from Dijon to Paris and from Paris to Châteauroux, whereas the direct line would be from Dijon thither by Chagny, Moulins and Montluçon.

Châteauroux is a cheerful, pros-

perous, thoroughly French town on the Indre, and may conveniently be made the tourist's head-quarters in these parts.

As English notions on the subject of French geography are apt to be somewhat hazy, let me mention that the department of the Indre, of which Châteauroux is the capital town, was chiefly formed in 1790 of that district called Le Bas Berry, in contradistinction to Le Haut Berry, now forming the department of Le Cher, with Bourges as its capital town. If, however, English notions as to French geography are not so accurate as they might be, still more incorrect are they on the subject of land tenure in France. It is an accepted theory in England that all France is cut up into those "little scraps of land," of which Lady Verney speaks so contemptuously. Nothing can be farther from the truth. There are large farms and middling-sized farms in plenty throughout France, and every kind of tenure may be studied there; the peasant freehold of ten to thirty acres, the *métairie* of several hundred, and the large farms let on lease or cultivated by their owners, precisely as in England. My object, then, in visiting the Indre or Le Bas Berry, was twofold. I wanted to visit friends in the country, and to judge for myself of the condition of peasant proprietors in this part of central France; and I had a no less keen desire to visit the scenes described in George Sand's lovely pastorals, '*La Petite Fadette*,' '*François le Champi*,' and others, and to see the statue and tomb of the great writer.

No department in France offers better opportunities of studying the land question than the Indre. It is a purely agricultural region. It is a region in which, during the last fifty years, large tracts of land have passed

into the hands of the peasants. Side by side, moreover, with the smallest holdings, farms of five acres, acquisitions of yesterday, may here be seen farms of several hundred acres, managed on the system known as that of *métayage*.

My host, a large landowner, living within a few miles of Châteauroux, was the very person to instruct an inquirer like myself. Formerly the owner of an entire commune, he has gradually reduced the size of his estates by selling small parcels of land to his neighbours, and in former days his farm labourers, the peasants. He has been induced to take these steps by mixed motives, personal and philanthropic. From a commercial point of view he is a gainer. The expense of keeping such large tracts of land in good cultivation would be very great, and he could not realise anything like the returns of the small farmer. His land, often consisting of much that has been hitherto unproductive, is thus turned into capital, whilst the results of the transaction as regards the condition of the people and the land are incalculable. The cultivator of the soil is raised, both socially and morally; he is able to advance his children still further in life; his future, as well as their own, is assured from want; and having a stake in the welfare of his country, he is certain to be found on the side of law and order. He is thus, in his own person, a guarantee of the political stability of his country.

"When we have solved the like problem in our cities and large towns," observed my host to me, "when the French artisan, like the French peasant, becomes a possessor, a freeholder, then the condition of France as a nation will be firm as a rock (*inébranlable*). Great as are the moral gains alike to the individual and the State by this extension of peasant proprietorship, the material benefits accruing to the nation are yet more considerable. Land in the country round about Châteauroux—I do not here

allude to suburban building plots, but to purely agricultural districts—has doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in value within the last forty or fifty years.

Roads and railways have contributed to effect this rise in value, but the change has been chiefly brought about by the indomitable perseverance and laboriousness of the peasant. As all readers of George Sand's novels know already, Le Berry is a region of *landes*, or wastes. Owing to the exertions of the peasants, the extent of these waste lands is being gradually reduced. Every acre of ground that is sold, therefore, every thousand francs the peasant expends upon land, is so much added wealth to the country. Much of the scenery lying between Châteauroux and the village in which my friend lives, is very pretty. Very English, too! But for the patches of vineyard here and there, the grapes now of deepest purple amid the crimsoning leaves, one could have fancied oneself in Sussex, or in a Devonshire lane. The road was bordered with tall hedges, trellised with wild clematis and briony, and ferny banks, whilst beyond we got glimpses of wide fields and vast pastures, divided, as in England, by close-set hawthorn. Yet the English notion prevails that not a hedge worth speaking of is to be found in all France! Quiet shady paths led into woodland nooks, or by winding rivers bordered with lofty poplars; and in every meadow the beautiful tancoloured cattle of the district were taking their ease. Here and there, at some little distance from the road, one saw a large farm-house, *manoir* of some gentleman-farmer, or a *métairie*, standing in the midst of farm buildings—a sight in itself sufficient to disprove the accepted theory that France is divided into tiny holdings, each with its cottage—or hovel!

Soon we entered the vast forest of Châteauroux, and for a time followed a broad beautiful road, winding amid oak, chestnut, and walnut trees; a warm blue sky lending fresh

brilliance to the foliage; and then we came upon stretches of waste, where, amid the broom and heather, a little Fadette kept her flock of geese or turkeys.

It is not necessary to say more than a word about French hospitality, so unaffected, so gracious, so free from anything like show or pretentiousness. Let me now describe exactly what I saw in the company of my host during my visit. We began by visiting one of the smallest holdings that had been recently purchased of him, namely, a farm of two and a-half *hectares*, or say, six acres. Here, as in most other cases, the purchaser had built himself a house and laid out a vegetable garden. As land now fetches forty pounds the *hectare*, we have already evidence of an economy to the extent of a hundred pounds. Then there is the cost of building materials, the purchase of agricultural implements and stock, consisting of pigs, a few sheep, geese, a pony or donkey, and poultry, in all representing as much outlay again. My host informed me that the owner of ten to twelve *hectares*, that is to say, from twenty-five to thirty acres, may be set down as a capitalist to the extent of eight hundred or a thousand pounds. We may, therefore, consider the owner of two and a-half *hectares* to be worth a fourth-part of that sum. It is obvious that a holding so small will not support a family; in order to make ends meet, and also to save for future purchases, the small farmer works half the week for wages, or pays by his own labour, for the use of a team. And, by little and little, accumulated savings enable the purchaser to add to his domain. Five *hectares* will keep a cow, or even two oxen for tillage. Five *hectares* will support a family, whilst ten or twelve mean comfort and ease.

The first holding we visited was a recent acquisition, and it was delightful to witness the friendly feeling that existed between the old proprietor and the new. The farmer quitted his work in a field adjoining to shake hands

with us, and invite us to enter, evidently very proud of his home. Everything was primitive up to a certain point, but there were solid oak presses full of homespun linen, goodly flitches of bacon hanging from the wall, a neat hearth, and even a few pictures and bits of pottery for ornament. As a rule, the best bedstead stands in the front kitchen, and my host informed me of the reason of this arrangement. In the first place, the bedstead with its furniture, generally of some bright colour, is regarded with pride; and secondly, as winters are very rude here, the kitchen is a much warmer place to sleep in than the back room. The upper rooms are always used as store-rooms.

The housewife and children, here as everywhere else, wore good useful clothes exactly suited to their occupation, and were perfectly clean and tidy. I alluded afterwards to the bare look of the cottage compared to that of our English ones, homes of ill-paid day-labourers, possessed of not one farthing, and whose future is the inevitable workhouse. My host informed me that this absence of little comforts in the way of a bit of carpet, an arm-chair, neat curtains, and the like, arose not from want of means, but from lack of taste. They could have all these, and much more if they desired it. The craving for comfort and prettiness in the home would come in good time.

We soon came upon an instance in point. One new proprietor of two and a-half *hectares* only, had built himself a house with a front kitchen or keeping room, and a back chamber, used as bedroom only. "C'est beaucoup plus propre," he said, using the word *propre* in its secondary sense of tidy, becoming.

This cottage had been built on to a hovel of the pre-Revolutionary period. What a contrast the two presented! The one spick and span, roomy, light-some, airy; the other a wretched, windowless cabin. Here, as everywhere else, we were received with the

kindest welcome. It was evident that the newly-acquired position of landowner was highly appreciated, whilst, for his part, my host expressed himself delighted with the new state of things. "Not only is the condition of the land improved from year to year, but, in conjunction with the rest of the community, I am socially a gainer," he said. "I have for neighbours well conditioned, satisfied, honest people. Family life is encouraged, the moral tone of the people is raised, and good feeling promoted among all classes."

We next visited several other farms, mostly varying in extent from two and a half to twelve *hectares*, and found everywhere the same evidences of thrift, contentedness, and well-being. The tendency here is ever to increase rather than diminish the size of holdings. Thus, the purchaser of five *hectares* does not rest till he has acquired ten; the owner of ten will in time obtain twenty, and so on. The provident, self-denying spirit of these peasants is beyond all praise. It takes more than one bad season, or even a succession of bad seasons, to ruin the small French farmer. He is so accustomed to look far ahead that he is ever prepared to encounter the evil day.

The farming, judged according to an English standard, is somewhat rude and primitive. Corn is, however, always threshed by machinery, artificial manure is now largely used, and more scientific methods are beginning to prevail. It must not be forgotten that the new acquirer of land here has often great difficulties to contend with, as his purchase may consist partly of mere waste. This is cleared after rough-and-ready fashion; the ground is broken with the harrow, and rye planted; hay follows as a second crop, and thus the soil is prepared by degrees.

The vine is cultivated round about Châteauroux, but these country-people, soberest of the sober, indulge neither in wine nor beer. Their favourite

beverage is a kind of *sirop* made of fruit. They are a fine, stalwart race, on good terms with M. le Curé, but extremely reserved as to their political opinions. No one, not even the wife of his bosom, will know how the peasant votes on election day. He reads the newspapers and thinks for himself.

We next visited a *métairie* of nearly four hundred acres, also the property of my host. The *métayer* system, it may be as well to remind the reader, is nothing else than a kind of partnership. The owner gives the land rent free, the *métayer* supplies the labour, and all profits are equally shared. This arrangement is in full force in Le Berry, and answers admirably. The first condition of success is that both owner and farmer work harmoniously together, as every detail has to be gone into by both parties. The *métayer* generally boards his farm labourers, as was once the custom in England. Wages are high, from two and a half to five francs for a day's work, with or without board; thirty or forty years ago a day labourer could be had here for seventy centimes a day.

Besides these smaller holdings and *métairies*, extensive farms may be seen here managed by their owners. Nothing, therefore, can be further from the truth than to suppose that France is cut up into infinitesimally small portions of land; whilst equally fictitious is the theory that the smallest and least prosperous peasant proprietor in France can for a moment be disadvantageously compared with our own agricultural labourer. On an average the former is a capitalist to the extent of eight hundred or a thousand pounds, no matter where you look for him; whilst in many regions, in Seine et Marne for instance, and the Côte d'Or, he is rich.

Let us turn to another class of proprietors. At Châteauroux, the problem before alluded to of turning the artisan into a proprietor has been realised. Here at least the workman has emulated the zeal of his thrifty

neighbours in the country, and hardly a journeyman shoemaker, carpenter, or builder in the place but has a house and bit of garden to call his own. In other words, he also is a freeholder and capitalist to the extent of two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds.

The admirable workmen's cities of Mulhouse have been already described in this magazine by the present writer. But the initiative at Châteauroux has been taken by the artisan himself, and herein lies the great interest of the matter. Self-help and sobriety have been the sole influences at work. In company of the director of the "*station agronomique de Châteauroux*," I visited a good many of these neat houses, not massed together, forming quarters apart as at Mulhouse, but just planted where a bit of building ground was to be had. In appearance one is very much like another, although we found a considerable difference in the interiors, some being fastidiously clean and wearing an air of comfort, others less so. A front kitchen, in which the best bedstead stands conspicuous, a back room, a couple of attics, out-houses and small garden; such is the artisan's home at Châteauroux, and if it has not the trim appearance of a model English cottage, he can at least say with Touchstone, "'Tis a poor thing, but mine own."

One interesting feature about these workmen's homes is that, in a great measure, they are the handiwork of their owners. The plot of ground purchased, the purchaser devotes every spare moment to the construction of his house. Such help as he needs in the way of carpentry, glazing, etc., he gets from journeymen like himself. The thought of going to a shop never occurs to him. In every case we found that the value of the freehold and house was about two hundred pounds, often more, which in the case of journeymen betokens a prodigious economy. It will sometimes happen that money is borrowed in order to complete the purchase, an extra stimu-

lus to self-denial and exertion, by which these loans are speedily paid off. Châteauroux, therefore, may be described as a huge village, in great part made up of cottages, all of comparatively recent date. My conductor happened to know many of the owners of these little domains, and we visited several, always being cordially received. The women in these parts are exceedingly affable; the men, although brusque and often uncouth in manner, are quite ready to answer any questions put to them. Like the small farmers, they are very proud of their property.

The morality of the place has been greatly improved by this transformation of the artisan into a freeholder. Early marriages are the rule, and young women, many of whom are employed in the State tobacco manufactory here, instead of spending their earnings on finery, lay by in order to help their *futur* in the purchase of a home. Public-houses are few and far between; want, rags, and drunkenness all but unknown.

Nothing, indeed, throughout my varied French experiences, has ever impressed me more than what I saw at Châteauroux. These scores of small holdings and hundreds of substantial little dwellings, each the property of its occupier, represent neither State help, benevolence, nor philanthropy, but individual determination to become independent,—to be a man!

II.

LA CHÂTRE AND NOHANT.

WERE the good townsfolk of these parts less well-to-do and less satisfied with their lot, they would discover that a mine of gold lies at their very doors. The fame of George Sand, if turned to proper account, might enrich them all. Every year holiday resorts are getting more hackneyed and more overcrowded. Every year the number of holiday makers is on the increase. Clean, well-appointed hotels, such as we find at Gérardmer in the Vosges,

are only needed in these old-world towns of Le Berry, to attract tourists in large numbers. There is every variety of enticement for the lover of the picturesque; lovely little rivers, romantic valleys, wild crags crowned by majestic ruins, in every town and village a Romanesque church, and last but not least, the poetic, pastoral charm that breathes throughout the pages of George Sand. Between Châteauroux and La Châtre lies the valley of the Indre, the Vallée Noire of 'La Petite Fadette.' We may get a good notion of the country from the railway, but a more leisurely way is to alight at the little village of Mers, between Châteauroux and La Châtre, and thence drive to Nohant. It is a region that requires sunshine to beautify it. The broad, brilliant pastures traversed by alder-bordered streams; the solitary stretches of waste, covered with broom and heather; the wide fallow, across which some blue-bloused peasant patiently leads his team; the isolated cottage here and there; the solitary field, in which a little goose-girl knits her stocking amid her flock, all else lonely and silent about her—such scenes as these are gloomy under a dull grey sky; but when the sun shines bright and warm there is a wonderful freshness and charm about the landscape.

Nohant will shortly have its railway station, but at present is generally reached by carriage from the picturesque town of La Châtre. High above the valley rise its old-world houses, whilst below, amid lofty poplars and by pleasant gardens and sunny meads, flows the Indre, Balzac's favourite river, as well as George Sand's. A broad, handsome boulevard leads from the station to the upper and newer town. Here, conspicuous in the midst of a tastefully laid out little pleasure-ground, is the noble statue by Aimé Millet. Greatly to the credit of the town be it mentioned, a town numbering little more than five thousand inhabitants, this

monument is entirely due to local initiative and generosity. Rich and poor alike, actual residents and townsfolk far away, contributed their share. When the statue was unveiled last year, the day was kept as one of public rejoicing, flags flying, bands playing, every house decorated, and a grand banquet in honour of the event. In fact, as much fuss was made as by a provincial English town in honour of a royal visit. It is a fine piece of work. Carved out of pure white marble, the figure somewhat larger than life, she sits in an easy, contemplative attitude, with one knee crossed over the other, and face uplifted. In her right hand she holds a pen, in the left a note-book. Her dress has a Greek nobleness and simplicity about it, with large, unconventional folds, and no suggestion of epoch or millinery. Such a dress might have been worn a thousand years ago, or in it might appear some Sappho a thousand years hence. A scarf is loosely knotted round the throat under the plain collar; the hair, hiding the ears, falls back in waves from the vivacious face, with its beauty of intellect rather than of outline. Intellectual force, a fearless spirit, a powerful will and mental faculty, that are wholly independent of sex, are admirably rendered by the sculptor. She is represented in her prime. On the front of the pedestal is inscribed her name, with dates of birth and death; on the other three, the names of her masterpieces. Strange how this monument lends interest and importance to the town! Everybody is proud of it, and no wonder. Even the waiters at the little inns will chat to you of their distinguished countrywoman, and of her affability to all. "C'était une bien charmante femme," said an old waiter to me. During her life-time La Châtre was roused from its quietude. The mistress of Nohant loved to gather her neighbours about her, and to organise theatricals and social gatherings.

La Châtre commends itself to the

lover of old domestic architecture. Two rare old houses with beautiful timber casements and dormers in perfect preservation are here ; the whole place is as antiquated as some out of the way town in Brittany. It is about an hour's drive to Nohant, the hamlet in which the greater part of George Sand's life was spent. A broad road bordered with walnut trees leads out of the town. Soon we lose sight of the Indre winding amid suburban gardens, and are in the heart of the country, George Sand's country indeed ! Whenever she quitted her home to go to Paris, she would take this road, and in her daily walks would frequently come here. One could fancy how she would chat with the peasants on the way. It was very evident from the look of the cottages that the "bonne dame," as the village folks called their *châtelaine*, contented herself with playing the part of an old-fashioned Lady Bountiful, and did not preach to them on the subject of sanitation or hygiene. She took and loved the rustics as she found them. In one of her novels, 'Jeanne,' occurs this sentence. "The French peasant does not think." She accepted his patience, his laboriousness, his resignation, and asked no more.

The country between La Châtre and Nohant is purely agricultural ; no romance or sublimity here, only suggestions of that rustic life George Sand loved to portray. We pass a lonely cottage here and there, fields, meadows, and farm-buildings, till we reach what appears to be a small forest. It is in reality the park of Nohant. The house itself is an ordinary, spacious, modern French country-house, for which *château*, but for its lodge and small courtyard, would seem an inappropriate name. It stands near the road, and close adjoining on the other side is the village church and graveyard.

M. Maurice Sand, the writer's son and the present owner of Nohant, admits no one within the *château* ; strangers are, however, courteously

shown into the garden, where his mother lies buried. But in consecrated ground ! And let me here make an explanation which shows the real amiability and benevolence of her character. The author of 'Mauprat,' and 'Mlle. de la Quintime,' as all readers are aware, was no believer in church or theology. She was what our French neighbours call a *spiritualiste*, in other words, a Deist. She did not for herself desire Christian burial ; but she could not bear to shock the good village folks whom she loved, and who loved her so well. What would they think of their "bonne dame" if she was buried in unconsecrated ground and without the ritual of the Church ? So a small portion of the village graveyard adjoining the vast Nohant garden was purchased and inclosed, and here, after being interred with due religious ceremony and within a dozen yards of her own home, the greatest woman writer of France takes her long rest.

No grave ever impressed me more. On one side the writer's home, the scene of her intellectual labours, on the other, of her warmest sympathies and truest inspirations. The rustic village life, represented by church and cemetery, was the poetry which made George Sand's greatness. It is by her idylls that she will be remembered. The tomb is as simple as can be, a plain slab of grey granite, on which is inscribed her name with dates of birth and death. A little iron palisade divides the inclosure from the parish burial ground and also from the garden of Nohant. Round about are lofty trees and flowers in abundance, whilst on the slab lie wreaths deposited by pious townsfolk.

A quiet, unpretentious, delightful retreat, this *château* of Nohant in summer-time ; but dreary in winter, one would think, except to passionate lovers of the country and rustic life. I stayed a week at Châteauroux, a place described in English guide-books as "offering little interest to the traveller." The hasty tourists may

get over the ground much faster, giving one day to La Châtre and Nohant, and a second to Gargilesse, the scene of 'Le Péché de M. Antoine,' and the most picturesque spot in Le Berry. Gargilesse may also be taken in the way to Limoges, if the traveller happen to be bound thither. The railway is quitted at Éguzon, and even a few hours, if put to good account, will suffice to give a fair idea of the curious and most romantic valley of the Creuse. A far better plan for those who really love French scenery, and

are not Sybarites in the matter of hotels, is to decide on a much longer stay, and make excursions in all directions. Châteauroux and Argenton may be made head-quarters. The time chosen should be early in September, or even August, and the 'Promenades autour d'un Village' will suffice for guide book. No one would be bold enough to attempt any description of Gargilesse and its scenery after George Sand.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE SOCIALISTIC TENDENCIES OF MODERN DEMOCRACY.¹

I HAVE undertaken to address you to-night on one of the gravest and most practical questions that can engage the attention of such an audience on the opening of a new Parliament, elected, for the first time, by universal household suffrage. It is the question whether the Socialistic tendencies which all must recognise in modern Democracy are to be accepted as irresistible, or treated as capable of being checked and guided; how far they are favourable, and how far adverse, to social progress, in its highest sense; and what attitude towards them should be adopted by one who is neither a theorist nor an agitator, but simply desires to promote the happiness of men, women, and children—the supreme object of true statesmanship. In approaching this question, I do not propose to occupy your time by labouring to show that we are actually face to face with the perils and the responsibilities, the privileges and the aspirations, of Democratic Government. I regard the Reform Act of last year as having crowned and consummated the effect of causes long in operation, and as having converted the British Constitution into a Democracy, conducted under monarchical forms and not without aristocratic safeguards, but still a genuine and typical Democracy. Henceforth, the ultimate control of national policy is lodged, if not in the whole people, yet in the heads of households and a very large body of non-householders in town and country; while electoral power is so distributed as to leave few, if any, breakwaters of personal influence to stand out athwart the current of the popular will. This is Democracy—the government of the people by the people; and as modern Democracy

visibly moves in a Socialistic direction, it is well that we should clearly realise the nature and probable results of that movement—at least, so far as concerns this country.

When I attribute Socialistic tendencies to Democracy, as it is now established in England, I desire to limit the meaning of the word “Socialism” for the purpose of our present inquiry. Let us at once dismiss from consideration the wild and criminal schemes of foreign Nihilists and Anarchists which are incompatible with the existence of organised society, whether on the basis of Socialism or on that of individual liberty. Such projects have found little acceptance in England, and are not even countenanced by the Socialistic programme of the Democratic Federation.² The grand object of that programme was described by Mr. Hyndman, in his discussion with Mr. Bradlaugh, as “an endeavour to substitute for the anarchical struggle or fight for existence, an organised co-operation for existence.” This is as plausible as it is vague; but, as Mr. Bradlaugh pointed out, the means proposed for the achievement of this object are the abolition and destruction of individual property; if possible, by argument; if not, by force. Not only does the Democratic Federation distinctly advocate the so-called “nationalisation” of railways and shipping, but it adopts the plan shamelessly expounded in the well-known treatise of Mr. Henry George on ‘Progress and Poverty’ for the nationalisation of land *without respect for vested interests*. “By the apostles of agrarian plunder,” says Mr. Goldwin Smith,

² A few hours before this address was delivered, the West End of London was the scene of a disgraceful riot, attended by pillage, consequent on a meeting of Social Democrats held in Trafalgar Square.

¹ An address delivered at the Birmingham and Midland Institute on February 8, 1886.

"it is proposed to confiscate, either openly, or under the thin disguise of the taxing power, every man's freehold—even the farm which the settler has just reclaimed by the sweat of his own brow from the wilderness. And it is emphatically added, with all the exultation of insolent injustice, that no compensation is to be allowed. That the State has, by the most solemn and repeated guarantees, ratified private proprietorship and undertaken to protect it, matters nothing; nor even that it has itself recently sold the land to the proprietor, signed the deed of sale, and received the payment. That such views can be propounded anywhere but in a robber's den or a lunatic asylum; still more, that they can find respectful hearers; is a proof that the economical world is in a state of curious perturbation."

Happily, the Socialistic tendencies of English Democracy have not yet been forced into the grooves carved out by Mr. Henry George or the Democratic Federation. Widespread as they are, they have never shaped themselves into a creed, nor is it by any means easy to bring within the compass of any one definite conception the various Socialistic ideas now floating in the Democratic atmosphere. We are bound, however, to make the effort, and perhaps we may best realise the nature of the Socialism which now claims our allegiance in this country by clearly identifying the ideas against which it is a protest. One of these ideas is the so-called *laissez faire* principle; that is, the principle which regards the free play of individual liberty as the best security for the good of society, and State intervention as an evil only to be justified by extreme necessity. Another is the principle of proprietary right, which, in its extreme form, treats property as a creature of nature or of Providence rather than of human law, and condemns legislative restrictions of it, for the supposed interest of the community, not only as inexpedient but as unjust. A third is the principle according to which competi-

tion, and not co-operation, is the soundest mainspring of human progress, and the best regulator of social life. The popular Socialism of the present day is the negation and antithesis of these ideas. It embraces a great variety of theories, but its aspirations are specially directed towards equalising the distribution of wealth in the community, by means of direct State interference with freedom of contract and individual proprietorship. This is the form of Socialism which I have in view to-night when I proceed to examine the "Socialistic tendencies of Democracy." No doubt the phrase has been loosely applied, by friends as well as by foes, to many other Democratic measures, some of which have already been adopted by Parliament. But a little consideration will show that most of these are derived from entirely distinct principles, and that our proposed definition embraces nearly all the claims of legislative reform now current, which directly conflict with the rights of liberty and property, as hitherto understood.

1. For instance, a whole series of Acts in our Statute-book is directed to check monopolies and privileges of various kinds, commercial and otherwise. Such monopolies and privileges are inconsistent with the industrial equality dear to Socialists, but they are equally inconsistent with the industrial liberty dear to anti-Socialists; and the policy which prohibits them is dictated not by a desire to increase the protective sphere of State-interference, but, on the contrary, by a desire to set free individual competition. These Acts, therefore, are the reverse of Socialistic. Again, the substitution of equal division for the law of Primogeniture, as the rule of descent for landed property on intestacy, would be in no respect a Socialistic reform. It would tend, indeed, so far as it operated, to equalise the possession of landed property in the community—which is a Socialistic object; but it would in-

volve no interference, direct or even indirect, on the part of the State with freedom of disposition.

2. There are instances in which the distribution of wealth is more or less affected by legislation, which, however, cannot be truly described as Socialistic, because it does not restrict individual liberty. But there are other instances in which the word "Socialistic" is erroneously applied to measures which do indeed, more or less, restrict individual liberty, but do not affect either the action of competition or the distribution of wealth. Such are the Sanitary Acts and the Education Acts. The principle of these Acts is no more Socialistic than the principle of the old Common Law, which is, in fact, the principle of all law. The old Common Law prohibited nuisances, and gave every man a right to prosecute a neighbour who should pollute his well or injure the health of his family by neglect of drainage, though it did not actually legalise drainage rates and water rates. On the other hand, at Common Law, every able-bodied man was liable to be called out for compulsory military service. In these days military service is voluntary, while taxation for drainage and water supply is compulsory; but the principle is exactly the same, and the object in both cases is not the equalisation of fortunes, but the good of the community. Still more emphatically may this be said of the Education Acts. Assuredly it was not the poorer classes who clamoured for education to be given to them at the expense of the rich. On the contrary, the movement came from above. It was the State that, for its own purposes, compelled the poorer classes to have their children educated, and to forego their earnings, however unwilling they might be to do so; and even to pay school-fees, except where extreme destitution could be pleaded. It is a very serious question whether, in enforcing this obligation, the State was not bound to go a step further and to establish free schools; but, at

all events, a system which lays a heavy burden on the poor for a public object which few of them appreciate cannot justly be called Socialistic. No doubt, the larger proportion of sanitary and education rates is paid by those who derive less direct benefit from them; but this result is accidental; and, if this be Socialism, it must be Socialism to levy taxes for keeping up prisons from honest men who are never likely to be lodged in gaol.

3. For like reasons, we cannot regard as Socialistic the numerous measures which have been passed of late years for the protection of various classes, whether or not they encroach on freedom of contract, if they do not attempt to enrich one man at the expense of another. If the Factory Laws enacted that women and children should only work half-time, but should be paid for full-time, such an enactment, futile as it might be, would be clearly Socialistic. So, too, would be an Employers' Liability Act declaring that no deduction should be made from the wages of any workman by reason of the new liability thereby imposed upon the employer; or an Artisans' Dwelling Act, forbidding more than a certain low rent to be demanded from each family occupying a tenement. But there are no such provisions in the actual Factory Acts, or the Employers' Liability Act, or the Artisans' Dwelling Act; and they do not become Socialistic merely because their aim is protective, or their effect levelling. All remedial Acts must needs benefit most those weak and struggling classes for whose relief they are designed; and all impartial taxation must needs extract a larger contribution per head from the rich than from the poor. But this is not Socialism; and, if it were, no Christian Government would be possible except on a Socialistic basis. It is a fallacy, countenanced alike by cunning advocates of Socialism and by partisans of the Liberty and Property Defence League, that every legislative restraint of individual liberty is, in its essence,

Socialistic. From this point of view, we can only escape from Socialism by letting every man do that which is right in his own eyes, regardless of his neighbour; and not only commercial protection but all protection is but a practical application of the Socialistic gospel. No wonder that Socialism, obscured by such a confusion of thought, should appear as the inseparable companion of modern Democracy. For it is now self-evident that, however sound within the sphere of exchange, the free play of individual liberty and interest cannot satisfy all the requirements of humanity and justice recognised by Democracy. We must get beyond it, in various directions, and if getting beyond it in any direction amounts to Socialism, then we must all be Socialists.

Having thus glanced at some examples of remedial legislation, mis-called Socialistic, let us consider a single typical example of truly Socialistic legislation, the nature of which is seldom realised—I mean the English Poor Law. If society, and not individuals, were responsible for bringing children into the world—if the State could rigorously limit the number of its citizens and regulate their industry—it would naturally undertake the burden of maintaining the sick and decrepit, unless, indeed, it should enforce thrift by a system of compulsory national insurance. Inasmuch, however, as marriage is free to all, and no check is or can be placed on the increase of population, a law which guarantees to every new-comer, however unwelcome, a bare subsistence at least, and protects him, at the expense of others, against the proper consequences of his own improvidence, vice, or crime, is pure Socialism and nothing else. To levy rates upon struggling workpeople for the support of worthless idlers and their children, legitimate or illegitimate, is a deliberate interference of the State with the action of natural laws in the lowest stratum of the community, and results in impoverishing the worthier, to save from starvation, if not to

enrich, the less worthy. Yet this law, dating from an age in which the name of Socialism was unknown, is consecrated by public opinion and the usage of three centuries, nor could it be repealed without shocking our sense of humanity. But if the Poor Law itself be Socialistic in principle, what are we to say of the claims sometimes preferred on behalf of those who happen to inhabit certain overcrowded quarters of London? It may be well to state these claims nakedly and without disguise. "Here," it is urged, "are so many thousands of us living upon a certain area; we claim the right to remain there, for we do not mean to migrate, nor yet to emigrate, still less to go into the workhouse. We further claim the right to multiply at our own discretion, and it is possible that we may be reinforced by new settlers pressing in from the country, especially if Government should comply with our demand. That demand is that, however numerous we may become, jostling each other like rabbits in a warren, and however little our labour may be required, a sufficient maintenance and decent homes shall be provided for all of us, at the cost of the community, not elsewhere, but on this very spot, to which by our own free will we are rooted." Of course, the bare statement of such a claim is its best refutation, but the fact that something very like this has been seriously advanced is a fact that cannot be ignored in discussing the "Socialistic tendencies of Democracy." It remains to determine the sources of these tendencies, as we now see them in operation, to examine some of the legislative proposals to which they have given birth, and to consider how far they ought to be encouraged or resisted by a wise statesman.

One thing is certain. The Socialism now imported into English politics is essentially English, and of essentially modern origin. It has little in common with the paternal despotism of the State under the ancient republics or feudal monarchies—a despotism of which some traditions survive in the

combination of Democracy with State control on the Continent of Europe. Though English Democracy is much less Socialistic than French or German Democracy, it must be confessed that most of the external causes which favour the spread of modern Socialism have operated with peculiar intensity in England. "Nowhere else is the contrast more appalling between the lot of Dives and the lot of Lazarus, and nowhere else is this contrast so emphasised and stereotyped as it is by the English institution of Primogeniture, with all its far-reaching consequences. In no other country is the gulf between manufacturer and workman more impassable, or the class prejudices of workmen more liable to be stimulated by their aggregation into great factories and their visible separation both from the mercantile aristocracy and from the *bourgeoisie*. In no other country have the small working employers, and other intermediate links between capital and labour, been more nearly crushed out by the development of industrial organisation. In no other do so few husbandmen own the lands which they cultivate; in no other is landed property concentrated in the hands of a landed aristocracy so weak numerically, and so constantly decreasing. No other Legislature has adopted and applied Free Trade doctrines so consistently as our own, whereas no other body of workpeople in Europe have carried the system of Trade-Unionism to such perfection as the English."¹

But the Socialistic tendencies of our new Democracy are not merely the product of such external causes as these. They also represent a profound reaction against that faith in individual rights and individual freedom which has governed the ideas of most political reformers in England since the days of Adam Smith, and has been re-asserted, in an extreme form, by the Liberty and Property Defence League. It is not so much that men

have again begun to idolise, as they once did, the collective wisdom of the State, as such, or to maintain its capacity to preside, like an earthly Providence, over the social life of its citizens. It is rather that large classes of individual citizens, and especially those who have most to gain by change, are eager to employ the powerful machinery of government now placed within their grasp for the redress of their supposed grievances, and the attainment of their favourite objects. It is felt, and not without reason, that individuality and free competition, the struggle for existence and the law of supply and demand, have now had a full trial, and have failed to produce the happiness or contentment which their earlier advocates expected of them. It is believed that all which could be gained, in the long run, by the action of these principles, at the cost of infinite waste and suffering, may be gained far more speedily and surely by co-operation and organisation, and that without any countervailing loss. It is hoped that, by some fortunate adjustment of providential laws, the harvest of liberty may be reaped without sowing, and the benefits of State protection secured without the sacrifice of personal energy and independence.

I have endeavoured to show elsewhere how these Socialistic forces, material and moral, have been happily tempered in England by a multitude of modifying influences—such as the national sense of humanity and justice, the wide diffusion of charity, both private and public, the right of public meeting, the freedom of the Press, the general recognition of promotion by merit, the absence of conscription, the infinite development of association on lines ever crossing and intersecting class-divisions, the kindly intercourse between gentle and simple in country districts, and the sacred traditions of family life in the English home. To these and other like characteristics of English society we probably owe our immunity from those violent and Communistic forms

¹ See an article by the present writer on 'Democracy and Socialism' in the 'Nineteenth Century' for April, 1884.

of Socialism which have occasionally broken out into volcanic eruption on the Continent. For let it be observed, once for all, that Communistic Socialism is one thing, Constitutional Socialism is another. Communistic Socialism aims at levelling down by confiscating all private fortunes, abolishing the institution of property, and destroying all motive for personal industry; Constitutional Socialism aims at levelling up, and purports to conserve all the vigour of individual activity, and even to respect legitimate property, while it seeks to cripple the excessive power of wealth by subjecting it to a constant process of depletion.

In order to estimate the lengths to which Socialistic ideas have been carried in practical schemes for Democratic legislation in England, we cannot do better than review briefly some leading articles of the so-called 'Radical Programme'—a volume which has been widely circulated of late; not that it possesses the slightest authority, but that it contains a convenient repertory of the demands actually preferred, during the late election, on behalf of the new Democracy.

We may at once put aside as foreign to our subject those demands which relate to the payment of members, the abolition of the Upper House, the destruction of the Established Church, the Democratic reform of Local Government, and the creation of a National Council for Ireland. These demands may be reasonable and constitutional, or they may be revolutionary and mischievous; but there is nothing Socialistic in their principle. Almost the same may be said of the demand for free education; for though it may be advocated in a Socialistic tone, it is capable, as we have seen, of being supported by non-Socialistic arguments. But what are we to say of such proposals as those for confiscating and redistributing the revenues of the Church; for reforming the whole English system of land tenure in the interest of tenants and labourers; for unsettling the whole basis of taxation in the interest of the *proletariat*; for dele-

gating to public bodies with sweeping powers the duty of housing the poor comfortably, and providing them with allotments; for the "restitution" of land improperly inclosed, and for nationalising corporate property? Let us look at one or two of these proposals more closely, with a view to ascertain how far they are Socialistic in principle; whether or not they be defensible on independent grounds.

1. The proposed scheme for disendowing the Church rests on the assumption that Church property is State property, and may be reappropriated by the State, from time to time, for the benefit of the whole nation. This assumption is not strictly accurate. True it is that the Church, as such, has no personality and no property of its own, though it consists of many thousand corporations, each of which holds property. But the same rule applies equally to endowed charities; and it would be more correct to say that all corporate property, ecclesiastical or otherwise, is held, and always has been held, at the disposal of the State, with exceptions in favour of vested interests and modern endowments. The Church of Christ is a spiritual body, unknown to law; but the Church of England is a creation of the law, and it is the law alone which secures parochial revenues to clergymen of the Anglican communion, excluding Roman Catholic priests—whose tenets are more in harmony with those of the original donors—and Nonconformist ministers, who decline episcopal ordination. It would be a Socialistic measure to seize all these revenues, without compensation to living incumbents or patrons, and divide them among the ministers of all denominations, or among the ratepayers of England. It would be a scarcely less Socialistic measure to confiscate endowments bestowed on the National Church by private donors, without also confiscating those bestowed under like conditions, and within the same limits of time, on other religious communions. Subject, however, to such reservations, what-

ever may be said against disendowment, on religious or political grounds, there would be no Socialism in applying public Church property, inherited from bygone ages, with due regard for vested interests, to any purpose of national utility.

2. Several of the popular schemes of agrarian reform are far more distinctively Socialistic, and far less defensible on principles of justice. This Socialistic bias in dealing with questions relating to land is the more remarkable because an exactly opposite bias is characteristic of Continental Socialism. In France, for instance, it is capital invested in trade against which all the attacks of Socialism are directed. In the forcible language of Mr. Goldwin Smith, "Capital, spelt with a big initial letter, swells into a malignant giant—the personal enemy of Labour; spelt in the natural way, it is simply that with which Labour starts on any enterprise, and without which no labour can exist at all, unless it be that of the savage grubbing roots with his nails." On the other hand, among French Socialists, property in land is not only tolerated but respected. No one proposes to alter the articles in the Code Napoléon which regulate land-tenure; and these articles, while they compel sub-division on death, are otherwise founded on the strictest principles of contract. This contrast between the views of French and English Radicals in regard to land is most significant, and admits of a very simple explanation. In France, the landowners are reckoned by millions, and no man dares to propose despoiling them; in England, they are reckoned by thousands, and many of them are rich enough to offer a tempting bait for Socialistic cupidity. The authors of the 'Radical Programme' are shrewd enough to see through the enormous fallacies which underlie Mr. George's scheme for "nationalising" land, and point out that it could only be worked by a long series of wholesale confiscations. But they do not see the equally palpable fallacies which underlie their own schemes of philan-

thropic robbery, veiled under the specious name of "restitution." They tacitly assume that every man has a right to marry when he pleases, whether or not he possesses the means to maintain children; and that every child so born into the world has a right, not to maintenance, a free education only, but to a slice of his native soil (perhaps "three acres and a cow")—not against his parents, who are responsible for his existence, but against society which, if it could, would have prevented his coming into the world at all. They assume that the present generation of English labourers inherits the rights and the wrongs of the old English peasantry, and can justly claim the restoration of lands from which their forefathers are supposed to have been ousted—as if many of them were not descended from landless serfs, others from town artisans, others from the very landlords who are held up to obloquy as oppressors; while, if their hereditary right were admitted, they would have to share their patrimony with millions of cousins who are now peopling the continents of America and Australia. They assume, conversely, that nearly all landowners derive their title from a line of ancestors, and are rolling in ill-gotten wealth; whereas a very large proportion of them have purchased their estates out of trade earnings, or are the sons of those who so purchased them; and many thousands of the rest would now be in rags if they were living on their rentals alone, and are actually subsidising their landed property out of other sources of income. They assume—as it was assumed by those simple people who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs—they assume that, after destroying the security of landed property and the mutual confidence between the classes engaged in agriculture, capital would flow into agriculture more freely than ever, and all the fruits which spring from security and confidence would be enjoyed in still greater abundance.

To refute such assumptions as these would be to give elementary lessons

in moral philosophy and political economy; yet upon them are based Socialistic doctrines which have been widely accepted. For instance, when it is urged that house property in towns should be taken for purposes of improvement at less than its market value, it is seldom realised how much of this property belongs to struggling men who have invested their savings in it, and might be half ruined by its partial confiscation. When the demolition of illegal inclosures on common land is loudly demanded, it is forgotten how many of such encroachments have been made by poor squatters, whose children or grandchildren are now living upon them in perfect innocence; and it is also forgotten how many popular rights stand or fall with these very rules of prescription which are so lightly swept aside. When "fair rents" and "free sale" are advocated in the same breath as cardinal points of the new agricultural charter, it is not perceived that "free sale" must inevitably kill "fair rent"—that is, that on the next transfer of a tenancy under "free sale," the price to be paid by the incoming tenant will be large in proportion as the rent is low, and the interest upon that sum, together with the "fair rent," must needs amount to a full rack rent. When "fixity of tenure" is propounded in another clause of the same charter, it is not only overlooked that onesided fixity of tenure is unjust—that a tenant ought not to have a right of remaining on a farm, unless the landlord has a corresponding right of keeping him there; it is also overlooked that a landlord may happen to be poor, and a tenant may happen to be rich, in which case Dives would be quartered on the homestead of Lazarus, at a minimum rent, and without the possibility of being removed.

These are but specimens of the unreasoning injustice into which men who desire to be reasonable and just are hurried by the shallow logic of Socialism, by which the 'Radical Programme' is largely tainted. "The

problem," we are told, "is how to make life worth living for those to whom it is now a prolonged misery." The one solution proposed, under various forms, is the impoverishment of those who have, for the benefit of those who have not; and the authors appear blind to all but the momentary relief which might be thus obtained. Perhaps they never heard of Bastiat's famous discourse on 'That which is Seen and that which is not Seen.' They see, at least in imagination, free schools all over the country supported out of the revenues of a disendowed Church. What they do not see is the gradual extinction of numberless charitable agencies now centred in the parish clergyman and his family, or the diversion of numberless subscriptions from their present objects for the support of the minister deprived of his tithes. They see the immediate advantage to accrue from the expropriation of A and the taxation of B for the purpose of erecting C into a peasant proprietor. What they do not see is the difficulty of *keeping* C a peasant proprietor, of saving him from the hands of the money lender, and of preventing him from letting his land at an extortionate rent to some more enterprising or industrious neighbour. They see the arguments—and they are very strong—in favour of a graduated Income Tax, as encouraging a more equal distribution of wealth in the country. What they do not see is its tendency to check the accumulation of capital, the sole reservoir of wages, or the utter impossibility of limiting such a principle, if it were once introduced. They see the palpable blessings which might be realised by a liberal expenditure out of the rates for the benefit of the most destitute class. What they do not see is the burden thereby imposed on the poorer ratepayers, themselves on the brink of pauperism, or the certainty of improvidence and over-population being stimulated by the diminution of the motives for industry. They see the evils incident to individual ownership of land, and unrestricted

competition in trade or manufacture. What they do not see is the risk of colossal jobbery and mismanagement in the corporate ownership of land, the hardship to consumers involved in restrictions on trade or manufactures, or the paralysis of individual enterprise sure to ensue ; though all of these consequences have been amply demonstrated by past experience. In a word, the views of Socialistic reformers, though honest, are eminently narrow and shortsighted. They are impatient of those slow, but sure, processes which have their counterpart in Nature, and by which economical laws, no less than physical laws, vindicate themselves in "the long run." The very idea of "the long run" is repulsive to them, since their sole aim is to meet the pressure of present exigencies. As for the future, they are content to leave it to grapple with the ruin which they would bequeath to it ; and as for the past, they confidently but ignorantly appeal to it as attesting the failure of the *laissez-faire* system, of which they speak as if it were an evil power, knowing nothing of the miseries which preceded the development of it.

But is there really no alternative between this system and the crude Socialistic proposals to which the new Democracy lends so ready an ear ? This is a question which every statesman ought now to ask himself, and which, happily, admits—if not of a conclusive, yet of a definite, answer. Between the principle of absolute non-intervention and the revolutionary principle of meddlesome interference with individual freedom, lies the whole sphere of legislative evolution and constructive reform. A single example already noticed will illustrate the direction which such legislation may take. More than forty years ago the national conscience was shocked by revelations of over-work on miserably small wages, especially among women and children, in factories. Had the Legislature adopted short-sighted counsels, it might have attempted to fix a minimum rate of wages, at so

much per hour, leaving the work-people to fix their own number of hours. In this attempt it would assuredly have failed, and might very probably have aggravated the evil to be cured. Instead of this, it left wages to regulate themselves, and limited the hours of work, nominally for women and children, but incidentally for all factory workers. The result has been, on the whole, economically successful, as well as beneficial to health and morals ; actually showing that a greater product, with better profits and higher wages, may be obtained from reduced hours of work. Here the Legislature wisely anticipated the operation of natural laws, and saved an important class of the population the necessity of working out its own salvation at a great cost of needless suffering. A similar lesson may be learned from the history of the Poor Law. When the Poor Law relief was so administered as to be practically a rate in aid of wages, and able-bodied men were pensioned off at the expense of their neighbours, the rural labourers were pauperised and demoralised by it ; when the work-house test was firmly but judiciously enforced, not only was thrift encouraged, but the standard of wages was sensibly raised. What such examples show is that legislation which may be called Socialistic is not always mischievous ; but that it needs a high order of statesmanship to distinguish between the cheap form of State intervention which defeats its own object, and the rarer form which, like the art of the skilful physician, aids and strengthens the remedial forces of nature. Those who still idolise "the State" would do well to ask themselves what "the State" really is ; and how it is possible for it to possess any wisdom beyond that which it derives from the individuals who constitute it. They would then discover that, after all, the object of their worship is not a Supreme, nor even a Superior, being ; but only a convenient expression for ministers, Parliamentary representatives and officials, more or less capable

and more or less public-spirited, but creatures of like passions with ourselves, quite as fallible, more open to motives of jobbery, and far less competent to manage property than individual owners personally looking after their own affairs on the spot, knowing their own wants and studying their own interests. Having realised this, once for all, they could not fail to see why the presumption should always be in favour of individual liberty; subject, however, to many necessary exceptions. Of course, no strict rules can be laid down for determining in what cases it may be wise to set aside this presumption, and to substitute legislative compulsion for the law of liberty. But there are some principles which may help to guide us, and to save us from delusive projects for regenerating society without regenerating the units of which it is composed.

Foremost among these principles is a scrupulous regard for justice between man and man. It may possibly be right, for instance, to regulate agricultural tenancies by law; but it cannot possibly be right to frame a one-sided code of regulation—to enable a tenant to get his rent reduced without his landlord's consent, but to disable the landlord from getting it raised without his tenant's consent. It may be right, because for the public good, to facilitate the hiring, or even the purchase, of small plots by cottagers, through the agency of village corporations; but it cannot be right to give A B the power of claiming "restitution" from C D, on the absurd plea that A B *may* be descended from some one who *may* have been evicted, several generations ago, by some one else who *may* have been the remote ancestor of C D. It may be right to recognise the fact that, in past ages, the interests of peasants and artisans were too much neglected by a Parliament composed of the landed and commercial aristocracy, not out of ill-will or selfishness, but out of pure ignorance; and that, in order to make up arrears of reform in a Democratic

sense, some knots must be cut which never ought to have been tied. But it cannot be right to redress unconscious class-legislation in the past by wilful and deliberate class-legislation in the present. It may be right to pave the way by well-advised measures for a more equal distribution of fortunes in the near future; but it cannot be right to rob Peter to pay Paul, to strip men of property honestly acquired under the guarantee of the law, and to consecrate a new era of Equality and Fraternity, without Liberty, by a flagrant breach of public faith.

Happily, no such violation of morality is involved in the advance of Democracy if only it be wisely led—not in the spirit of Cleon, but in that of Pericles. During the blood-stained rule of the Paris Commune, two ideas, essentially distinct, were persistently confounded—the idea of *Communism*, and the idea of *Communalism*. The Communal idea, instead of being radically opposed to individuality, is really the extreme assertion of local individuality, and the right of self-government, against the central authority. The Communistic idea is, logically, the negation of all individuality, and especially of the individual right to property. Now, it is the former idea, and not the latter, which is in harmony with the best and deepest instincts of modern Democracy. The pride of citizenship, as it was felt in ancient Athens, and as it is now felt in the United States, not only does not foster Communistic sentiment, but is actually an antidote to it. Hence it is that America, though it is the favourite trial-ground of social experiments, is very little affected by the doctrines of Socialism, and still less by those of Communism. In proportion as a true manly self-respect is developed in a nation or in a class, the sense of weakness out of which springs the gregarious craving for State-protection will gradually die out, and give place to nobler aspirations. True Democracy will not long tolerate false Socialism; for true Democracy

asserts, what false Socialism denies, the supremacy and independence of the individual soul. Not only in the material universe, but in the realm of social and political speculation, the poet's words are still as true as ever :—

“ Though world on world in myriad myriads
roll,
Round us, each with differing powers,
And other forms of life than ours,—
What know we greater than the soul ? ”

Democracy in its infancy may trifle with Socialism, and use it, so to speak, as a plaything ; but full-grown Democracy will be far more likely to insist, with John Stuart Mill, on the infeasible rights of each man's free will, except where they come into direct collision with the no less sacred rights of other men's free will. It will submit to limitations imposed by an authority responsible to itself, for the sake of securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number ; but it will be very impatient of restrictions imposed by an authority so far removed from its own control as a Central Government or a National Committee of Lands and Public Works. In other words, it will be Communalistic, but it will not be Communistic.

The Socialistic tendencies of Democracy, then, are not to be condemned or resisted as evil in themselves, but only as needing wise and statesman-like guidance. They are mischievous, if they encourage a felonious craving for other men's property ; they are beneficial, if they inspire honest efforts to combine Liberty with Equality and Fraternity. They are delusive, so far as they spring from a superstitious faith in an imaginary State above all the prejudices and weaknesses of human nature, infallible in its judgment, and incorruptible in its action ; they are worse than delusive, so far as they call upon this earthly Providence not to deliver us from, but, on the contrary, to gratify, the passions of envy, hatred, malice, and all un-

charitableness. But they are sound and healthy so far as they foster an earnest and robust faith in self-government, as a means of securing higher ends than mere national defence or internal police. The cynical view of human affairs which led Goethe and the first Napoleon to despise all schemes of “ world bettering ” can have, and ought to have, no place in a Democratic age. Political co-operation may effect much good which could never be attained through a mere struggle for existence among individuals ; and the community has the power of largely improving the material and moral condition of its members. Only we must never forget that, after all, civilisation is the creation of individual energy, and that it is the character of the individual members which must determine the character of the community. No arbitrary transfer of property, no organisation of industry, no artificial creation of social equality, can supply the place of intelligence, of temperance, of integrity, of self-restraint, or of public spirit ; and the Socialistic Utopia demands for its maintenance a diffusion of the Christian virtues such as has never yet been witnessed in the history of mankind. It is vain to expect of Democratic statecraft that which is the proper task of morality and religion ; and if the lessons taught on the hills of Galilee two thousand years ago had been laid to heart by the human race, there would be little need or room for the doctrines of modern Socialistic reformers. For these doctrines, so far as they are true, are little more than an application of Gospel precepts to social politics ; and if Democracy, rising above the selfish counsels of demagogues, should ever seek to realise its own highest ideal, it will do well to seek inspiration, not from the borrowed light of Socialism, but from the original light of Christianity itself.

GEORGE C. BRODRICK.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1886.

A LEGEND OF ANOTHER WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A STRANGE TEMPTATION.'

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the papers of the late distinguished astronomer and inventor, Dickinson Elliott Jones, there has been found one which bears on the outside a singular explanatory statement. It is well known that Mr. Elliott Jones professed, during the later years of his life, to have discovered a highly practicable method of visiting the planets, and even of reaching the nearer fixed stars. He referred to this knowledge when he desired to account for his mysterious periodical disappearances, which disappearances have never indeed received any satisfactory explanation. In the absence of positive proof, however, the possibility of his having taken journeys through space in a manner which—not to mention other difficulties—must have been inconceivably rapid, cannot for a moment be entertained. Mr. Elliott Jones always refused to give any hint of the details of his marvellous discovery. On this point, therefore, he must have been subject to some hallucination, although on other points his mind remained clear and subtle to the last. In the solution of difficult scientific problems his help was always welcome; on points of astronomical inquiry his opinion was invariably received with respect by his fellow-scientists. He even furnished us with

No. 318.—VOL. LIII.

much information concerning the heavenly bodies—proved correct by subsequent experiment—which could not have been obtained originally by any known method of observation. How he procured this information he never revealed to us, and the secret is now unhappily lost by his death.

The one defect in his character or intelligence—we hardly know where to place it—this instinct of secrecy combined with a claim to extravagant personal power, interferes with the great value which would otherwise attach to all his written works. The document of which I now speak claims, by his notes upon it, to be the substance of a narrative related to him by a very extraordinary individual; a man who was an inhabitant of another world, and who, even in that world, was an exception and a mystery. He was reputed to be many generations old, and none of those with whom he lived knew anything of his origin. Of this old man, and the world in which he lived, and the people who inhabited it with him, Mr. Elliott Jones left a full and particular account, which it is not my purpose to offer here. It is sufficient to say that the old man who told his story had a reputation for great knowledge and a character of great benevolence. He was consulted by his countrymen—like our friend Mr. Jones—on all abstruse and difficult

D D

questions; but, on the point of his personal history and individual power he was—again like our friend Mr. Jones—reputed to be somewhat mad. As the editor of the papers of the late Mr. Elliott Jones (for whom I had a very warm affection and admiration), it is not for me to pass any opinion upon the weight to be attached to the document which I now put before the public. I give it as I found it. It seems to me, however, that, whether it is regarded as the history of an actual, though apparently impossible, life, or only as the work of my friend's too ardent imagination, it may be accepted as a contribution (fragmentary, indeed, but not without suggestiveness) to that discussion on the value of life and the growth of creatures in the direction of happiness or misery, which has occupied so much of the attention of modern society. Without further preface, then, I offer the story as I found it among my friend's papers.

I.

Because I loved my fellows with a love which absorbed my whole heart, and because I had no desires for my own happiness, the great gift was granted to me of a term of life beyond that which was accorded unto others. Generations were born and died, nations rose and fell, and still I was left alive to work among the new races, and to help them with my knowledge. This gift was bestowed on me because it was not for myself that I desired it, perhaps because for myself I desired nothing; it may be that I hold it only on these conditions, but that indeed I cannot tell. From the days of my first youth a great love and a great compassion has had possession of me whenever I have looked upon the toiling multitudes around. I have seen them in their early ignorance struggling dumbly with physical troubles and wrestling from nature a difficult and painful existence. I have watched them in their later luxury becoming the victims of indolence and melancholy, of a hundred diseases and

a thousand sins inherited with the wealth and the knowledge of their forefathers. If you ask me which state was the worse I cannot tell you; I only know that in the first there was a great hope, and in the last there is a deep despair.

It is many ages since the gift of a long life was bestowed on me; none can remember the granting of it; there is no record of it except in my own heart; and none will believe me when I speak of it. It was a great thing to have, a wonderful thing. Many had desired it before me, and had been forced to go, letting their unfinished task drop out of their hands. To me only was it said, "You have the ages to work in; an almost endless life is yours in which to toil for the benefit of your fellow men; your strength shall not fail while your love does not weary. The people may find in you a benefactor and a teacher who shall not be taken from them."

But the gift that was bestowed on me was too great for a man to endure. As the generations went by, the sum of all that I could do to serve them seemed small compared with the sum of their sorrows and their needs; for these seemed to grow with the ages, and could not be checked nor changed. Then I said in my heart at last, "There is no remedy, nor any hope; for every new life makes a new sorrow, and every new circumstance breeds a new pain. My help is only as a straw in the torrent of tribulation which roars onwards through the ages and will never be dried up." And in my despair I went away from the people to a great solitude where I could brood without interruption over the sorrows of the world, seeking always for some thought or some hope which might bring to it healing and help.

But no thought would come to me, nor any hope, save one: "It would be better for this suffering people that death should fall upon them swiftly, a painless death, overtaking them like a sleep from which

they may never awaken." Like a whisper came these words in answer to my thought: "This gift also is yours, because you have desired it unselfishly. Behold, it is in your hands to do even as you have said."

But I was afraid, and shrank back from the power which was offered to me; for I knew not, nor know I fully now, whether it was given as a reward of my great love, or a trial of my sincerity and constancy of purpose; or even as a punishment for my overweening ambition to stand against the tide of things and to protect my own people from the woes appointed to them to bear.

Instead of turning my hasty thought into an irremediable act, I went down once more among the people and—with that great power unused in my hands—I saw, as I had never seen before, the joy and the gladness of life. Babies clapped their hands in the sunlight, and children laughed gleefully at their play; lovers plighted their troth without fear or foreboding, and mothers led their boys proudly by the hand, showing them the world which they were to conquer; husbands, while they kissed their wives, thanked them for the love which made life beautiful; sisters and brothers rejoiced in the happiness of each other; and young girls looked out upon life with sweet expectant eyes, certain of praise and affection, and many good things to come. The painter gloried in his picture, the author loved his book. In every trade and every profession were men who delighted in their task and who put their best strength joyfully into it. Beyond all these joys, and common to all men, were other good things; the loveliness of the skies and of the world, of moving seas and growing trees and running waters; the beauty of music, of perfumes, of form, and of colour; the ecstasy of motion and the sweetness of rest; the pleasant cheerfulness of social intercourse and the peaceful influences of solitude; the satisfaction of originating a new

thought, and the joy of feasting on the thoughts of greater men; the pleasure of approbation and the happiness of worship. Beholding all these things, I said, "Is not life a good thing after all? How should I dare to take it from those who have not had their full portion?"

So I waited and put the gift by. But the old sadness returned, and I only lied to myself when I said that I was content; for always the sum of the evil was greater than the sum of the good, and if a few were happy many more were miserable. Not a single life was perfect; not a single joy went on to the end. The pleasure of one seemed to bring the trouble of another; for the balance of things was awry, and the weight lay heavy on the side of evil.

As I watched the people, and waited, and doubted (having still that power in my hands to use as I would), I saw that as they grew more unhappy they grew more wicked also; for the strong races are purified by suffering, but the weaker ones are corrupted; and the strength had gone from my people; only the obstinate instinct of life, the desperate determination to snatch enjoyment from the misery around, survived among them. Virtue had begun to go down in the struggle with vice, and generosity to retreat discouraged before the advance of selfishness. Men had no time to be kind, and no power to be good. The clear springs of the most innocent lives seemed to be polluted at their source; babies were born to sin as their fathers had sinned, and the fairest promise of youth carried secretly the germ of its own destruction. The moral disease which had taken root among the people spread upwards and downwards; it perverted to viciousness the simplest instincts of human nature, and transformed to selfishness the higher intellectual tendencies. Cruelty, sensuality, and the pride of mental power flourished together. Men ceased to keep faith with one another; they began to despise their mothers; most

of them had long neglected their wives. The strong ill-treated the weak, and the weak hated and lied to the strong. Treachery lurked in every corner: oppression ruled in the name of order, and cruelty abounded under the plea of necessity. If men were unkind to each other they were absolutely pitiless to the lower creatures in their power. Most of them had long ceased to worship or to follow after anything except their own satisfaction and glory, or—as some among them preferred to put it, loving noble names for ignoble things—the satisfaction and glory of their species. A few indeed kept up a fiction of belief in a creating power worthy of reverence, but this power was little more than a magnified ideal of their own desires. They did not boast that they were made in the image of God; rather did they make their God in the image of themselves. He was, as they represented Him, the base ally of the human race in its struggle with the other conscious creatures of His making. These other creatures He had abandoned—according to their showing—to the tender mercies of His unworthy favourite—man. Therefore many were ill-treated and tormented in the name of pleasure, or of health, or of science, nay, of humanity, and even of religion itself: for men had come to say that whatever they did for their own ultimate good, was good in itself, absolutely and always.

And still they waxed no happier. The suffering they inflicted seemed to recoil in manifold ways upon themselves, until at last I could endure the sight of it no more; for I thought, "If this people, whom I have loved and desired to help, continue in their evil ways, I shall learn to hate them at last, and all good things must hate them, and there will be no help for them anywhere. It is better that they should die."

Then, in one night, silently and without any warning, so that no one suffered fear or felt a single pang, I

did the thing that had been given to me to do; and the cities of the living became the cities of the dead. The people slept and awoke no more, and with them slept also all the other creatures of the world; and I was left alone.

The greatness of the act sustained me in its doing; but when it was over I was appalled by the solitude I had made, and by the strange great silence which followed, as if it had been lurking like a wild beast ready to seize upon the desolation. I went down to the lately populous places, and trod the streets where my footsteps echoed alone. I looked on the faces of the dead, but I did not repent, for all were at rest; and—for the first time for so many generations—I heard no sounds of weeping, nor saw any signs of woe. Yet I think I should have been glad if some little thing, some lower creature which could not suffer much from its prolonged consciousness, had escaped the general death, to be, as it were, a visible shadow of my own life in the unpeopled world. That life of mine, left single and unlike all the creation on which I looked, became immediately a monstrosity and a horror to me; it had reached beyond its proper term, and survived its natural use. How, then, could it continue to be?

The first few hours of my travel among the dead seemed indeed as long as a lifetime. A dreadful curiosity drove me through the silent cities; I wished to convince myself that all their inhabitants were of a certainty asleep for ever, that none had, by any chance, escaped. I was not hungry, nor thirsty; the need to eat or to drink would have seemed a mockery in the face of all these people whose wants were at an end for all time. My own soul seemed dead within me, and my life a vision and no reality.

Towards evening I came upon a house where there was a cradle, and a baby in it. I stood looking at the child idly for a moment, having seen many such sights that day; but there was

something in the appearance of this little baby which made my heart begin to beat suddenly and violently. Death could not terrify me; it was *life* that I looked upon with wonder and dismay. The child was breathing, slowly and faintly, more faintly every moment; but it was breathing still. A few hours more and its life would have ebbed away, the last wave left on the shore of time of all that great tide so full a little while ago. Should I leave it to die, or snatch it back to the existence it had scarcely tasted?—an existence it had never by any act of its own polluted or forfeited. The tender beauty of its face, the rounded softness of its limbs, touched me with a thrill of longing tenderness. Its little hands, rosy and dimpled, drew me towards them, helpless as they were, with a giant's strength.

I held my breath as I gazed upon it. I, who had desired and accomplished the annihilation of a race, could not leave this single little one alone to die. All my natural instincts fought for the child's life, yet I knew that my deeper reason had willed its death. My selfish desires for a companion of my solitude had dropped away from me; it was of the child alone that I thought as I watched it, afraid to move lest so I should decide its fate one way or another.

It did not occur to me that this might be a trial, or temptation, to prove the reality of my own belief in the necessity of what I had done; to test whether I had the strength to complete what I had begun. I did not think of this. I thought only of the child. And as I looked I forgot one by one the generations of the past; all the problems of life slipped from me; I had no memory of its troubles or its losses. I saw only a little child, a young creature whose helplessness appealed for help, and whose innocence demanded a cherishing love. I bent over it, and the warmth of my breath touched its cheeks; then it stretched its dimpled hands and uttered a tiny cry. Without any will of my

own, or so it seemed to me, for thought had left me, and instincts long forgotten had full possession of me, I put out my arms and lifted the child from its cradle.

II.

After that there was no question of leaving it to die. I took it away from the cities of the dead to the solitary mountains, where there was no remnant of anything that had had a conscious life. I nursed it back to strength; I fed it, and guarded it, and cherished it; for its life had become mine, and I had no thought of any other thing.

Those were, I think, the happiest days of any that I had lived. My great yearning to be a healer of trouble, a giver of love, was satisfied. In my arms I could hold all the life of the world, with my hands I could care for it, and guard it and caress it. In return I had—wonderful indeed to think of—all the love that the world contained for my very own: but this latter good was the smallest part of my joy; the greater blessing was my power to guard from trouble the life I had saved, so that none could interfere to work it any woe.

Sometimes, however, as I looked at the lovely child, when she had learned to speak to me, and to run about with agile feet, I wondered if sickness and old age must come also upon her as upon her forefathers. From these things I could not protect her, as I could from want and wrong. Her very life held its own elements of decay, and in her breast lurked those inherited instincts of generations which might some day demand more than I could give her—a more passionate love, a fuller life; and with these things the trouble that they bring.

As she grew older she proved very gentle and obedient. The sins of her fathers seemed to have left no rebellious inclinations, no morbid desires in her pure spirit. The life which we lived together seemed for a long time

to satisfy her completely. The reverential affection with which she regarded me was sufficient to occupy her whole heart.

I kept her away from the cities of the dead, from those vast remains of an ancient civilisation, which I myself nevertheless visited from time to time. We read books together; books chosen by myself, which had to do with the larger aspects of physical creation, and touched little on its human element. And yet, as she grew older and more thoughtful every day, I was aware that fancies were rising in her mind which it would be difficult to treat with wisdom. She gazed at me often, with a sort of wonder in her eyes. "It is strange, dear father," she said once, "that there should be only you and I, just two and no more. This is such a great world that we live in; it has room for so many others."

And again she observed to me, when she was growing tall and strangely fair to look upon—

"I change, dear father, as the time goes on. I remember when I could not look through the window of my little room; now I am tall enough to see much higher than that. I change, but you remain always the same. Why should this be? and will it go on for ever?"

"You are young," I answered, "and not yet completely grown. I came to my full size long ago."

"What is it to be young?" she asked; "and are there any other creatures that are young besides me? The things that we see around us do not alter, except backwards and forwards as the seasons come and go. But I change always one way, and you not at all."

These and other speculations working in her mind produced after a time a certain restlessness, and a blind desire to reach that wider knowledge of which she perceived dimly the indications in the world about her and in my teachings. I could not keep her ignorant for ever of her own nature, and of the history of her race: but I

could not bear to hasten by any revelation of my own the crisis which must come. I did not know what mood would follow a full understanding of her position; resignation to her lot, so peaceful, but so isolated; or bitter disappointment and indignation against me, as the author of her strange fate.

The crisis came, without any action of mine to hasten or retard it. One day, when I came back from a journey, I missed her from our home. She had often asked me why I went away and left her alone, and I had explained that it was needful for me to seek from time to time fresh stores of the things which we used; she was not strong enough, so I told her truthfully, to endure the fatigues of travel. She never asked where I found the things I brought to her, nor how they were made; she had a boundless confidence in my resources, in my knowledge and ingenuity; she was satisfied to accept what I offered her, and to use it as I directed her.

But now she was gone, and, whatever way her wandering footsteps took her, she could not fail to come upon some strange memorials of the past. She might indeed travel far before I could trace and overtake her; she might be overcome by hunger and fatigue. I felt certain that it would be in one of the great cities that I should find her, because she must inevitably chance upon some of the ancient roads before she had gone very far, and one of these she would follow to see what they meant and whither they led. It was inevitable that she should see things it would have been better for her never to look upon, and learn things which she had better not have known. The time of her happiest ignorance was gone for ever.

In a city of the dead I found her at last. I had travelled long through the silent streets and peered often into the silent houses. There was no one from whom I could ask any tidings of my lost darling; no one to tell me if her

delicate feet had trodden those solitary ways, or her sweet young eyes looked in upon the grim remains of death.

So many years had passed away, since the night of the great death, that the most terrible and dangerous effects of the universal mortality were at an end. The houses stood as when their inhabitants were alive, and there had been none to bury the dead; but at least these had lost all resemblance to their old forms in life, and so to any form that my darling had ever seen. I found her sitting in a luxurious room in a large house, leaning back in a carved chair, and looking with wonder and curiosity, but without any repugnance or terror, on the skeletons who were, besides herself, the sole inhabitants of the place.

"Dear father," she said, putting her hands out to me with a smile, and looking at me as if my discovery of her had nothing strange in it, "I am glad you have come. I am tired, and I have had so little to eat! Besides, I want you to tell me many things. What a strange place this is! and what strange carvings these are! But the most curious thing of all is that they should be dressed in clothes something like what I wear. Who made them like this? and did you know that they were here?"

I took her hands, and my own trembled so that she looked down on them in surprise.

"I knew of them," I answered; "but you must not stay where they are. It is bad for you to be here."

"I do not feel it so. I like it. I should like to stay. It seems as if some one had lived here who loved the things I love, and gathered them all about her. But there never was any one, was there?" she asked wistfully.

I spoke to her with more sternness than I had ever used before. "You must come away at once. If it had been good for you to be here I should have brought you myself. You ought to have known that."

She rose with a reluctant sigh, and followed me slowly, pausing half-way

across the room to look at an empty cradle.

"What a strange little bed!" she remarked, with interest; "something like mine, only so very small; as if I might have slept in it before I grew high enough to look through the window. Was it made for me? Was there ever another me before this one?"

Some fatality might have led her steps to that house and to that room, for she was looking at the very cradle from which I had taken her. I hurried her impatiently away, refusing to answer her questions. She looked at me in surprise from time to time, often with an air of awakened observation; something other than the old complete confidence in me and docile fidelity to my will was working in her heart. She was ceasing to be entirely receptive; soon she might become critical.

"How many homes!" she murmured, as she passed along the streets, "and no one to live in any of them! How did they all come here, gathered together in one place? Did they grow like trees in a forest?"

I did not attempt to answer all her questions, but I got her home again as soon as I could. Knowledge—a full knowledge of the life she had lost—could only bring to her sadness and discontent. Her present perplexity seemed better than that, and I was resolved to leave her in ignorance as long as it was possible. She could see that, for the first time in her life, I was seriously displeased with her; yet even this affected her less than it would have done in ordinary circumstances. When we reached our home, I spoke to her impressively.

"What is good for you to know I will tell you; what is good for you to see I will show you," I said, holding her hands in mine and looking steadfastly into her eyes. "Promise me that you will never again seek out new things alone."

To my astonishment she—who had hitherto been so obedient, tender, and sweetly acquiescent—drew her hands

from mine, covered her face with them, and broke out into passionate weeping.

"I cannot promise," she answered; "everything that I have I owe to you; without you I should be nothing at all. I wish to obey you; I will try to obey you; but there is something in my heart stronger than you are, and so I cannot promise."

That was all she would say to me; and from that time I knew that she cherished many thoughts and wishes of which she never spoke. I no longer possessed her full confidence. She understood that there existed powers beyond mine, and that, even of the power I had, I had not offered all the results to her. Yet she was tender to me, very tender and sweet, as if she wished to make up to me by grateful deeds for that reserve of force, of intention, of possible rebellion, in her heart.

One day she brought to me a book, not a book which I had given to her, but which she had found in her wanderings among the habitations of the past. She had been studying it in secret, and it was a love story.

"Do you know," she said, "who made this book, and what it means? It tells me of many things of which you have never spoken at all."

I could not lie to her, though truth must bring the bitterness of conscious loss, of unavailing desire. If she knew that I lied to her she would have none left to trust or to lean upon; she could not fail to become miserably aware of her own loneliness and helplessness ignorance.

"It tells of things which it is better for you not to know," I answered. "They belong to the past, and can never be again."

"Ah!" she said, her eyes glowing with a strange light, "then it is all true! Others have lived like me, and have known each other, and have been happy together. They were not lonely as I am—oh, not for ever alone!"

"I am with you," I answered briefly.

"You!" she said, "you?" Then she paused and looked at me contemplatively. "You are not like me," she went on, with deliberation. "You are like the rocks and the trees and the soil and the light; always the same, always giving me help, never wanting anything back. But I—I change from day to day. Life is full of surprise to me, and of longing. I want some one like myself to be my companion, to talk with, as the men and women talk in that book. I always wondered why—since all other things were many—there should be but one man and one woman, you and I. You so old and changeless; I so young and full of change. I know now what it is to be young. It is to be unfinished—not as you are; to feel new every day—not as you do; to be incomplete, and to long for something outside myself; to feel the need of other lives to mix with mine; not to be satisfied to go on alone. That is what it is to be young, and I am young. But you—oh! you are very old. How did it come to be that we are alone together?"

"Because you are weak, and I am strong," I answered her; "because you need care, and I can give it."

"I would rather have lived when the other people were here," she replied; "then we could have helped one another. I understand now why all those homes stand empty. Once men and women lived there and—loved each other, and—were happy. I have learnt many beautiful things from that book. I wish you had taught them to me before. Tell me only this one thing—if the people were there once, why are they not there now?"

"They went away; they will never come again," I answered, for I could not speak to her of death. In the book that she had read the whole history of life was not recorded, only its bright beginning; and of death, towards which her life led her, towards which her bright, expectant face was turned in all unconsciousness, she knew nothing.

It was some weeks afterwards that I found her waiting for me near our home as I turned my steps thither for our evening meal. It was not strange to see her waiting so ; but it was very strange, it was wonderful, that she was not alone. Destiny had found her, and had defeated me ; for a kindred life had come to her from another world, and with life had come love, the love which explained life to her and completed it. There was no surprise in her eyes, for the things we have desired come to us as old companions and not as strangers ; rather was there a look of radiant happiness and triumph.

Her companion was a stranger to me, however. He was not a creature of our world ; he belonged to a race stronger and more beautiful than my own ; yet he was not wholly unlike some of the young men I had known, not so unlike that he should not seem a fitting mate for the beautiful woman beside him. He appeared to have easily established communication with her ; but to me he was silent, regarding me with a haughty curiosity as I approached them. She seemed already to belong to him ; and she met me with a look of eager gladness, as if I must certainly rejoice in her happiness, and welcome the wonderful being who brought it.

"The book spoke the truth," she said. "There are others alive besides myself ; others who are young as I am, and beautiful to look upon, and sweet to live with. And he—he has come from another world to find me."

I ought to have slain him as he stood there in the proud consciousness of his youth, splendour, and strength, with that serenity of aspect which was born of a perfect conviction of his own claims to satisfaction, and of his power to seize it ; with that gracious courtesy of manner which partly hid his haughtiness and was the offspring of his simple selfishness of purpose. At his feet lay a strange garment, a dark-coloured wrap, hooded

and winged, the ingenious instrument of his transit from another world.

"I was afraid when I saw him first," said my darling, whose eyes had followed mine. "He was black and dreadful to look upon, and his face was hidden. But when he threw that veil away and stood before me, it—it was like a sun bursting from behind a hideous cloud."

She caught his hand as she spoke, with her white caressing fingers, and looked up into his shining eyes with a smile of love and confidence.

I ought to have slain him as he stood there. It would have been better for her, better for all things—for myself, last and least of all. He had no happiness to give which would not bring its trouble, though my darling, with her face towards the sun, could not see the shadow it cast behind her. I had no right to undo and destroy the great gift that had been granted to me ; I had no right, for the sake of one simple girl, to let the beautiful world become once more the habitation of sorrow that grew, and sin that increased from day to day.

I ought to have slain him. It would have been easy. For my power was greater than his, in spite of that dazzling youthful splendour which he had about him. But I looked at my darling, and my hand was stayed. Once more, for the sake of one whose innocence appealed to me, I forgot the misery of a world. I could not bring horror to the eyes where gladness now shone ; I could not turn the look of tenderness with which she gazed at him to one of hate for me. I could not teach her then and there what death was, and the meaning of sorrow and separation and despair. I turned and left them. As a criminal flies from the scene of his crime I fled from the sight of the happiness which had no right to be, longing only for that death to come to me which I had not the courage to give to another.

I did not die. I could not die. My punishment is to live. For a time my darling was happy ; joyously and

laughingly at first, afterwards tenderly and quietly. Children came to her, and she loved them with a passion of delight, as if they were gifts that none other had had before—created for the employment of her tenderness alone.

Her husband was kind to her, in his splendid, lordly, condescending fashion; but he spoke to her little of the world from which he came, and for which he often left her. He told her that it was impossible to take her with him on these visits, and he probably had no desire to take her. His discovery of her youth and beauty in an apparently empty and abandoned world, on which he had by chance alighted, had been a pleasant surprise to him; he had taken full advantage of the circumstance, but he did not let it interfere in the least degree with his freedom of action. He left me to provide, as before, for the material wants of his wife, and of her children also. He told her, when she desired to go away with him, that she was sweetest and best as he had found her; that intercourse with others could only spoil, and must distress her. This satisfied her at first, for his passionate admiration of her beauty gave her keen delight; afterwards, when she had her children to think of, she no longer desired to go away.

As for me, when I found that I was needed, I took up my burden again and became her servant. I hoped for the best. Surely this new race, which had been cut loose from all the base traditions, habits, and examples of the past, might run a brighter and purer course than the last. The sweet fidelity and tenderness of the mother, the keen and cultivated intelligence of the father, must form a hopeful heritage for the boys and girls who were born to them. The temptations lurking in the old social conditions were swept away; degrading memories, bitter recollections, these things had no place in the good new world where my darling kissed her children and

told them to love one another. I hoped for the best, but the worst was to come.

Her first real trouble fell on her when one of her babies died. She could not be made to understand what had happened to it, for she had never heard of death. Her husband delighted in all her innocent ignorances and left them undisturbed. She thought me therefore strangely cruel when I wanted to take the dead child from her and to put it away under the ground. No, she said, she would wait any length of time and not grow tired of nursing it, even if it should never wake again. She loved it as it was, and would keep it with her. But her husband interfered with his authority, and she listened to him as she would not listen to me.

"It is necessary, entirely necessary, that you should let the dead child go."

"What do you mean by the *dead* child?" she asked; but he did not trouble to explain himself.

"You must obey those who know things of which you are ignorant," was all he vouchsafed to say to her on this point. "There are reasons of which you need not be told; but supposing that there were none, why should you waste your time, and your love, and your care, on a thing which can no longer feel, or see, or hear? which cannot have any consciousness of what you do for it? Have you not your husband to think of, and your other children? Do you suppose that I would permit such a waste of your energy and love? What is a dead baby, that never, even when it was alive, understood your affection for it?"

"It is my child—I am its mother," was all she could answer, out of her ignorance and blind maternal yearnings; but she used the words that she had received from my lips as if her own experience were enough to sanctify them, without that association with the love of generations of mothers which they carried to my ears. Her simple plea could avail her

nothing, however. Her baby was buried, and her husband made light of her trouble.

"What is one child more or less?" he would say to her. "Surely enough are left to you."

Perhaps she thought he was cruel; perhaps his words only perplexed her. She ceased to speak of the dead child; its memory lay silent in her heart, carefully covered from sight by living loves and daily efforts; but it was a sorrowful mystery to her, a broken chord in the musical instrument to which tenderness had tuned her life; no more such perfect harmony could be born for her again as she had listened to before.

As the years passed her husband's absences became longer and more frequent; but the care of her children occupied her at these times. She was one of those women who are too sweet to permit themselves to be unhappy while happiness is possible; because anything less than satisfaction with their lot would be a sort of complaint against those who love them. If she saddened, it was inwardly; and the outward signs of it were an increased tenderness and patience. Her children ceased to be entirely a joy to her, but she never expressed any of the grief which they must have caused her. They had inherited from the ancestors of whom she knew so little instincts and tendencies strange and repugnant to her pure and loving heart. The boys were quarrelsome and disrespectful, the girls frivolous and vain. They exhibited airs and graces such as their grandmothers had cultivated in the lost city life, which offended the simple sweetness of their mother. Their brothers struggled for pre-eminence and personal satisfaction in the vast solitudes which surrounded them, just as their forefathers had struggled in the crowded settlements of the past. Still my darling loved them, and smiled when they wounded her, and would not blame or utter any regret. Only she looked at me wonderingly,

sympathetically, sometimes almost remorsefully.

"I think sometimes, father," she said to me once, "that you knew of all these things beforehand, and wanted to save me from them. I think that perhaps there is more, very much more, that is plain to you, but that I do not know yet."

She was silent a moment, looking at me wistfully. "It must be sad to know," she went on slowly; "I wonder if you have known always. I do not want you to tell me. I would rather—wait." She ended with a little shudder, and turned to kiss her youngest child with a sudden passion that was born of sorrow and of fear. She had no desire to lift higher the dark veil which hid the possibilities of the future from her eyes.

There came a time when her husband went away, and did not return. Still she made no complaint, and asked no useless questions. This, she thought, was one of the hidden things of the future, against which there was no appeal. Her children became more troublesome and difficult to manage. They knew what fear was, but had no sense of reverence. They had feared their father and obeyed him, because his will was hard as iron against theirs, and as pitiless; in my devotion, unrewarded and undemanding, they saw only weakness. They were swift to learn lessons of evil; and as their father had treated me with a courtesy touched with contempt, so they behaved to me with a disobedience hardly modified by politeness. They despised their mother a good deal, and loved her a little (again imitating their father's sentiments with the proportions reversed); and thus it came to pass that they subdued none of their faults in her presence; and it was in the face of her own children that my darling learned to read the evil passions which had reigned in the unknown world of the past. Anger she saw, and jealousy; cowardice, ill-temper, cruelty, greed, and insolence. With a throb of terror in her heart she recog-

nised them for the evil things they were, the beginning of trouble to which there would be no end.

Her trial was not so long as it might have been. She missed, at least, the pangs of sickness and the weakness of old age. She did not live to see herself counted a burden where she had been a treasure, nor to receive ingratitude and slights in return for all her loving care. She never lost her health or her beauty; and the end that came to her, bitter as it was, was merciful, in that it was not long delayed. For her, at least, the curtain was never lifted to its height, and the depth of the darkness behind it was left unfathomed.

Her boys read books that she had never seen, for after the first she longed for no more. They knew things of which she was ignorant; the learning and history of the past were no secrets to them. They became ransackers of the ancient cities, and brought home strange spoils of weapons, and jewels, and carving, and ingenious instruments. One day two of them came upon a great store of daggers. Together they brought them home, and set to work to polish and sharpen them. Their mother looked on, and wondered what the strange knives were made for, but felt no fear. Over the division of the spoil, however, the brothers quarrelled.

"I am the elder," said one, "and the books say that to the elder goes the larger portion."

"But I am the stronger," said the other, "and I laugh at the books, and bid them come and get the knives from me if they can!"

Then in anger the two rushed together, and the mother, with a cry of terror, ran between. But their rage was increased by her interference.

"Leave us alone," said the elder; "I have read in the books that women ought not to interfere with the affairs of men. Go back to your own work, and leave us to fight it out."

"Put the knives down," she entreated; "they are sharp like those

with which the old father cuts wood for our fire. It is not good to play with them."

"We are not playing," answered the stronger. "These are made for men to fight with. The men of the past forged things like these with which to strike and slay one another when they were angry. We are men, too, and must do as they did."

"Strike? Slay?" she repeated, her face growing paler still at the ominous sound of those strange new words, coming, with a fierceness suggestive of their meaning, from the lips of her son. "You are speaking of something dreadful, something else that is waiting in the secret past to spring into our happy future. Let it go! Put them down!—ah, I can see it in your eyes!"

It was murder that she saw, and could not understand; but she held her two sons apart for one moment, while her panting breath refused to let her say more. The young men were stronger than she was, however, and they wasted no words upon her. By mutual consent they thrust her from between them, and rushed together again. The daggers gleamed in the air, but before they had time to fall, the mother, with a wild shriek of terror, had flung herself forward once more, with her slender hands trying to part the combatants.

And the daggers fell. Was it one wound or two beneath which she slipped to the ground, as water slips from a hollowed rock when the barrier is taken away? She had no strength left to struggle or to rise, but lay as she had fallen, her life flowing away in a warm current. The boys looked at her in wonder, and then at the red daggers in their hands. This thing they had not meant to do, and they uttered a loud cry of dismay, which brought me from afar.

I lifted my darling's head, and knew that there was no hope. She would die so, lying with her bright hair on my knee, and her eyes full of wonder and pain.

"My children, what have you done to me?" she asked pitifully. "What is this new thing that you have brought into our lives?"

I soothed her and comforted her, telling her that the pain would soon be over.

"But I grow weaker," she answered. "I am slipping away into the darkness. You seem farther off every moment."

"Rest will come soon," I told her; "and I will put you to sleep with your little one, where no trouble can reach you."

She smiled then, faintly and wanly.

"Is it true? Have you kept her for me? Put her in my arms and let us sleep together. Better the night and the darkness. I want no more daytime and knowledge. She only of them all never looked at me with something dreadful in her eyes. Let me go to my little one!" cried the poor mother, trying with a last effort of life to raise herself from my arms. "Why should I stay longer? My children do not love me, and my husband has forsaken me!" So with her dying words she uttered that secret of her sorrow which she had kept hidden in her heart before.

I buried her in her baby's grave, and with her I buried all hopes of a glad new world. With her children I could do nothing; they mocked at my teaching, and at last drove me from among them. The boys who had slain their mother, brooded over her loss at first, and reproached one another. After a time, however, the most calculating of the two put his grief away, and tried to make use of his experience.

"I know what death is now," he was heard to explain to a younger one; "it is a useful thing—a thing that takes people out of your way

when they want to interfere with you. But it must be used carefully, because it lasts for ever, and cannot be undone."

Since the day of my darling's death it has seemed to me that each generation has been worse than the one before it. The remnants of an old civilisation which the new race inherited proved a snare and a trouble only. The people hated to work with their hands, and loved to live on the labour of others. They were always plotting to do little and to have much. The keen intelligence handed down to them from their father helped them in this respect; they became the cleverest and the most self-indulgent of races. Some affections survived among them, but these were regarded as weaknesses, and as hindrances to true prosperity. The stronger of them oppressed the weaker, until at last there was a terrible outbreak, in which multitudes were slain: the survivors lived perpetually on their guard, as in an enemy's country, each seeking his own advantage and striving to circumvent his neighbour. After a time they became too idle even for warfare, and grew to be—what you see them now.

It is my punishment to live among them; to be despised by them; to be unable to render them any real help or service; while I am a constant witness of their wickedness and woe. Their sins seem to be mine, and their sorrows too; and I repent with a repentance which has no end. For I dared once to ask—in the arrogance of a great desire to help—that the fate of a whole race should be put in my hands. I dared, with my finite will, to meddle with issues that were infinite. How then can there be any end to my sorrow, since there is no end to the misery I have made?

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

ABOUT ten years ago Mr. Bentley conferred no small favour upon lovers of English literature by reprinting, in compact form and good print, the works of Thomas Love Peacock, up to that time scattered and in some cases not easily obtainable. So far as the publisher was concerned nothing more could reasonably have been demanded; it is not easy to say quite so much of the editor, the late Sir Henry Cole. His editorial labours were indeed considerably lightened by assistance from other hands. Lord Houghton contributed a critical preface, which has the ease, point, and grasp of all his critical monographs. Miss Edith Nicolls, the novelist's granddaughter, supplied a short biography, written with much simplicity and excellent good taste. But as to editing in the proper sense—introduction, comment, illustration, explanation—there is next to none of it in the book. The principal thing, however, was to have Peacock's delightful work conveniently accessible, and that the issue of 1875 accomplished. The author, like Borrow, is an author by no means universally or even generally known; but this and a very curious robustness of prejudice are the only points of contact between him and the author of 'The Bible in Spain.' He has also been much more of a critic's favourite than Borrow. Almost the only dissenter, as far as I know, is Mrs. Oliphant, who has confessed herself in her book on the literary history of Peacock's time not merely unable to comprehend the admiration expressed by certain critics for 'Headlong Hall' and its fellows, but is even, if I do not mistake her, somewhat sceptical of the complete sincerity of that admiration. There is no need

to argue the point with this agreeable practitioner of Peacock's own art. A certain well-known passage of Thackeray, about ladies and Jonathan Wild, will sufficiently explain her own inability to taste Peacock's persiflage. As for the genuineness of the relish of those who can taste him there is no way that I know to convince sceptics. For my own part I can only say that, putting aside scattered readings of his work in earlier days, I think I have read the novels through on an average once a year ever since their combined appearance. Indeed, with Scott, Thackeray, Borrow and Christopher North, Peacock composes my own private Paradise of Dainty Devices, wherein I walk continually when I have need of rest and refreshment. This is a fact of no public importance, and is only mentioned as a kind of justification for recommending him to others.

Peacock was born at Weymouth on October the 18th, 1785. His father (who died a year or two after his birth) was a London merchant; his mother was the daughter of a naval officer. He seems during his childhood to have done very much what he pleased, though, as it happened, study always pleased him; and his gibes in later life at public schools and universities lose something of their point when it is remembered that he was at no university, at no school save a private one, and that he left even that private school when he was thirteen. He seems, however, to have been very well grounded there, and on leaving it he conducted his education and his life at his own pleasure for many years. (He published poems before he was twenty, and he fell in love shortly after he was twenty-two.) The course

of this love did not run smooth, and the lady, marrying some one else, died shortly afterwards. She lived in Peacock's memory till his death, sixty years later, which event is said to have been heralded (in accordance with not the least poetical of the many poetical superstitions of dreaming) by frequent visions of this shadowy love of the past. Probably to distract himself, Peacock, who had hitherto attempted no profession, accepted the rather unpromising post of under-secretary to Admiral Sir Home Popham on board ship. His mother, in her widowhood, and he himself had lived much with his sailor grandfather, and he was always fond of naval matters. But it is not surprising to find that his occupation, though he kept it for something like a year, was not to his taste. He gave it up in the spring of 1809, and returned to leisure, poetry and pedestrianism. The 'Genius of the Thames,' a sufficiently remarkable poem, was the result of the two latter fancies. A year later he went to Wales and met his future wife, Jane Griffith, though he did not marry her for ten years more. He returned frequently to the principality, and in 1812 made, at Nant Gwillt, the acquaintance of Shelley and his wife Harriet. This was the foundation of a well known friendship, which has furnished by far the most solid and trustworthy materials existing for the poet's biography. It was Wales, too, that furnished the scene of his first and far from worst novel 'Headlong Hall,' which was published in 1816. From 1815 to 1819 Peacock lived at Marlow, where his intercourse with Shelley was resumed, and where he produced not merely 'Headlong Hall' but 'Melincourt' (the most unequal, notwithstanding many charming sketches, of his works), the delightful 'Nightmare Abbey' (with a caricature, as genius caricatures, of Shelley for the hero), and the long and remarkable poem of 'Rhododaphne.'

During the whole of this long time,

that is to say up to his thirty-fourth year, with the exception of his year of secretaryship, Peacock had been his own master. He now, in 1819, owed curtailment of his liberty but considerable increase of fortune to a long disused practice on the part of the managers of public institutions, of which Sir Henry Taylor has given another interesting example. The directors of the East India Company offered him a clerkship because he was a clever novelist and a good Greek scholar. He retained his place ("a precious good place too," as Thackeray with good-humoured envy says of it in 'The Hoggarty Diamond') with due promotion for thirty-seven years, and retired from it in 1856 with a large pension. He had married Miss Griffith very shortly after his appointment; in 1822 'Maid Marian' appeared, and in 1823 Peacock took a cottage, which after a time became his chief and latterly his only residence, at Halliford, near his beloved river. For some years he published nothing, but 1829 and 1831 saw the production of perhaps his two best books, 'The Misfortunes of Elphin' and 'Crotchet Castle.' After 'Crotchet Castle' official duties and perhaps domestic troubles (for his wife was a helpless invalid) interrupted his literary work for more than twenty years, an almost unexampled break in the literary activity of a man so fond of letters. In 1852 he began to write again as a contributor to 'Fraser's Magazine.' It is rather unfortunate that no complete republication, nor even any complete list of these articles, has been made. The papers on Shelley and the charming story of 'Gryll Grange' were the chief of them. The author was a very old man when he wrote this, but he survived it six years, and died on the 23rd of January, 1866, having latterly lived very much alone. Indeed, after Shelley's death he never seems to have had any very intimate friend except Lord Broughton, with whose papers most of Peacock's correspondence is for the present locked up.

There is a passage in Shelley's 'Letter to Maria Gisborne' which has been often quoted before, but which must necessarily be quoted again whenever Peacock's life and literary character are discussed:—

" And there
Is English P——, with his mountain Fair
Turned into a flamingo, that shy bird
That gleams i' the Indian air. Have you not
heard

When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him? But
you

Will see him, and will like him too, I hope,
With his milk-white Snowdonian Antelope
Matched with his Camelopard. *His fine wit
Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it;*
A strain too learned for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots; let his page
Which charms the chosen spirits of his time,
Fold itself up for a serenest clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation."

The enigmas in this passage (where it is undisputed that "English P——" is Peacock) have much exercised the commentators. That Miss Griffith, after her marriage, while still remaining a Snowdonian antelope, should also have been a flamingo, is odd enough; but this as well as the "camelopard" (probably turning on some private jest then intelligible enough to the persons concerned, but dark to others) is not particularly worth illuminating. The italicised words describing Peacock's wit are more legitimate subjects of discussion. They seem to me, though not perhaps literally explicable after the fashion of the duller kind of commentator, to contain both a very happy description of Peacock's peculiar humour, and a very sufficient explanation of the causes which, both then and since, made that humour palatable rather to the few than to the many. Not only is Peacock peculiarly liable to the charge of being "too clever," but he uses his cleverness in a way peculiarly bewildering to those who like to have "This is a horse" writ large under the presentation of the animal. His "rascally comparative" fancy, and the abundant stores of material with which his reading pro-

vided it, lead him perpetually to widen "the wound," till it is not surprising that "the knife" (the particular satirical or polemical point that he is urging) gets "lost in it." This weakness, if it be one, has in its different ways of operation all sorts of curious results. One is, that his personal portraits are perhaps further removed from faithful representations of the originals than the personal sketches of any other writer, even among the most deliberate misrepresenters. There is, indeed, a droll topsy-turvy resemblance to Shelley throughout the Scythrop of 'Nightmare Abbey,' but there Peacock was hardly using "the knife" at all. When he satirises persons he goes so far away from their real personalities that the libel ceases to be libellous. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Mystic, Mr. Flosky, or Mr. Skionar is least like Coleridge; and Southey, intensely sensitive as he was to criticism, need not have lost his equanimity over Mr. Feathernest. A single point suggested itself to Peacock, that point suggested another, and so on and so on, till he was miles away from the start. The inconsistency of his political views has been justly, if somewhat plaintively, reflected on by Lord Houghton in the words, "the intimate friends of Mr. Peacock may have understood his political sentiments, but it is extremely difficult to discover them from his works." I should, however, myself say that, though it may be extremely difficult to deduce any definite political sentiments from Peacock's works, it is very easy to see in them a general and not inconsistent political attitude—that of intolerance of the vulgar and the stupid. Stupidity and vulgarity not being (fortunately or unfortunately) monopolised by any political party, and being (no doubt unfortunately) often condescended to by both, it is not surprising to find Peacock—especially with his noble disregard of apparent consistency and the inveterate habit of pillar-to-post joking, which has been commented on—distributing his shafts

with great impartiality on Trojan and Greek; on the opponents of reform in his earlier manhood, and on the believers in progress during his later; on virtual representation and the telegraph; on barouche-driving as a gentleman's profession, and lecturing as a gentleman's profession. But this impartiality (or, if anybody prefers it, inconsistency) has naturally added to the difficulties of some readers with his works. It is time, however, to endeavour to give some idea of the gay variety of those works themselves.

Although there are few novelists who observe plot less than Peacock, there are few also who are more regular in the particular fashion in which they disdain plot. Peacock is in fiction what the dramatists of the school of Ben Jonson down to Shadwell are in comedy—he works in “humours.” It ought not to be, but perhaps is, necessary to remind the reader that this is by no means the same thing in essence, though accidentally it very often is the same, as being a humourist. The dealer in humours takes some fad or craze in his characters, some minor ruling passion, and makes his profit out of it. Generally (and almost always in Peacock's case) he takes if he can one or more of these humours as a central point, and lets the others play and revolve in a more or less eccentric fashion round it. In almost every book of Peacock's there is a host who has a more or less decided mania for collecting other maniacs round him. Harry Headlong, of Headlong Hall, Esquire, a young Welsh gentleman of means, and of generous though rather unchastened taste, finding, as Peacock says, in the earliest of his gibes at the universities, that there are no such things as men of taste and philosophy in Oxford, assembles a motley host in London, and asks them down to his place at Llanberis. The adventures of the visit (ending up with several weddings) form the scheme of the book, as indeed repetitions of something very little different form the scheme of all the other books, with the exception of No. 318.—VOL. LIII.

tion of ‘The Misfortunes of Elphin,’ and perhaps ‘Maid Marian.’ Of books so simple in one way, and so complex in others, it is impossible and unnecessary to give any detailed analysis. But each contains characteristics which contribute too much to the knowledge of Peacock's idiosyncrasy to pass altogether unnoticed. The contrasts in ‘Headlong Hall’ between the pessimist Mr. Escot, the optimist Mr. Foster, and the happy-mean man Mr. Jenkison (who inclines to both in turn, but on the whole rather to optimism), are much less amusing than the sketches of Welsh scenery and habits, the passages of arms with representatives of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews (which Peacock always hated), and the passing satire on “improving” craniology and other manias of the day. The book also contains the first and most unfriendly of the sketches of clergymen of the Church of England which Peacock gradually softened till, in Dr. Folliott and Dr. Opimian, his curses became blessings altogether. The Reverend Dr. Gaster is an ignoble brute, but not quite life-like enough to be really offensive. But the most charming part of the book by far (for its women are mere lay figures) is to be found in the convivial scenes. ‘Headlong Hall’ contains, besides other occasional verse of merit, two drinking songs—‘Hail to the Headlong,’ and the still better ‘A Heel-tap! a heel-tap! I never could bear it’—songs not quite so good as those in the subsequent books, but good enough to make any reader think with a gentle sigh of the departure of good fellowship from the earth. Undergraduates and Scotchmen (and even in their case the fashion is said to be dying) alone practise at the present day the full rites of Comus.

‘Melincourt,’ published, and indeed written, very soon after ‘Headlong Hall,’ is a much more ambitious attempt. It is some three times the length of its predecessor, and is, though not much longer than a single

volume of some three-volume novels, the longest book that Peacock ever wrote. It is also much more ambitiously planned; the twice attempted abduction of the heiress, Anthelia Melincourt, giving something like a regular plot, while the introduction of Sir Oran Haut-ton (an orang-outang whom the eccentric hero, Forester, has domesticated and intends to introduce to parliamentary life) can only be understood as aiming at a regular satire on the whole of human life, conceived in a milder spirit than 'Gulliver,' but belonging in some degree to the same class. Forester himself, a disciple of Rousseau, a fervent anti-slavery man who goes to the length of refusing his guests sugar, and an ideologist in many other ways, is also an ambitious sketch; and Peacock has introduced episodes after the fashion of eighteenth century fiction, besides a great number of satirical excursions dealing with his enemies of the Lakeschool, with paper money and with many other things and persons. The whole, as a whole, has a certain heaviness. The enthusiastic Forester is a little of a prig, and a little of a bore; his friend the professorial Mr. Fax prosed dreadfully; the Oran Haut-ton scenes, amusing enough of themselves, are overloaded (as is the whole book) with justificative selections from Buffon, Lord Monboddo, and other authorities. The portraits of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Canning, and others, are neither like, nor in themselves very happy, and the heroine Anthelia is sufficiently uninteresting to make us extremely indifferent whether the virtuous Forester or the *roué* Lord Anophel Achthar gets her. On the other hand, detached passages are in the author's very best vein; and there is a truly delightful scene between Lord Anophel and his chaplain Grovelgrub, when the athletic Sir Oran has not only foiled their attempt on Anthelia, but has mast-headed them on the top of a rock perpendicular. But the gem of the book is the election for the borough

of One-Vote—a very amusing farce on the subject of rotten boroughs. Mr. Forester has bought one of the One-Vote seats for his friend, the Orang, and going to introduce him to the constituency falls in with the purchaser of the other seat, Mr. Sarcastic, who is a practical humourist of the most accomplished kind. The satirical arguments with which Sarcastic combats Forester's enthusiastic views of life and politics, the elaborate spectacle which he gets up on the day of nomination, and the free fight which follows are recounted with extraordinary spirit. Nor is the least of the attractions of the book an admirable drinking song, superior to either of those in 'Headlong Hall,' though perhaps better known to most people by certain Thackerayan reminiscences of it than in itself:—

"THE GHOSTS.

" In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friendly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
With-wine that none but ghosts can taste
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be port and we'll think it good sport

To be laid in that Red Sea.

" With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
The traveller hears our midnight mirth:
'Oh list,' he cries, 'the haunted choir!
The merriest ghost that walks the earth
Is now the ghost of a ghostly friar.'
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be port and we'll think it good sport

To be laid in that Red Sea."

In the preface to a new edition of 'Melincourt,' which Peacock wrote nearly thirty years later, and which contains a sort of promise of 'Gryll Grange,' there is no sign of any dissatisfaction on the author's part with the plan of the earlier book; but in his next, which came quickly, he changed that plan very decidedly.

'Nightmare Abbey' is the shortest, as 'Melincourt' is the longest, of his tales; and as 'Melincourt' is the most unequal and the most clogged with heavy matter, so 'Nightmare Abbey' contains the most unbroken tissue of farcical, though not in the least coarsely farcical, incidents and conversations. The misanthropic Scythrop (whose habit of Madeira-drinking has made some exceedingly literal people sure that he really could not be intended for the water-drinking Shelley); his still gloomier father, Mr. Glowry; his intricate entanglements with the lovely Marionetta and the still more beautiful Celinda; his fall between the two stools; his resolve to commit suicide; the solution of that awkward resolve—are all simply delightful. Extravagant as the thing is, its brevity and the throng of incidents and jokes prevent it from becoming in the least tedious. The pessimist-fatalist Mr. Toobad, with his "innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil," and his catchword "the devil has come among us having great wrath," appears just enough, and not too much. The introduced sketch of Byron as Mr. Cypress would be the least happy thing of the piece if it did not give occasion for a capital serious burlesque of Byronic verse, the lines, "There is a fever of the spirit," which, as better known than most of Peacock's verse, need not be quoted. Mr. Flosky, a fresh caricature of Coleridge, is even less like the original than Mr. Mystic, but he is much more like a human being, and in himself is great fun. An approach to a more charitable view of the clergy is discoverable in the curate Mr. Larynx, who, if not extremely ghostly, is neither a sot nor a sloven. But the quarrels and reconciliations between Scythrop and Marionetta, his invincible inability to make up his mind, the mysterious advent of Marionetta's rival, and her abode in hidden chambers, the alternate sympathy and repulsion between Scythrop and those elder disciples of pessimism, his father and Mr. Toobad—all the

contradictions of Shelley's character, in short, with a suspicion of the incidents of his life brought into the most ludicrous relief, must always form the great charm of the book. A tolerably rapid reader may get through it in an hour or so, and there is hardly a more delightful hour's reading of anything like the same kind in the English language, either for the incidental strokes of wit and humour, or for the easy mastery with which the whole is hit off. It contains, moreover, another drinking-catch, "Seamen Three," which, though it is like its companion, better known than most of Peacock's songs, may perhaps find a place:—

"Seamen three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine;
And you ballast is old wine.

"Who art thou so fast adrift
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be.

"Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine."

A third song sung by Marionetta, "Why are thy looks so blank, Grey Friar?" is as good in another way; nor should it be forgotten that the said Marionetta, who has been thought to have some features of the luckless Harriet Shelley, is Peacock's first life-like study of a girl, and one of his pleasantest.

The book which came out four years after, 'Maid Marian,' has, I believe, been much the most popular and the best known of Peacock's short romances. It owed this popularity, in great part, no doubt, to the fact that the author has altered little in the well-

known and delightful old story, and has not added very much to its facts, contenting himself with illustrating the whole in his own satirical fashion. But there is also no doubt that the dramatisation of 'Maid Marian' by Planché and Bishop as an operetta, helped, if it did not make, its fame. The snatches of song through the novel are more frequent than in any other of the books, so that Mr. Planché must have had but little trouble with it. Some of these snatches are among Peacock's best verse, such as the famous "Bramble Song," the great hit of the operetta, the equally well-known 'Oh, bold Robin Hood,' and the charming snatch:—

"For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will ; .

"But this you must know, that as long as
they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree."

This snatch, which, in its mixture of sentiment, truth, and what may be excusably called "rollick," is very characteristic of its author, and is put in the mouth of Brother Michael, practically the hero of the piece, and the happiest of the various workings up of Friar Tuck, despite his considerable indebtedness to a certain older friar, whom we must not call "of the funnels." That Peacock was a Pantagruelist to the heart's core is evident in all his work ; but his following of Master Francis is nowhere clearer than in 'Maid Marian,' and it no doubt helps us to understand why those who cannot relish Rabelais should look askance at Peacock. For the rest no book of Peacock's requires so little comment as this charming pastoral, which was probably little less in Thackeray's mind than 'Ivanhoe' itself when he wrote 'Rebecca and Rowena.' The author draws in (it would be hardly fair to say drags in) some of his stock satire at courts, the clergy, the landed

gentry, and so forth ; but the very nature of the subject excludes the somewhat tedious digressions which mar 'Melincourt,' and which once or twice menace, though they never actually succeed in spoiling, the unbroken fun of 'Nightmare Abbey.'

'The Misfortunes of Elphin,' which followed after an interval of seven years, is, I believe, the least generally popular of Peacock's works, though (not at all for that reason) it happens to be my own favourite. The most curious instance of this general unpopularity is the entire omission, as far as I am aware, of any reference to it in any of the popular guide-books to Wales. One piece of verse, indeed, the "War-song of Dinas Vawr," a triumph of easy verse and covert sarcasm, has had some vogue, but the rest is only known to Peacockians. The abundance of Welsh lore which, at any rate in appearance, it contains, may have had something to do with this ; though the translations or adaptations, whether faithful or not, are the best literary renderings of Welsh known to me. Something also, and probably more, is due to the saturation of the whole from beginning to end with Peacock's driest humour. Not only is the account of the sapping and destruction of the embankment of Gwaelod an open and continuous satire on the opposition to Reform, but the whole book is written in the spirit and manner of 'Candide'—a spirit and manner which Englishmen have generally been readier to relish, when they relish them at all, in another language than in their own. The respectable domestic virtues of Elphin and his wife Angharad, the blameless loves of Taliesin and the Princess Melanghel, hardly serve even as a foil to the satiric treatment of the other characters. The careless incompetence of the poetical King Gwythno, the coarser vices of other Welsh princes, the marital toleration or blindness of Arthur, the cynical frankness of the robber King Melvas, above all, the drunkenness of the immortal

Seithenyn, give the humourist themes which he caresses with inexhaustible affection, but in a manner no doubt very puzzling, if not shocking, to matter-of-fact readers. Seithenyn, the drunken prince and dyke-warden, whose carelessness lets in the inundation, is by far Peacock's most original creation (for Scythrop, as has been said, is rather a humorous distortion of the actual than a creation). His complete self-satisfaction, his utter fearlessness of consequences, his ready adaptation to whatever part, be it prince or butler, presents itself to him, and above all, the splendid topsy-turviness of his fashion of argument make Seithenyn one of the happiest, if not one of the greatest, results of whimsical imagination and study of human nature. "They have not"—says the somewhat prince, now King Melvas' butler, when Taliesin discovers him twenty years after his supposed death—"they have not made it [his death] known to me for the best of all reasons, that one can only know the truth. For if that which we think we know is not truth, it is something which we do not know. A man cannot know his own death. For while he knows anything he is alive; at least, I never heard of a dead man who knew anything, or pretended to know anything: if he had so pretended I should have told him to his face that he was no dead man." How nobly consistent is this with his other argument in the days of his principedom and his neglect of the embankment! Elphin has just reproached him with the proverb, "Wine speaks in the silence of reason." "I am very sorry," said Seithenyn, "that you see things in a wrong light. But we will not quarrel, for three reasons: first, because you are the son of the king, and may do and say what you please without any one having a right to be displeased; second, because I never quarrel with a guest, even if he grows riotous in his cups; third, because

there is nothing to quarrel about. And perhaps that is the best reason of the three; or rather the first is the best, because you are the son of the king; and the third is the second, that is the second best, because there is nothing to quarrel about; and the second is nothing to the purpose, because, though guests will grow riotous in their cups in spite of my good orderly example, God forbid that I should say that is the case with you. And I completely agree in the truth of your remark that reason speaks in the silence of wine."

'Crotchet Castle,' the last but one of the series, which was published two years after 'Elphin' and nearly thirty before 'Gryll Grange,' has been already called the best; and the statement is not inconsistent with the description already given of 'Nightmare Abbey' and of 'Elphin.' For 'Nightmare Abbey' is chiefly farce, and 'The Misfortunes of Elphin' is chiefly sardonic persiflage. 'Crotchet Castle' is comedy of a high and varied kind. Peacock has returned in it to the machinery of a country house with its visitors, each of whom is more or less of a crotcheteer; and has thrown in a little romantic interest in the suit of a certain unmoneyed Captain Fitzchrome to a noble damsel who is expected to marry money, as well as in the desertion and subsequent rescue of Susannah Touchandgo, daughter of a levanting financier. The charm of the book, however, which distinguishes it from all its predecessors, is the introduction of characters neither ridiculous nor simply good in the persons of the Rev. Dr. Folliott and Lady Clarinda Bossnowl, Fitzchrome's beloved. "Lady Clarinda," says the captain, when the said Lady Clarinda has been playing off a certain unladylike practical joke on him, "is a very pleasant young lady;" and most assuredly she is, a young lady (in the nineteenth century and in prose) of the tribe of Beatrice, if not even of Rosalind. As for Dr. Folliott, the

author is said to have described him as his amends for his earlier clerical sketches, and the amends are ample. A stout Tory, a fellow of infinite jest, a lover of good living, an inveterate paradoxer, a pitiless exposé of current cant and fallacies, and, lastly, a tall man of his hands, Dr. Folliott is always delightful, whether he is knocking down thieves, or annihilating, in a rather Johnsonian manner, the economist, Mr. McQuedy, and the journalist, Mr. Eavesdrop, or laying down the law as to the composition of breakfast and supper, or using strong language as to "the learned friend" (Brougham), or bringing out, partly by opposition and partly by irony, the follies of the transcendentalists, the fops, the doctrinaires, and the mediævalists of the party. The book, moreover, contains the last and not the least of Peacock's admirable drinking songs:—

"If I drink water while this doth last,
May I never again drink wine;
For how can a man, in his life of a span,
Do anything better than dine?
We'll dine and drink, and say if we think
That anything better can be;
And when we have dined, wish all mankind
May dine as well as we.

"And though a good wish will fill no dish,
And brim no cup with sack,
Yet thoughts will spring as the glasses ring
To illumine our studious track.
O'er the brilliant dreams of our hopeful
schemes
The light of the flask shall shine;
And we'll sit till day, but we'll find the way
To drench the world with wine."

The song is good in itself, but it is even more interesting as being the last product of Peacock's Anacreontic vein. Almost a generation passed before the appearance of his next and last novel, and though there is plenty of good eating and drinking in 'Gryll Grange,' the old fine rapture had disappeared in society meanwhile, and Peacock obediently took note of the disappearance. It is considered, I believe, a mark of barbarian tastes to lament the change. But I am not

certain that the Age of Apollinaris and lectures has yet produced anything that can vie as literature with the products of the ages of Wine and Song.

'Gryll Grange' however, in no way deserves the name of a dry stick. It is, next to 'Melincourt,' the longest of Peacock's novels, and it is entirely free from the drawbacks of the forty-years-old book. Mr. Falconer, the hero, who lives in a tower alone with seven lovely and discreet foster-sisters, has some resemblances to Mr. Forester, but he is much less of a prig. The life and the conversation bear, instead of the marks of a young man's writing, the marks of the writing of one who has seen the manners and cities of many other men, and the personages throughout are singularly lifelike. The loves of the second hero and heroine, Lord Curryfin and Miss Niphet, are much more interesting than their names would suggest. And the most loquacious person of the book, the Rev. Dr. Opimian, if he is somewhat less racy than Dr. Folliott, is not less agreeable. One main charm of the novel lies in its vigorous criticism of modern society in phases which have not yet passed away. "Progress" is attacked with curious ardour; and the battle between literature and science, which nowadays even Mr. Matthew Arnold wages but as one *cauponans bellum*, is fought with a vigour that is a joy to see. It would be rather interesting to know whether Peacock, in planning the central incident of the play (an "Aristophanic comedy," satirising modern ways), was aware of the existence of Mansel's delightful parody of the 'Clouds.' But 'Phrontisterion' has never been widely known out of Oxford, and the bearing of Peacock's own performance is rather social than political. Not the least noteworthy thing in the book is the practical apology which is made in it to Scotchmen and political economists (two classes whom Peacock had earlier

persecuted in the personage of Mr. McBorrowdale, a candid friend of Liberalism, who is extremely refreshing); and besides the Aristophanic comedy, 'Gryll Grange' contains some of Peacock's most delightful verse, notably the really exquisite stanzas on "Love and Age."

The book is the more valuable because of the material it supplies in this and other places for rebutting the charges that Peacock was a mere Epicurean, or a mere carper. Independently of the verses just named, and the hardly less perfect "Death of Philemon," the prose conversation shows how delicately and with how much feeling he could think on those points of life where satire and jollification are out of place. For the purely modern man, indeed, it might be well to begin the reading of Peacock with 'Gryll Grange,' in order that he may not be set out of harmony with his author by the robust but less familiar tones, as well as by the rawer though not less vigorous workmanship of 'Headlong Hall' and its immediate successors. The happy mean between the heart on the sleeve and the absence of heart has scarcely been better shown than in this latest novel.

I have no space here to go through the miscellaneous work which completes Peacock's literary baggage. His regular poems, all early, are very much better than the work of many men who have won a place among British poets. His criticism, though not great in amount, is good; and he is especially happy in the kind of miscellaneous trifle (such as his trilingual poem on a whitebait dinner), which is generally thought appropriate to "university wits." But the characteristics of these miscellanies are not very different from the characteristics of his prose fiction, and, for purposes of discussion, may be included with them.

Lord Houghton has defined and explained Peacock's literary idiosyncrasy

as that of a man of the eighteenth century belated and strayed in the nineteenth. It is always easy to improve on a given pattern, but I certainly think that this definition of Lord Houghton's (which, it should be said, is not given in his own words) needs a little improvement. For the differences which strike us in Peacock—the easy joviality, the satirical view of life, the contempt of formulas and of science—though they certainly distinguish many chief literary men of the eighteenth century from most chief literary men of the nineteenth, are not specially characteristic of the eighteenth century itself. They are found in the seventeenth, in the Renaissance, in classical antiquity—wherever, in short, the art of letters and the art of life have had comparatively free play. The chief differentia of Peacock is a differentia common among men of letters; that is to say, among men of letters who are accustomed to society, who take no sacerdotal or "singing-robe" view of literature, who appreciate the distinction which literary cultivation gives them over the "herd of mankind," but who by no means take that distinction too seriously. Aristophanes, Horace, Lucian, Rabelais, Montaigne, Saint Evremond, these are all Peacock's literary ancestors, each, of course, with his own difference in especial and in addition. Aristophanes was more of a politician and a patriot, Lucian more of a freethinker, Horace more of a simple *pococurante*. Rabelais may have had a little inclination to science itself (he would soon have found it out if he had lived a little later), Montaigne may have been more of a pure egotist, Saint Evremond more of a man of society, and of the verse and prose of society. But they all had the same *ethos*, the same love of letters as letters, the same contempt of mere progress as progress, the same relish for the simpler and more human pleasures, the same good fellowship, the same tendency to

escape from the labyrinth of life's riddles by what has been called the humour-gate, the same irreconcilable hatred of stupidity and vulgarity and cant. The eighteenth century has, no doubt, had its claim to be regarded as the special flourishing time of this mental state urged by many others besides Lord Houghton; but I doubt whether the claim can be sustained, at any rate to the detriment of other times, and the men of other times. That century took itself too seriously—a fault fatal to the claim at once. Indeed, the truth is that while this attitude has in some periods been very rare, it cannot be said to be the peculiar, still less the universal, characteristic of any period. It is a personal not a periodic distinction; and there are persons who might make out a fair claim to it even in the depths of the Middle Ages or of the nineteenth century.

However this may be, Peacock certainly held the theory of those who take life easily, who do not love anything very much except old books, old wine, and a few other things, not all of which perhaps need be old, who are rather inclined to see the folly of it than the pity of it, and who have an invincible tendency, if they tilt at anything at all, to tilt at the prevailing cants and arrogances of the time. These cants and arrogances of course vary. The position occupied by monkery at one time may be occupied by physical science at another; and a belief in graven images may supply in the third century the target, which is supplied by a belief in the supreme wisdom of majorities in the nineteenth. But the general principles—the cult of the muses and the graces for their own sake, and the practice of satiric archery at the follies of the day—appear in all the elect of this particular election, and they certainly appear in Peacock. The results no doubt are distasteful, not to say shocking, to some excellent people. It is impossible to avoid a slight chuckle when one

thinks of the horror with which some such people must read Peacock's calm statement, repeated I think more than once, that one of his most perfect heroes "found, as he had often found before, that the more his mind was troubled the more madeira he could drink without disordering his head." I have no doubt that the United Kingdom Alliance, if it knew this dreadful sentence (but probably the study of the United Kingdom Alliance is not much in Peacock), would like to burn all the copies of 'Gryll Grange' by the hands of Mr. Berry, and make the reprinting of it a misdemeanour, if not a felony. But it is not necessary to follow Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or to be a believer in education, or in telegraphs, or in majorities, in order to feel the repulsion which some people evidently feel for the Peacockian treatment. With one sense absent and another strongly present it is impossible for any one to like him. The present sense is that which has been rather grandiosely called the sense of moral responsibility in literature. The absent sense is that sixth, seventh, or eighth sense, called a sense of humour, and about this there is no arguing. Those who have it, instead of being quietly and humbly thankful, are perhaps a little too apt to celebrate their joy in the face of the afflicted ones who have it not; the afflicted ones, who have it not, only follow a general law in protesting that the sense of humour is a very worthless thing, if not a complete humbug. But there are others of whom it would be absurd to say that they have no sense of humour, and yet who cannot place themselves at the Peacockian point of view, or at the point of view of those who like Peacock. His humour is not their humour; his wit not their wit. Like one of his own characters (who did not show his usual wisdom in the remark), they "must take pleasure in the thing represented before they can take pleasure in the representation." And in the things that Peacock

represents they do not take pleasure. That gentlemen should drink a great deal of burgundy and sing songs during the process appears to them at the best childish, at the worst horribly wrong. The prince-butler Seithenyn is a reprobate old man, who was unfaithful to his trust and shamelessly given to sensual indulgence. Dr. Folliott, as a parish priest, should not have drunk so much wine; and it would have been much more satisfactory to hear more of Dr. Opimian's sermons and district visiting and less of his dinners with Squire Gryll and Mr. Falconer. Peacock's irony on social and political arrangements is all sterile, all destructive, and the sentiment that "most opinions that have anything to be said for them are about two thousand years old" is a libel on mankind. They feel, in short, for Peacock the animosity mingled with contempt which the late M. Amiel felt for "clever mockers."

It is probably useless to argue with any such. It might, indeed, be urged in all seriousness that the Peacockian attitude is not in the least identical with the Mephistophelian; that it is based simply on the very sober and arguable ground that human nature is always very much the same, liable to the same delusions and the same weaknesses; and that the oldest things are likely to be best, not for any intrinsic or mystical virtue of antiquity, but because they have had most time to be found out in, and have not been found out. It may further be argued, as it has often been argued before, that the use of ridicule as a general criterion can do no harm, and may do much good. If the thing ridiculed be of God, it will stand; if it be not, the sooner it is laughed off the face of the earth the better. But there is probably little good in urging all this. Just as a lover of the greatest of Greek dramatists must recognise at once that it would be perfectly useless to attempt to argue Lord Coleridge out of the idea that Aristophanes,

though a genius, was vulgar and base of soul, so to go a good deal lower in the scale of years, and somewhat lower in the scale of genius, everybody who rejoices in the author of 'Aristophanes in London' must see that he has no chance of converting Mrs. Oliphant, or any other person who does not like Peacock. The middle term is not present, the disputants do not in fact use the same language. The only thing to do is to recommend this particular pleasure to those who are capable of being pleased by it, of whom there are beyond doubt a great number to whom it is pleasure yet untried.

It is well to go about enjoying it with a certain caution. The reader must not expect always to agree with Peacock, who not only did not always agree with himself, but was also a man of almost ludicrously strong prejudices. He hated paper money; whereas the only feeling that most of us have on that subject is that we have not always as much of it as we should like. He hated Scotchmen, and there are many of his readers who without any claim to Scotch blood, but knowing the place and the people, will say,

"That better wine and better men
We shall not meet in May,"

or for the matter of that in any other month. Partly because he hated Scotchmen, and partly because in his earlier days Sir Walter was a pillar of Toryism, he hated Scott, and has been guilty not merely of an absurd and no doubt partly humorous comparison of the Waverley novels to pantomimes, but of more definite criticisms which will bear the test of examination as badly. His strictures on a famous verse of 'The Dream of Fair Women' are indefensible, though there is perhaps more to be said for the accompanying jibe at Sir John Millais's endeavour to carry out the description of Cleopatra in black (chiefly black) and white. The reader of Peacock

must never mind his author trampling on his, the reader's, favourite corns; or rather he must lay his account with the agreeable certainty that Peacock will shortly afterwards trample on other corns which are not at all his favourites. For my part I am quite willing to accept these conditions. And I do not find that my admiration for Coleridge, or my sympathy with those who opposed the first Reform Bill, or my inclination to dispute the fact that Oxford is only a place of "unused libraries and unread books," make me like Peacock one whit the less. It is the law of the game, and those who play the game must put up with its laws. And it must be remembered that at any rate in his later and best books Peacock never wholly "took a side." He has always provided some personage or other who reduces all the whimsies and prejudices of his characters, even including his own, under a kind of dry light. Such is Lady Clarinda, who regards all the crotcheteers of Crotchet Castle with the same benevolent amusement; such Mr. McBorrowdale, who, when he is requested to settle the question of the superiority or inferiority of Greek harmony and perspective to modern, replies, "I think ye may just buz that bottle before you." (Alas! to think that if a man used the word "buz" nowadays some wiseacre would accuse him of vulgarity or of false English.) The general criticism in his work is always sane and vigorous, even though there may be flaws in the particular censures; and it is very seldom that even in his utterances of most flagrant prejudice anything really illiberal can be found. He had read much too widely and with too much discrimination for that. His reading had been corrected by too much of the cheerful give-and-take of social discussion, his dry light was softened and coloured by too frequent rainbows, the Apollonian rays being reflected on Bacchic dew. Anything that might otherwise seem hard and

harsh in Peacock's perpetual ridicule is softened and mellowed by this pervading good fellowship which, as it is never pushed to the somewhat extravagant limits of Wilson, so it distinguishes Peacock himself from the authors to whom in pure style he is most akin and to whom Lord Houghton has already compared him—the French tale-tellers from Anthony Hamilton to Voltaire. In these, perfect as their form often is, there is constantly a slight want of geniality, a perpetual clatter and glitter of intellectual rapier and dagger which sometimes becomes rather irritating and teasing to ear and eye. Even the objects of Peacock's severest sarcasm, his Galls and Vamps and Eavesdrops, are allowed to join in the choruses and the bumpers of his easy going symposia. The sole nexus is not cash payment but something much more agreeable, and it is allowed that even Mr. Mystic had "some super-excellent madeira." Yet how far the wine is from getting above the wit in these merry books is not likely to escape even the most unsympathetic reader. The mark may be selected recklessly or unjustly, but the arrows always fly straight to it.

Peacock, in short, has eminently that quality of literature which may be called recreation. It may be that he is not extraordinarily instructive, though there is a good deal of quaint and not despicable erudition wrapped up in his apparently careless pages. It may be that he does not prove much; that he has, in fact, very little concern to prove anything. But in one of the only two modes of refreshment and distraction possible in literature, he is a very great master. The first of these modes is that of creation—that in which the writer spirits his readers away into some scene and manner of life quite different from that with which they are ordinarily conversant. With this Peacock, even in his professed poetical work, has not very much to do; and in his novels, even in

'Maid Marian,' he hardly attempts it. The other is the mode of satirical presentment of well-known and familiar things, and this is all his own. Even his remotest subjects are near enough to be in a manner familiar, and 'Gryll Grange,' with a few insignificant changes of names and current follies, might have been written yesterday. He is, therefore, not likely for a long time to lose the freshness and point which, at any rate for the ordinary

reader, are required in satirical handlings of ordinary life; while his purely literary merits, his grasp of the perennial follies and characters of humanity, of the *ludicrum humani generis* which never varies much in substance under its ever-varying dress, are such as to assure him life even after the immediate peculiarities which he satirised have become, or have even ceased to be history.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE MUSICAL AND THE PICTURESQUE ELEMENTS IN POETRY.

THE view of art that is expressed by the phrase "imitation of nature" has left traces in nearly all criticism—in criticism of literature, as much as in criticism of art in the more restricted sense. One example of the influence of this definition is the stress that is often laid on "the imagination" as the principal faculty at work in poetry. For when in poetical criticism imagination rather than passion is regarded as the essential thing, the reason seems to be that the imagination, being visual, keeps itself in contact with external nature, while passion, or feeling, remains merely internal. Imitation of nature is thought to give a certain superiority to the kinds of art in which it has a greater place, as making them somehow less purely personal, more disinterested. Some such view as this seems to be implied in parts of the article on "Poetic Imagination," by Mr. Arthur Tilley, in the January number of this Magazine.

It is not sufficient for those who disagree with this view to point to the indefinable personal quality present in all poetical work, and indeed in all art, whether specifically personal or impersonal in its attitude towards nature and man. Those who have a preference for the objective, imitative, element in art, would admit the presence of this personal quality just as much as any one else. And they could defend their position in this way. Taking this quality—which, they might point out, is exactly the element that eludes analysis—as "a constant," as something always present in anything that can be called poetry, they might insist that an impartially objective view of the world is that which characterises the highest poetry; and that poets are to

be placed higher or lower according to the degree in which they succeed in being objective and impartial. This objective character, they might say, is best described as a character of "the poetic imagination."

To this it may be replied that insight into the reality of things is not precisely imagination any more than it is passion; that this insight is rather a part of the meaning conveyed by poetry than an element of its form, and has just as much relation to one formal quality as to another. In fact, we have got away from what ought to be a distinction between formal elements to a distinction of content from form. But the first question for criticism is, in which of the formal elements that can be detected by analysis does the indefinable, unanalysable quality of poetry most of all express itself.

Imagination, as a name for one of the formal elements in poetry, is too wide. It always suggests more than the power of constructing and picturing shapes of external things; and it has sometimes been used to describe the formative power generally, the power of giving shape to the feelings within, as well as to the images of the world without. On the other hand, passion refers properly to the material or basis of poetry, and not to its form at all.

There is, however, another current distinction of poetical criticism—that of "musical" and "picturesque" qualities—by which the difficulties of clearly distinguishing passion and imagination are avoided. Both these terms refer entirely to form; and they divide between them all the formal qualities of poetical work. For the term "picturesque," though strictly it ought only to be applied to those

characters of the imagery of a poem that recall the effects of a picture, has come to be applied in practice to the whole of the qualities that depend on visual imagination. The explanation of this extension of meaning is that, just as the imaginative characters of ancient poetry are most related to the effects of sculpture, so the imaginative characters of modern poetry are most related to the effects of painting. With the extension that has been given to it, the term "picturesque" describes half the formal qualities of a poem. The other term of the antithesis, which is again a purely formal one, and therefore to be preferred to "passionate," describes the other half of all the formal qualities of poetry; for musical quality and the element of passion are names for the same thing (considered artistically). Rhythmical movement is the expression of emotional movement; and in poetry the material of passion, or feeling, assumes metrical, that is, "musical" form. Thus the antithesis of "musical" and "picturesque" is at once clear and perfectly general.

Are the two elements distinguished by these terms of equal value? Or is one of them the essential poetic quality, and the other a subordinate element to be taken into account by criticism in an estimate of the total artistic value of poetical work, but not directly affecting its value merely as poetry?

Closer consideration of the two terms will make it clear that the essential element in poetry is that which is described by the first of them when properly interpreted. The true interpretation of both may be arrived at by developing the consequences of Lessing's theory of the limits of poetry and painting.

Lessing proved in the 'Laocoon' that the method of the poet must be different from that of the painter (or of the sculptor); that the poet cannot imitate the painter in his treatment of subjects they have in common, and that the painter cannot imitate the

poet. He shows by examples what difference of treatment actually exists, and deduces it from the necessary conditions of the arts of expression in words and in colours. There is this difference of treatment, because in poetry images are represented in their relations in time, while in painting objects are represented in their relations in space. In detailed descriptions of beautiful objects the poet cannot equal the painter; but he is not confined, like the painter, to a single moment of time. The poet describes the effects of things, not merely the things themselves; and thus he can convey ideas of beautiful objects by methods of his own which the painter cannot employ. But to produce a "poetic picture," that is, a picture not of an object but of an action or event, which consists of successive phases related in time, not of coexistent parts related in space, is the true aim of the poet.

Now Lessing's conception of a poetic picture—a picture in words of a series of images related in time—is not a perfectly simple conception. We may discover in it by analysis those suggestions of distinct pictures which, as Lessing admits, are made incidentally by the poet without attempting anything beyond the limits of his own art. The words of the poet call up images of what existed at those particular moments which the painter might select if he were working on the same subject. Is it, then, the mere relation of these images in time, or is it some remaining thing, that makes the picture poetic? That it is some remaining thing, and that this is the "musical element," will become clear from an example. We will select one from Milton—

"Down a while

He sat and round about him saw unseen.
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appeared or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him or false glitter."

This passage is a perfect example of a "poetic picture" in Lessing's sense;

and there is no difficulty here in detecting the presence of the two elements. The poetic effect does not proceed merely from the vivid objective representation of the phases of an action or event as they follow one another in time. A particular image out of the series—that which is contained in the italicised lines—rises before the imagination. The movement in which the mind is really absorbed is not the external movement, but the musical movement of the verse; and on the stream of this musical movement there is the single image appearing. But since Milton is especially a musical poet, we will also take an example from a picturesque and objective poet; let us take Homer's description of the march of the Grecian army:—

“ ἥ ὅτε πῦρ αἶθλον ἐπιφλέγει ἄσπετον ὕλην
 οὐρεὺς ἐν κορυφῇ, ἔκαθεν δέ τε φαίνεται αὐγὴ,
 ὥς τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίῳ
 αἴγλη παμφανόσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἴκεν.”¹

Do we not here perceive as separate images, first, the blaze of the forest, and then the gleam that is compared with it, of the armour? We are at the same time conscious of the march of the army; but this movement is, as it were, identified with the rhythmical movement of the verse. Here, as before, a particular image rather than the whole objective movement is realised in imagination. To this realisation of definite pictures is added the rhythmical movement, in other words, the musical element, of the verse. This alone is the element in poetry that has time for its condition; and time, not space, is, as we have seen, the fundamental condition of poetic representations. Of the two formal elements of poetic effects, therefore—musical movement and separate suggestions of picturesque imagery—it is clear that the first, since that

alone depends on the fundamental condition of poetic representations, must be regarded as the essential element.

Thus, by considering the nature of the formal conditions of poetic expression, we find that the effects which recall those of painting (and sculpture) are subordinate to the musical element. But in order to meet a possible objection, it is necessary to point out that the effects of music itself and of poetry are not, as is implied in some criticisms, identical. Sometimes the remark is made about verse that possesses musical quality in a very high degree that it “almost succeeds in producing the effect of music.” Such criticisms convey the idea that the effort after intensity of musical effect in verse is an attempt to pass beyond the limits of verbal expression, and therefore that it does not properly belong to poetry. But the musical effect of verse is of its own kind, and is produced by methods peculiar to the poet. The resemblance that there is between musical verse and music is due to resemblance in the general conditions of their production; music, like poetry, has time for its formal condition, and in music as in poetry the effect depends immediately on sequences of sound; but there need not be any imitation either on the part of the poet or of the musician. This becomes evident from the observation that many people who are very susceptible to music care little for metrical effects in poetry; while on the other hand those who care most for lyric poetry have often no peculiar susceptibility to music.

For those who can accept provisionally the conclusion that the musical element is the essential element in poetry, an examination of the characteristics of the poets in whose work musical quality becomes most manifest, as a quality distinct from all others, will not be without interest. In the first place it may be asked, is there any mode of dealing with life and with external nature that is

¹ “Like as destroying fire kindles some vast forest on a mountain's peak, and the blaze is seen from afar; so, as they marched, the dazzling gleam of their awful armour reached through the sky even unto the heavens.”—Il. ii. 455-8.

characteristic of those poets who display this quality pre-eminently? Adding that all material is of equal value to the artist, we may still find some particular mode of treatment of that which is the material of art is spontaneously adopted by those who manifest the essential poetic quality both in its highest degree and in such a manner that it is perceived as distinct from all others.

Artistic qualities generally become distinct, most separable in contrast from other qualities, in lyric poetry. If, then, there should be any veritable relation between mode of treatment of material and mode of manifestation of poetic quality, this may be found most easily by studying the work of poets whose genius is in the lyric order. It is even possible that such a relation may exist in poetry only. We may see reason for concluding that a certain mode of treatment of life is characteristic of the greatest lyric poets, but this conclusion may have no further value.

The general condition of the manifestation of lyrical power may be described without much difficulty. This condition is expressed in the remark frequently made that lyric poetry is "subjective." As it is used in criticism the term is sometimes rather vague; but it really describes very well the change that all actual experience undergoes in becoming material for lyric poetry. The lyric poet receives all human emotion and all natural nature into their elements, creates new worlds out of these elements. Now this process has a certain resemblance to the resolution of objects into their elements by philosophical analysis. The method of the poet of course does not end in analysis, but that resolution of emotion into a few typical poetic motives, and nature into ideas of elementary forms and forms, which is the first condition of the creation of the new lyrical world of the lyricist, resembles the analytical process of the philoso-

pher taken by itself in that it is subjective. The term has therefore not been misapplied in this case in being transferred from philosophy to literary criticism.

The subjective character of lyric poetry is so obvious that it has been noticed as a fact even by those who have not seen the reason that determines it. The reason why the lyric poet must be "subjective" is this: in order to produce a distinct impression by the form of his work, he must have the material perfectly under his control. Now the material cannot be under the control of the poet unless he selects from that which he finds in life, accentuating some features of experience, and suppressing others. To make this selection possible analysis is necessary; and then, the more complete the transformation of human emotion with all its circumstances into a new "subjective" world, the more complete is also the detachment of form from matter, the more intense is the impression given by the form alone.

This transformation may be brought about in two different ways. One of these consists in contemplating from the point of view of a peculiar personality the few typical emotions and ideas to which analysis reduces all the rest. A new world is created in which some effect of strangeness is given to everything. After the treatment of earlier artists has been studied, an effort is made to express what has been left by them incompletely expressed—all those remoter effects of things which they have only suggested. Baudelaire, who has carried this method to its limits, has also given the theory of it. He called it the research for "the artificial," and regarded it as the typical method of modern art. The other method is to give to the mood that is selected as the motive of a poem a special imaginative character by associating with it some typical episode of life, colouring this brilliantly, and isolating it from a background that is vaguely

thought of as made up of commonplace experience. This mode of treatment of life is to a certain extent that of all poets; but some lyrists—Heine, for example—have carried it to greater perfection as a poetic method than the rest. Lyrics such as Heine's have for their distinctive character an intensity of emotional expression which has led some critics to praise them as not being "artificial." But they are really quite as artificial, in a sense, as those with which they are contrasted. For nothing in them is taken directly from life. The episode that is selected has a certain typical character by which it is removed from real experience; in being emphasised by intensity of expression and by contrast it is of course equally removed from the world of abstractions. Thus it is true here, as everywhere else, that "art is art because it is not nature."

But among the lyric poets themselves there are some in whose verse the musical quality becomes more distinct than it does in the verse of those who may be characterised by their use of one of the two methods described. The musical quality in the verse of the poets referred to above is of course unmistakable, but it is not the quality which we select to characterise them. In the one case intensity in the expression of a mood is most characteristic, in the other strangeness in the colouring. But there are some poets who are pre-eminently "musical," whom the musical quality of their verse would be selected to characterise. Is there any peculiarity in their mode of treating the material of all poetry, by which this still greater detachment of form from matter can be explained?

In order to determine this, the best way of proceeding seems to be to compare the poets of lyrical genius of some one literature, and to try to discover what those poets have in common who, in musical quality of verse, are distinguished above the rest. For this purpose we may be allowed to choose English literature.

The first great English poet who is above all things musical is Milton. The distinction of musical from picturesque qualities has indeed been used as a means of defending Milton's claim to be placed in the first order of poets against those critics who have complained that he does not suggest many subjects for pictures. And we must place Milton among poets whose genius is of the lyrical kind, though most of his work is not technically lyrical—especially if we accept as universal among the greater poets the distinction of lyric from dramatic genius. Spenser's verse is, of course, extremely musical; but we do not think of the music of his verse as that which is most characteristic of him. His distinction consists rather in what Coleridge described as the dream-like character of his imagery. After Milton, the next great poet who is eminently musical is Shelley. It will be said that Coleridge and Keats are, equally with Shelley, poets whose verse has the finest qualities of rhythm. But in Keats, what Mr. Arnold has called his "natural magic," and in Coleridge certain other imaginative qualities, are what we think of as characteristic; for these qualities are scarcely distinguishable from the medium of expression; the music of the verse is not felt as something that produces an effect of its own apart from the effect of other artistic qualities. Now in some of Shelley's lyrics no formal quality seems to exist except the music; a clear intellectual meaning is always present, but often there is scarcely any suggestion of distinct imagery. The power that he shows in these lyrics of giving music of verse an existence apart from all other formal qualities is what makes Shelley more of a musical poet than Coleridge or Keats; and no other poet of the same period can be compared with these in this quality of verse. From the period of Shelley to the present time the poet who is distinguished above the rest by the musical quality of his verse is Mr. Swinburne. And

he has, in common with Milton and Shelley, the power, which Shelley perhaps manifests most of all, of detaching musical quality from all other formal qualities. If the same poets have also something in common in their selection of material, then it is probable that this will be found to have some relation to their attaining the last limit of detachment of the essentially poetic quality from all others.

A ground of comparison is found in the power these poets have of expressing what may be called impersonal passion. Like all other poets of lyrical genius, they often express personal emotions; but they also give peculiarly distinct expression to emotions that have an impersonal character—emotions that are associated with a certain class of abstract ideas. What, then, is the nature of these abstract ideas?

They are ideas that may be found by analysis in all poetry. By some poets they are distinctly realised, but oftener they make their influence felt unconsciously; and when they are distinctly realised they may or may not be the objects of emotion. They represent the different ways in which the contrast is conceived between the movement of external things on the one hand, and the desires and aspirations of man on the other. The opposition of man and things outside is implicit in Greek tragedy, for example, as the idea of fate. And both in ancient and modern lyric poetry the conception of the dark background of necessity gives by contrast an intenser colouring to the expression of particular moods. There can be no finer example of this than the fifth ode of Catullus, where the peculiar intensity of effect is given by the reflection that is interposed:—

“Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.”¹

¹ “Suns may set and rise again; we, when once our brief light has set, must sleep for ever in perpetual night.”

But this contrast may not be employed merely to give emphasis to personal moods; it may become independently the object of an emotion. Now the three English poets whom we have seen grounds for comparing, all express an aspiration towards a certain ideal of freedom. This aspiration is, on the emotional side, sympathy with the human race, or with the individual soul in its struggle against necessity, against external things whose “strength detains and deforms,” and against the oppression of custom and arbitrary force; on the intellectual side it is belief in the ultimate triumph of the individual soul over the circumstances that oppose its development, or of man over destiny. But with fundamental identity, both of ideas and of sentiments, there is difference in the form they assume. The exact difference can only be made clear by a comparison of particular poems.

In his essay on Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems, Mr. Swinburne has said that the ‘Thyrsis’ of Mr. Arnold makes a third with ‘Lycidas’ and ‘Adonais,’ and that these are the three greatest elegiac poems, not only in the English language, but in the whole of literature. Some readers may be inclined to add Mr. Swinburne's own ‘Ave atque Vale’ to the scanty list. If we compare his elegy with the elegies of Milton and Shelley, the difference in the form assumed by the idea the three poets have in common becomes distinct. For Milton the constraint that is exercised by things, their indifference to man, is embodied in “the blind fury with the abhorred shears;” with Shelley the mutability of all the forms in which life manifests itself is the intellectual motive of this as of many other poems; while Mr. Swinburne brings the permanent background of silence and unconsciousness into contrast with the individual spirit, and represents it as absorbing all things into itself. Though in all three poems the idea of future fame as a compensation for the temporary vic-

tory of blind forces is suggested, there is nevertheless a difference in the form in which confidence in the final victory of the soul over destiny expresses itself; but this is seen more clearly in other poems than in these, which are partly personal in motive. The triumph of the human soul is conceived by Milton as a supremacy of the individual will over circumstance. This conception is above all that of 'Samson Agonistes.' Shelley expresses the belief in the permanence of certain ideas, such as that of "intellectual beauty," under all changes of superficial appearance. And with Mr. Swinburne, just as the opposition of man and destiny is represented in its most general form—

"Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is
a rock that abides;
But her ears are vexed with the roar and
her face with the foam of the tides:"

—so the triumph of man over destiny is represented in its most general form as the conquest of external things by "the spirit of man."

It is through this power they have of representing an ideal as triumphant that poetic form becomes more separate in the work of these than of other poets. The general relation between manifestation of lyrical power and mode of treatment of the material presented by life was found at first to be that the more completely experience has been resolved into its elements and transformed into a new subjective world, the more distinct must formal poetic qualities become. It was said that this transformation may be brought about either by the interpreting power of a peculiar personality, or by a heightening of the colours of some typical episode of human experience. But, as we have seen, there is a further stage of this transformation. By a kind of insight that belongs to the highest class of poetic minds of the lyrical order, certain tendencies for ideals to be realised are selected from among all actual tendencies of things, and then become

the objects of emotion which embodies itself in poetic form. Now to associate emotion in this way with abstract ideas is a means of making the "criticism of life" that is contained in poetry still more remote from life itself. The power of expressing impersonal passion is, therefore, on its intellectual side merely the most complete development of the way of looking at life that was found to be characteristic of the lyricist.

The connection that actually exists between the highest qualities of rhythmical expression and a certain way of viewing the world, is thus seen to have grounds in the nature of things. But when the detachment of poetic form as a thing existing by itself is said to be the effect that is characteristic of a particular group of poets, it must not be understood that these poets are limited to effects of one kind. They are able to deal with subjects and to produce effects that are outside the sphere of other lyric poets; but this does not prevent them from having equal powers with the rest within that sphere. Hence there are differences in the effect of their work as a whole, depending on differences in the combination of other artistic qualities with the essentially poetic quality, besides the differences already discussed. This will be seen if we carry the parallel a little further.

There is, for example, a difference between Milton's treatment of external nature under its imaginative aspect and that of the two later poets. In reading Milton, the peculiar imaginative effect experienced is that which is produced by the contemplation of enormous spaces. The later poets, on the other hand, give a characteristic quality to their imaginative representations of nature by endowing the elementary forces and forms of the world with a kind of life. Objects are not described as portions of a mechanism, but are identified with a spirit that gives them motion. Two equally perfect examples of this are the descrip-

tion of dawn at the opening of the fourth act of 'Prometheus Unbound' and the description in one of the choruses of 'Erechtheus' (in the passage beginning "But what light is it now leaps forth on the land" . . .), of the sudden re-appearance of the sun after having been obscured. There is nothing in Milton corresponding to this mode of conceiving nature. The spheres, with him, are guided by spirits that act on them from outside; they are themselves lifeless.

In some respects, however, Mr. Swinburne resembles Milton and is unlike Shelley. This is the case as regards specially picturesque effects. Shelley suggests a greater number of distinct pictures corresponding to particular moments; with Milton and with Mr. Swinburne the picturesque effect is not so easily distinguished at first from the musical effect, but there is a stronger suggestion of a background that remains permanent while individual objects disappear. As has been already said, Shelley does not always attempt picturesque effects; the imagery in some of his lyrics is of the faintest possible kind; it is something that is vaguely suggested by the idea that gives shape to the poem and the emotion that animates it, rather than something that exists for its own sake. But when he does attempt picturesque effects he becomes one of the most picturesque of the poets who can be compared with him as regards music of verse. It is the peculiar character of the effects he produces that prevents this from being always recognised. Many of Shelley's descriptions are exact representations of the more indistinct impressions that are got from natural things; as it has been put by some critics, he describes temporary forms of things rather than permanent objects. His pictures have the effect of a combination of form and colour that has only existed once and will never exist again; of a phase in a series of transformations in the clouds, for example. That is, in describing those changes that are the

material of "poetic pictures," he does not select for most vivid representation the moments that convey the strongest suggestion of permanence, but rather those that convey an idea of fluctuation. When this is considered, the want of suggestions of permanent backgrounds, of solid objects, cannot be regarded as a defect; for the presence of these would be inconsistent with the production of a picture of the kind described. It is possible, however, that a relation might be discovered between Shelley's power of producing pictures of this kind and a certain want of artistic completeness that is noticed in some of his work. Whatever may be the cause of it, much of Shelley's work appears to have been less elaborated than that of Milton or of Mr. Swinburne. There is less "form" in the more restricted sense—that is, less purely literary quality. In Milton there are always present certain qualities of style that could not be imagined by a critic to be the result of anything but the most complete artistic consciousness. A similar quality of style is perceived in Mr. Swinburne's work. As an example of the extent to which he manifests this quality, it is sufficient to refer again to 'Ave atque Vale.'

The difference between the picturesque qualities of Shelley's work and of Mr. Swinburne's may be illustrated by comparing their mode of treatment of such a conception as that of a procession of divine forms. There is in one of the best known lyrical passages of 'Hellas' a description of "the Powers of earth and air" disappearing from the eyes of their worshippers—

"Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one whose dreams are Paradise."

If we compare this with the passage in 'The Last Oracle' beginning

"Old and younger gods are buried and be-
gotten," . . .

the difference that has been pointed out becomes quite clear. Shelley's imagery is in itself more consistent:

although the images that are suggested are vague and fluctuating, yet they call up a picture that can be realised as a whole by the imagination. The passage in Mr. Swinburne's poem does not suggest imagery that can be realised so distinctly merely as imagery; but the forms that "go out discrowned and disanointed" give the impression of being more concrete than those described by Shelley: a more vivid sense is also conveyed of something that remains while all forms perish one after the other; the "divers births of godheads" are contrasted with "the soul that gave them shape and speech." An idea similar to this is indeed suggested in the chorus of 'Hellas,' but it is not brought out so distinctly. Shelley makes the idea of the changing phases of the perpetual flux of forms most vivid; Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, makes most vivid the idea of that which is contrasted with all temporary forms of things. Thus it has been remarked that he often employs conceptions like those of the avatars in Hindu mythologies. In the poems of 'Dolores' and 'Faustine,' for example, there are conceptions of this kind. The ideal figures in these poems are not ghosts like Heine's "gods in exile," but embodiments of a spirit that is conceived as having remained always the same while changing its superficial attributes in passing from one age to another.

Returning from this attempt to characterise some of the resemblances and differences in the work of those poets who have more in common than any other of the greater English poets, we come upon the question whether the general idea that has

been partially developed can be applied to dramatic as well as to lyric poetry. In its application to dramatic poetry (supposing this to be possible), it could not, of course, receive the development of which it is capable when applied to the work of poets whose genius is of the lyrical order. The dramatic is more dependent than the lyric genius on the unanalysed material that life presents to it directly; and the conditions of the drama prevent that almost complete detachment of the essentially poetic element which we perceive in some lyrics. On the other hand, this element is intrinsically the same in the drama and in the lyric, though it differs in its mode of manifestation. While it seems in the lyric to assume an existence apart, in the drama it emerges at particular moments in the progress of the action. From the poetic point of view all other parts of the drama exist for the sake of these. And this poetic effect, being produced, like the effect of lyric verse, by the rhythmical expression of emotion, is best described as "musical." No difficulty is presented by dramatic poetry, therefore, as to the central part of the view that has been taken. And if, as has been said, the particular conclusions arrived at in considering lyric poetry are not applicable to the drama, it must at the same time be remembered that the conditions of success in dramatic and in lyric poetry cannot be (as is sometimes thought) altogether unlike. For a lyric element is perceptible in most dramatic poets; and the greatest among those poets who are usually thought of as lyricists have written dramas that rank next to those of the greatest dramatists.

THOMAS WHITTAKER.

AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

IN these latter days, when the civilised world seems to be completely agreed upon the value of education, and as completely divided upon educational methods, it is no matter of surprise that we should see an 'Education Library'—a series of volumes professing to cover the considerable amount of ground that lies between "old Greek education" and "the Kindergarten system." In its second volume the library becomes partly biographical. Professor Laurie presents us with an interesting account of the life and educational works of Johannes Amos Comenius—a name probably not familiar to many. In his own day Comenius may be said to have represented Dr. William Smith, the Rev. T. Kerchever Arnold, Lindley Murray, Mrs. Marcet, and Mrs. Trimmer rolled into one. He was also a bishop of the Moravian Church, and lived an active life of eighty years as a pedagogue, a theologian, and, to his misfortune, a prophet, from 1592 to 1671.

I propose to present in some detail a description of a Latin school-book of his, which was extremely popular some two hundred years ago, as it has not come within the scope of Professor Laurie's book to show us any of Comenius's actual productions, and I am the happy possessor of a copy of the 'Orbis Pictus.'

The full title of this book is as follows:—*JOH. AMOS COMENII Orbis Sensualium Pictus: hoc est, omnia Principalium in Mundo Rerum, et in Vita Actionum PICTURA et NOMENCLATURA*—a title thus interpreted in the English edition of 1777, 'JOH. AMOS COMENIUS's Visible World: or a Nomenclature, and Pictures, of All the CHIEF THINGS that are in the WORLD, and of MEN's EMPLOYMENTS therein; in above 150 CUTS.' To this the fol-

lowing note is added:—"Written by the Author in Latin and High Dutch, being one of his last Essays; and the most suitable to Children's Capacities of any he hath hitherto made."

Comenius lived and laboured in the days of the last of three educational reactions. The revival of letters in Europe naturally took effect upon European education. By the Renaissance in this aspect, "for the dry bones," says Professor Laurie, "of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, was substituted the living substance of thought, and the gymnastics of the schools gave place to the free play of mind once more in contact with nature." Such, briefly, was the first of these educational reactions—a return to Realism.

This Realism was soon replaced by Humanism. The Greek and Latin classics began to be studied with delight—first for themselves, soon for their beauty of style and expression. Classical matter before long became less engrossing than classical manner. Again to quote Professor Laurie, "Style became the chief object of the educated class, and successful imitation, and thereafter laborious criticism, became the marks of the highest culture." Such, in brief, was pure Humanism, or pure scholarship.

Comenius may be regarded as the chief prophet of the next reaction—that in favour of Sense-Realism, the essence of which appears to have consisted not in loving Humanism less, but Realism more. The Sense-Realists, as represented by Comenius, must have loved Humanism, for they set themselves, in their educational method, to teach Hebrew, Latin, and Greek both thoroughly and rapidly. But this was only a means to an end, that end being to propagate a knowledge of all arts and sciences; and to show how in

the whole kingdom one and the same speech, government, and religion might be maintained. In education, matter was to come before form; everything was to come through experience and investigation. These principles are evidently kept in view throughout the 'Orbis Pictus,' to a brief description of which I now proceed.

But before one arrives at the *ipsissima verba* of Comenius, a good deal of matter is presented on the threshold by "able editors" and enthusiastic pedagogues in introducing the book in its twelfth edition to the English scholastic public. First we have a letter to the editor from W. Jones, of Pluckley, expressing a belief that "it will lead to a *copia verborum* by the shortest, surest, and pleasantest road; and that it will also serve to prevent in some degree that Pagan ignorance to which many boys are unfortunately left, while they are acquiring Latin in their tender years." Next follows "an Advertisement concerning the eleventh edition," signed by "J.H.," and dated from London. "J.H." in rather confused language complains that without the Comenian method "the generality of schools go on in the same old dull road, wherein a great part of children's time is lost in a tiresome heaping up a Pack of dry and unprofitable or pernicious Notions (for surely little better can be said of a great part of that Heathenish stuff they are tormented with; like the feeding them with hard Nuts, which, when they have almost broke their teeth with cracking, they find either deaf or to contain but very rotten and unwholesome Kernels), whilst Things really perspective of the Understanding and useful in every state of Life are left unregarded, to the reproach of our Nation, where all other Arts are improved and flourish well, only this of Education of Youth is at a stand." Then comes the author's preface to the reader, starting with these words, which perhaps read better in the original High Dutch than in their

translated form: "Instruction is a means to expel rudeness, with which young wits ought to be well furnished in schools." The author goes on to express a hope that his book "may entice witty children to it, that they may not conceit a torment to be in the school, but dainty fare." It will "serve to stir up the Attention . . . for the Senses . . . evermore seek their own objects, and if they be away they grow dull and wry themselves hither and thither out of a weariness of themselves; but when their objects are present, they grow merry, wax lively, and willingly suffer themselves to be fastened upon them." More follows, till the author says, "But enough; let us come to the thing itself." But we turn the page only to arrive at a letter from the translator "to all judicious and industrious Schoolmasters," signed by "Charles Hole, from my school in Lothbury." To this is added "The Judgment of Mr. Hezekiah Woodward, some time an eminent schoolmaster in London," in support of teaching by pictures; and on the next page we find ourselves in another world, the 'Orbis Pictus.'

On a dais in the open country is seated the master; before him stands a chubby boy. Both are pointing with the forefinger to the skies. The adjoining plain is being scoured by a very large wild animal, of a species probably now extinct. In the nearer distance we have the usual village church; in the extreme distance some of those pyramids, with their sharp edges worn off, which in this wonderful book always do duty for mountains. The scene represents the "Invitation." The master invites the boy to "learn to be wise." After a short dialogue, the boy says, "See, here I am, lead me in the name of God," and is immediately introduced to "a lively and vocal alphabet." Comenius's motto seems to have been, in a slightly altered sense, "*Recte si possis; si non, quocumque modo rem;*" and he calls upon his artist to illustrate every subject he touches upon. No abstraction

is allowed to escape; every virtue and every vice is personified to enable the artist to depict it. Anything more grotesque than the artist's drawings it is hard to imagine. He generally makes the mistake of forgetting that a figure represented as right-handed on the wood will turn out left-handed in the impression on paper—a mistake I remember to have seen in a Bible of the date of Charles the Second, where the Judges are given in a series of portraits, and the only right-handed man among them is Ehud. When it is added that an illustration of the human soul is given by Comenius's artist, it will be seen that he had the courage of his opinions. With regard to animals, (by whose sounds Comenius helps his pupils through the vocal alphabet), *recte* is out of the question with the artist. He is obliged to fall back upon the *quocumque modo* method, and adds to each letter a drawing more or less unlike some creature whose sounds are taken to represent a letter. His zoology also is continually at fault. Thus we have in the alphabet such specimens as the following:—

<i>Cornix cornicatur</i>	à à	A a
The Crow crieth		
<i>Cicada stridet</i>	ci ci	C c
The Grasshopper chirpeth		
<i>Upupa dicit</i>	du du	D d
The Whooppoo saith		
<i>Anser gingrit</i>	ga ga	G g
The Goose gagleth		
<i>Mus mintri</i>	i i	I i
The Mouse chirpeth		
<i>Ursus murmurat</i>	mummm	M m
The Bear grumbleth		
<i>Felis clamat</i>	nau nau	N n
The Cat crieth		
<i>Pullus pippit</i>	pi pi	P p
The Chicken pippeth		
<i>Tabanus dicit</i>	ds ds	Z z
The Breeze or Horselfy saith		

The 'Orbis Pictus' is divided into one hundred and fifty-three sections, each of which is arranged on the following plan:—The subject matter is given in two parallel columns of English and Latin. Above these stands an illustration. Realism is attained by putting the same number to each detail in the verbal description and to

the corresponding part of the pictorial treatment of the subject. In section III., for example, which treats of "the World," we find at the top of the page a wood-cut, showing an ill-favoured man and woman; a large stone for the former to sit upon; a ditch containing a whale and a couple of seals; a mud-bank affording just room enough for a horse, a bear, a human-faced lion, and a duck; two mountains and a ploughed field; a dozen or so of birds; a bank of clouds and ten stars diversifying a black firmament; and six trees of the Noah's Ark type. Beneath we read—

The Heaven, 1—hath *Cælum*, 1—*habet Ig-*
fire and stars *nem et Stellas.*
The Clouds, 2—hang *Nubes*, 2—*pendent in*
in the air. *Aere.*
Birds, 3—fly under *Aves*, 3—*volant sub*
the clouds. *Nubibus.*

On the subject of the air, Comenius, it is to be feared, surrenders Realism to Humanism, or at least modern science to classical lore. "A wind underground," he says, "causeth an earthquake," evidently with a reference to Æschylus, 'Prometheus Bound,' 1068.

There are several sections on the fruits of the earth, trees, and flowers, which the artist makes very far from "pleasant to the eye." A Dutch taste inclines Comenius to end his remarks on flowers with the words "The tulip is the grace of flowers." In the department devoted to living creatures Realism is decidedly intermittent. "A living creature," according to the definition given, "liveth, perceiveth, moveth itself; is born, dieth, is nourished, and groweth; standeth, or sitteth, or lieth, or goeth." Comenius is hard upon certain birds. "The owl," he says, "is the most despicable, the whooppoo the most nasty." And some of his information seems doubtful, as "The bittern putteth his bill into the water and belloweth like an ox;" some superfluous, as "The water-wagtail waggeth the tail." And surely he is behind even his own times in his section on "wild cattle," where he tells us "The unicorn hath

but one horn, but that a precious one." And again, "The lizard and the salamander (that liveth long in the fire) have feet; the dragon, a winged serpent, killeth with his breath, the basilisk with his eyes, and the scorpion with his poisonous tail." A very doubtful kind of Realism is gained in the section on fish by the artist's determination to make them swim *on* and not *in* the water, in order to present a more complete view of them.

Next we enter upon the subject of Man; first his creation, then his seven ages, then his anatomy. Nothing is left to the imagination or the knowledge of the pupil. He must not be allowed to learn the Latin for "a thumb" or "a beard" without having his gaze directed to a mis-representation of the same. Very horrible is Comenius on "the flesh and bowels;" sometimes amusing, as in the remark, "The skin being pulled off the flesh appeareth, not in a continuous lump, but being distributed, as it were in stuf puddings (*distributa tanquam in farcimina*), which they call muscles." Soon after this we arrive at the pictorial illustration of "the soul of man." It is merely the outline of the bodily figure exhibited on the background of a sheet. The next subject is that of "Deformed and Monstrous People." In order to exhibit various kinds of deformity our artist has taken three figures—one of a giant, another of a dwarf, the third of a two-bodied monster; and between these unhappy persons he distributes those deformities to which flesh is heir. "Amongst the monstrous," says Comenius, "are reckoned the jolt-headed, the great-nosed, the blubber-lipped, the blub-cheeked, the goggle-eyed, the wry-necked, the great-throated, the crump-backed, the crump-footed, the steeple-crowned;" and, to make something of an anticlimax, he ends with "add to these the bald-pated."

We now pass on to men's occupations. The picture devoted to Hunting shows a man on horseback in the act of piercing with a great spear a

boar, which is already held by the ear by a beagle, while "the tumbler, or greyhound," for some unknown reason, prances along two yards in advance. In another place an extremely feeble bear, also held by the ear, is being belaboured by a man with a huge club. In the background is a wolf looking out of a hole in the ground, and two nondescript animals cantering over a hill; of which animals Comenius, anticipating the judicious remarks of Mrs. Glass says, "If anything getteth away it escapeth, as here a hare and a fox." The chapter on Butchery is elaborate. In his anxiety that young wits should have a complete *copia verborum* regarding things concrete, Comenius supplies them with Latin for, (and, of course, illustrations of,) four kinds of "puddings," viz., chitterlings (*falisci*), bloodings (*apexabones*), liverings (*toma-cula*), and sausages (*botuli*, also called *lucanice*).

A very dismal idea is given of "the Feast." Four guests are squeezed in at the end of the table (which is "covered with a carpet"), while one solitary gentleman, "the master of the feast," is accommodated with the whole length of the same. Four empty plates, two covered vegetable-dishes, an open jam-tart, a salt-cellar, a loaf, two knives, one fork, one spoon, and one napkin, (most of these things far out of reach), form the "Persici apparatus." A late guest is washing his hands at a "laver, ewer, hand-bason, or bowl," ("*ablunt manus e gutturnio vel aquali, super mallurium vel pelvim*").

"A school," says Comenius, "is a shop in which young wits are fashioned to virtue, and it is distinguished into forms." Some of these young wits are depicted as devoting themselves to their work. But there are others who "talk together and behave themselves wantonly and carelessly; these are chastised with a ferule and with a rod." Of the student it is said, "he picketh out of books all the best things into his own manual, or marketh them with a dash or a little

star. Being to sit up late, he setteth a candle on a candlestick. Richer persons use a taper, for a tallow candle stinketh and smoaketh." On the "Arts belonging to Speech" Comenius is not satisfactory. "Rhetorick doth as it were paint a rude form of speech with oratory flourishes, such as are figures, elegancies, adages, apothegms, sentences, similies, hieroglyphicks, &c." Rhetorick is treated by the artist as a female figure adorned with a feather erect on her head, and drawing a man's head with chalk on a slate. "Poetry gathereth these flowers of speech, and tieth them as it were into a little garland, and so making of prose a poem, it maketh several sorts of verses and odes, and is therefore crowned with laurel." Amongst musical instruments we have a few that are now, I suppose, obsolete, the Jew's-trump, for example, the rattle, and the shepherd's-harp.

The section on Philosophy is graced with a very curious illustration. The philosopher, standing in front of a table on which is a heap of counters and on a slate a simple addition or subtraction sum, (it is impossible to say which, for in either case the answer is wrong), is pointing to nature generally. The supernaturalist, who "searcheth out the causes and effects of things," is touching his biretta to the philosopher, and preparing to examine some vegetables growing at his feet.

After some instruction in Geometry and Astronomy, we come to a subject which one would have expected Sense-Realism to treat with care and exactness, that is, Geography. We first find a map in outline of the Western Hemisphere, and Comenius says here, "The ocean compasseth it" (the earth) "about, and five seas wash it—the Mediterranean Sea, the Baltick Sea, the Red Sea, the Persian Sea, and the Caspian Sea." This is evidently meant to apply loosely to Europe, which we shall come to directly. Under a map of the Eastern Hemisphere occurs this remarkable passage: "It" (the earth) "is divided

into three continents; this of ours, which is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (whose inhabitants are antipodes to us), and the South Land, yet unknown." Not less surprising than this is the map of Europe, from which Sicily is entirely omitted, while the word Switzerland is printed in capitals across the Black Sea. In those days the Crimea was an island. Finland, moreover, lay between Norway and Sweden.

From this unrealistic view of geography we pass somewhat abruptly to the subject of Moral Philosophy, on which Comenius thus discourses: "This life is a way or a place divided into two ways, like Pythagoras's letter Y, broad on the left-hand track, narrow on the right: that belongs to vice, this to virtue. Mind, young man, imitate Hercules; leave the left-hand way, turn from vice; the entrance is fair, but the end is ugly, and steep down. Go on the right hand, though it be thorny; no way is unpassable to virtue: follow whither virtue leadeth, through narrow places, to stately palaces, to the tower of honour. Bridle in the wild horse of affection, lest thou fall down headlong. See thou dost not go amiss on the left hand in an ass-like sluggishness, but go onwards constantly; persevere to the end, and thou shalt be crowned."

"Prudence" is represented as holding in her right hand a mirror, which reflects a man's face, and so "represents things past;" in her left a "prospective glass" (*telescopium*), through which "she watcheth opportunity (which, having a bushy forehead, and being bald-pated, and, moreover, having wings, doth quickly slip away) and catcheth it." "Diligence" appears as a female reaper. "She putteth nothing off till the morrow; nor doth she sing the crow's song, which saith over and over *Cras, Cras*." "Temperance," rather strangely, is a muscular female, left-handed, as is so often the case, pouring liquor very freely into a bowl. On one arm is suspended a bridle. In the background are several intem-

perate persons, of whom one is being very ill indeed, and is attended by a swine; another "brabbles"; another sits on a three-legged stool, presumably that of repentance, but nothing is said about him. "Fortitude" is a woman got up as a warrior, and attended by a heraldic lion. The section on Patience is very remarkable. A kneeling female figure, with a lamb on one side, and an anchor on the other, is holding up her hands to heaven. Supported on a sword, a blazing torch, and a chain is a book, open at the word "Injurias." In the background is a ship in a thunderstorm, a birch-rod flying in the air, and a bright sun. Thus are depicted her trials and her hopes. "On the contrary, the impatient person wailleth, lamenteth, rageth against himself, grumbleth like a dog, despaireth, and becometh his own murderer." He is shown as falling on a sword and tearing his hair, while his grumbling mood is alluded to in a picture of a barking dog.

Humanity is personified in the figures of two stout women waltzing together. Their faces are, as is usual with the artist, repulsive; but the more ill-favoured one is used to point the moral, more easily announced than acted upon, "Be thou sweet and lovely in thy countenance." In the background are seen two pairs of "froward men," one pair fencing, (left-handed again), the other pair wrestling. In front a pair of turtle-doves are billing and cooing: in the extreme distance in a cave Envy, a miserable object, "pineth herself away."

"Justice" is equally repulsive. She sits "on a square stone—for she ought to be immovable—with hood-winked eyes, that she may not respect persons, stopping the left ear to be reserved for the other party." "Liberality" is shown as throwing three coins into a poor man's hat. Her right foot is placed on a strong box, for "she submitteth her wealth to herself, not herself to it." Behind her is the covetous man on his knees scraping up the ground with his nails, and by his side two bags, one marked with

"1000"; and on a hill behind him is the prodigal, standing on one leg, tossing coins into the air with one hand, and holding a bird with the other. What this last symbol means is not explained.

Comenius being desirous of teaching young wits the Latin for such distant relations as "the great great grandmother's grandmother," "the nephew's nephew's nephew," and "the niece's niece's niece," dispenses with personification, and allows the artist to treat Consanguinity as a tree: after which we are introduced to a family circle, where the father "maintaineth his children by taking pains," (in this case he is painting), and the mother nurses an infant, who appears next in a cradle; then, as learning to go by a standing stool; again, as a lad "accustomed to piety," and with a painful expression of face reading a good book; lastly, sitting at a table learning to labour. A birch-rod on a cushion illustrates the remark, "It is chastised if it be not dutiful."

"The tormenting of Malefactors" is treated in a truly horrible picture. Malefactors therein are suffering various torments. One wretch, bound hand and foot, and wearing a night-cap, is being dragged by a horse to the place of execution; another is having his tongue removed; a woman, held by the ear, has just lost a hand; two men are astride a wooden horse; others are being roasted, hanged, beheaded, or broken on a wheel.

In his section on "Merchandising," Comenius is rather hard on retail dealers. "Shop-keepers, pedlers, and brokers would also be called merchants. The seller braggeth of a thing that is to be sold." When we come to the subject of "Physic," we are introduced to a sick man's room, where a large table is set out with potions, troches, and electuaries, in which, however, Comenius seems to have little faith, for the good bishop says, "Diet and prayer is the best physic." "Burial" is somewhat strangely followed by "a Stage-play," the subject being the Prodigal Son; though the

boards are in possession of the fool making jests. Of "Tennis-play" Comenius says, "That is the sport of noblemen to stir their body." Boys' sports are mainly restricted to running upon the ice in "serick shoes," running races, nine-pins, striking a ball through a ring "with a bandy," "scourging a top," "shooting with a trunk," and swinging upon a "merry trotter." Some chapters on Warfare, fearfully and wonderfully illustrated, are followed by "Religion," which Comenius divides into Gentilism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. Godliness is figured in, apparently, a kneeling pew-opener of the female sex, "treading Reason under foot, that barking dog." "The Indians," says Comenius, "even at this day worship the devil (*venerantur cacodæmona*). It will not tend to edification to follow him into Judaism and Christianity, but we must not pass over the section on Providence. It is amusing to see how the Moravian bishop himself, despising the superstitions of his time, had not quite escaped from the land of bondage. "Men's states," he says, "are not to be attributed to fortune or chance, or to the influence of the stars (comets indeed are wont to pretend no good)." The illustration shows a man giving his right hand to a good angel, and with his left repelling the advances of a demon, who is attempting to put a noose round his neck. Behind is a left-handed witch, drawing a circle round herself, and calling on the devil with charms, on whom Comenius pronounces woe. A section on the Last Judgment, with a most shocking illustration, is the last. But before we end we are again shown the master and the boy, as in the first illustration. "Thus," says the former, "thou hast seen in short all things that can be showed, and hast learned the chief words in the Latin tongue. Go on now and read other good books, and thou shalt become learned, wise, and godly. Farewell."

It is hard to join with the editor in his "lament that the 'Orbis Pictus' is now fallen totally into disuse." Even

where the execution of the idea is not so absurdly faulty as in this edition of the 'Orbis Pictus,' both in Comenius's own Latin and in the translator's English, the advantage of such object-lessons is not very obvious. Probably a Latin vocabulary is best acquired indirectly in the learner's general reading. But if it is to be taught by the direct method, it must surely be equally useless to present him with a picture of that with which he is already familiar, or to think by such means to familiarise him with that which is new to him. In the plan of the 'Orbis Pictus,' Comenius seems to forget that Sense-Realism, like everything else, may be overdone.

In our present systems of classical teaching the overdoing is generally believed to be on the side of Humanism, or, as we should now call it, pure scholarship. The outside world, from time to time making its voice heard in denunciation of "a parcel of Latin and Greek and stuff," and complaining of the Universities as "lining the heads" of their students with a quantity of unpractical classical lore, if it at all recognised the distinction between Sense-Realism and Humanism, would, no doubt, make its severest attacks upon the latter. The common sense view of the subject is that we should read the classics for their matter rather than for their manner. Yet, in adjusting the balance between these two, the pedagogue must beware lest his pupils mistake the exact nature of the matter through not completely grasping and understanding the manner in which it is expressed. If he is a man of doubts and scruples, he is pretty sure to find himself continually oscillating between Sense-Realism and Humanism: asking himself at one time whether his classes are really entering into and grasping the subject on which they are professedly engaged; at another, whether they are not getting loose and vague views of the same, through an insufficient acquaintance with the verbal forms in which it is expressed. One day he is shocked to

find that his boys, who have succeeded in turning a speech in Livy correctly from the *oratio recta* into the *oratio obliqua*, are not aware whose speech it is. The next day he sets himself to inform them on the subject and its context, and the day after he is equally shocked to detect them in incorrect uses of moods and tenses.

Comenius is by no means the only author of Latin school books who has over-done Sense-Realism. It is still carried beyond the limits of common sense by editors, who, starting with the laudable desire to impress a learner with the importance of the matter he is to read, proceed to obstruct his sense-realisation of the same by inviting his attention to a criticism of a classic before he has read a word of the classic itself; and call on the student not at once to read the book itself, but first of all what they have to say about it. The wits of boys, ever ready to wander, often suffer from the eccentricities of editors, who, if they bear in mind Comenius's maxim, "Matter before form," forget the maxim of common sense, "Illustration must not precede." How different these arts from those of a great philosopher who carried Sense-Realism into practice! "We go," said that great man, "upon the practical mode of teaching; the regular educational system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of a book, he goes and does it." *Corruptio optimi pessima*: the Comenian method misapplied has produced a Squeers.

The outside world will, at any rate, readily agree that Humanism has been greatly overdone. Except by scholars, pure scholarship is commonly condemned as unreal and unpractical. But there is one light in which exact scholarship may be regarded as a thing most practical and useful. The classics still remain a most important factor in our competitive examinations; and examiners, whose aim it is to find out, not how much a man has

read and remembers, but what sort of brains he possesses, are well aware that subject-matter may be crammed, that scholarship may not. It is *vous*, not cramming, that enables a man to extract something like the exact meaning from a passage of Thucydides or Tacitus, and to express in idiomatic Latin or Greek the thoughts conveyed in an idiomatic piece of English.

But human nature is not sooner nauseated with cramming than with that "successful imitation and laborious criticism," into which Humanism, when overdone, is liable to degenerate. In these days the elegant uses of *quippe qui* and *admodum* and *esse videtur*, &c., will not carry a man very far in the estimation of a classical examiner. Most people will sympathise with the Cambridge poll man, to whom *variae lectiones* and sagacious emendations and conjectures were a weariness not to be endured; and who betook himself from such as told him that the right reading or rendering might be this or might be that, to his faithful "poll-coach," who told him what it *was*. And there is something almost melancholy in certain authentic stories told of a distinguished classical scholar of our own days. Let us hope that the spirit of Comenius hovered near, when this scholarly man for the first time saw in a hedgerow the flower for which he had been accustomed for years to give a conventional English translation when coming across it in the classics, and stood spell-bound as Sense-Realism revealed to him as a vegetable what Humanism had concealed from him under the veil of a word. And let us hope that the spirit of Comenius was far away in the Elysian fields, when that same distinguished scholar met a friend who told him that he had been lately reading the 'Wasps' of Aristophanes. "Oh, then," said the Humanist, "perhaps you can tell me what conclusion you have arrived at with regard to the distinction between *τοί γε* and *γέ τοι*."

J. H. RAVEN.

PRESENT-DAY IDEALISM.

THE worthy citizen, who sobbed his heart away as he read 'The Sorrows of Werther,' but heaved not one sympathetic sigh as he worked "the national razor," was an unmistakable type of the era to which he was useful, if not ornamental. Any maudlin sentiment, suitable to his own situation, would touch the passive chords of his hopelessly crushed-down nature; it would wake him into the reality of the things about him; it would rouse him to penetrate the fantastic show of destruction around him, till the whole energy of his existence was directed by the inspiration that at least, if pain had to be endured, he might do what he could to cure it. He was the unconscious reflex of the things of his own world. He was the mirror of the mob.

And so the fable of Proteus may give its moral to our tale. One example, taken out of a variety of forms, may be used as a microcosm, and therein may be seen a wondrous affinity to all the others. The hangman of Strasbourg is, for our purpose, an embodiment of the upheaval of the thought and passion of his time. He knew what the sublime was, in a very low degree. The wine of life that he spilt every day on behalf of an indivisible brotherhood was a spectacle and a puppet-show. That which was the man is no enigma. He stood (and he still stands) on the blood-stained summit of his century, the monument of defiant sentiment.

Such an inheritance was not to be despised by an age of machinery and politics. It willingly snatched such an ideal from the hand of strife, to fashion it without hindrance into an emblem of utilitarian practicability. "In these days," said a present-day seer, "man can do almost all things,

only not obey." Verily and indeed the italics contain the gist of all modern prophecy and preaching. And now the fond dreamer of reverence and sanctity must content himself with a nightmare of his own creation, in that a phantom will ever unlock the lids of his weary eyes, and he will see in "the dim and distant" future something standing on the summit of this nineteenth century of Christendom. This statue does not embody his ideal. This something is the type of everything, except what he would like to see. This ideal has lost its sentiment. It is still defiant, but happily defiant, for it bears on its brows a wreath of freedom's conquest. And yet for all that, the psychologist will mark that its forehead is rather low and narrow; all things look natural to its undisturbed reflections; its title-deeds of acres are the only literary encumbrance about it, and it has quite forgotten to lift its stolid eyes upwards. Fond dreamer of reverence and sanctity, how dost thou like this vision of democratic idealism?

And yet, will it not be so? The ideal can fulfil no mission in the world until it become the practical.

"Art is the application of knowledge to a practical end"—that is, art, the expression of the ideal, can have no fulfilment thereof until it become an applied science. Therefore we must conclude that even the wholesale destruction of plate-glass and other private commodities by a humorous crowd of East-end roughs may appear sublime. It is the practical expression of an utilised ideal.

When Brutus joined hands with murderers and put his steel into the heart of his friend, he at least had some thought of an Utopian Republic. When Charlotte Corday mixed the

blood of Marat with the water of his bath, her hand was worthy to hold a martyr's crown, even though she knew but vaguely for what her own life was being spent. But when Marat put his signature to his daily list for "the evening paper" of *La Force*, and when the supposed-to-be-starving, out-of-work labourer of London shook his brawny fist at the inhabitants of club land, Democracy lost its dignity.

The value of such expressions may be considered of no effect in the scales of cause and effect of ideas and facts. The optimist will fill our ears with cotton-wool. These expressions, he will tell us, are unfaithful to the best conceptions of the people in general, and thereby an obstruction to the progress of practical utility as an universal expression of the present phases of leading thought and action. But the dreamer of sanctity will remove the cotton-wool, and insert in its place the tongue of an ear-trumpet. This will in all probability be connected with a magnifying phone of some sort or other. The feathery footstep of a domestic tormentor will sound like the thunder of a prairie buffalo. When the hearing is strained for the sound of the coming age, there will steal over the senses an indistinct murmur of the tread of a million footsteps on the hollow vaults of buried creeds, and the crash and clatter of shattered glass, which might have been once the glory of old-world institutions. As a modern apostle of criticism heard the key of the Puritans of old turn on the freedom of true knowledge, so now will the ear of the listener hear the dungeon-door of time for ever close with a world-reverberation on the shackled skeleton of platonic idealism.

Voices in market-place, voices in lecture-room, voices in workshop, voices in music-scales, voices in brush and pen, wilderness and waste-land, fertility and production—all crying aloud: but the "Great Franchised" will not listen. They are not sufficiently siren-like to woo his greatness to the old-

fashioned pursuit of peace and plenty along the so-called path of contentment. That old word of magic—*vopós*—has been eliminated from his amended lexicon. He has an ear only for those who will plant him a pretty garden for the summer months. He cares not for the winter:

"It will be rain to-night.
Let it come down."

He has self-love, and he has fingers to count his money on. One may say, he will stand for ever with his stolid eyes downwards.

Picture of futurity! limned with the prophet's pencil! Surely the prophet must ever paint his canvas (if it be a work of life) with the pigments which the present lends to hand. When the gods of old had become a laughing-stock, their temples were still the abode of all the holiness and reverence of the democratic Hellenes. The outlines of Greek philosophy may assist us—Gorgias, Prodicus, and friends, Aristotle, Plato, and enemies, may light up the answer when we ask why this was so. But these are suns and planets of the first magnitude by the side of the sulphur match-lights of this modern universe. The Greek never lost his dignity. This was not the result of some Oriental birthright. It was the result of centuries of calm absorption. Frieze and statue had burnt their glory into his soul. The Rosicrucian had a motto; so had the Greek. So has not the modern Socialist. He appeals to the volatile in mankind. There can be no true ideal in that which is subject to the caprice of a sudden storm, the thunders of an ever-shifting torrent, or the turbid vortex of a revolutionary maelstrom. The ideal will have a calm surface; then there may be some reflection, some embodiment worth the possession.

All this may be true—as far as it goes; but how far may that be? Phidias carved his name upon the world in the embodiment of his idealisation on the plasters of the Parthe-

non. Meanwhile his brother artist of the Nile found expression for anything of sublime he might have had in him by the erection of monstrous tombstones, which have been the wonder even of a more boastful civilisation than it was his lot to enjoy. Thus, we must confess, there are conceptions and conceptions. The American Republican has an ideal; so has the English Democrat. That of the former is a child of the day; it was born in the back parts of California; it always keeps its hands in its trouser pocket, so that it may never be without the delight of hearing the jingle of the delicious dollar. That of the latter has felt a tinge of shame for watching Jonathan and trying to mimic him; but it is a child of precedent and the past, and on the whole it must work its way to a higher level. England has had an education; America has not. The phases of passing sensation may at times appear to be synonymous; but the causes underneath are flowing in different directions.

The dreamer of sanctity may indeed see a vision of the statue with eyes ever downwards. But that is a statue, not a man. Even if it were, the eyes are also endowed with the faculty of looking upwards. And in so far as it must be a man—as much a man as he who worked the axe of the indivisible brotherhood—we must be prepared to find in the folds of his history some stains of misguided attempts and irretrievable failures. There is nothing that succeeds in this world like failure. It is in this “philosophy of iron” that the remedy lies for the withdrawal of man’s best hopes from the present slough and stagnation. If “the lofty-scheming son of Themis” had not been riveted “in indissoluble shackles on a lonely crag,” then thieving in heavenly places would have become a petty larceny. To face the unveiled glory of the dawn, to hear the song of the morning stars, Prometheus had to bear the keen arrows of the offended sun-god without, and the keener stings of the con-

sciousness of unjust suffering within. He paid the price for his exaltation, even though it dragged his soul through the muddiest sewers of pain.

Down, down, down the stolid eyes look. Thou speakest, O fantasy-dreamer, with the sad conviction of truth, and sad is the tone of thy voice as of those who hung their harps on the willows of Babylon. But even this captivity has an ending, has an exodus, has a dedication of rebuilt temples, and feasts of the worshippers therein!

Meanwhile, sit down and weep and listen to the conflict on all sides of thee, for such a thing is going on; not a windmill assault-at-arms, in which machinery must beat romance and whirl it round in its ruthless embrace, but a bloodless war of “isms,” than which has been no greater since the world began. It hath its troubadours. William Blake hath left us rhymes of this war within the soul. Realism against Idealism—which will win? Down, down, down the stolid eyes look.

Fiction will have no reading save she be clad in highwayman’s clothes, with a pistol at every corner and a sword blood-wet to the hilt. Nor does her sister of the histrionic house fare much better unless she be clad likewise, or not clad at all. Crotchets and quavers must dance at caricature ballet-shows, or even the street organ-grinder would fail to get his pennies. The canvas must have “Nature” depicted to the utmost nicety of detail, else it scarce will have a moment’s show. As for the poet! he has left a card at the house of the Muses with a P.P.C. scrawled at the corner. The next laureate must gather starch from the wash-tubs of Pope—else his rhymes will not even secure a subsidised publisher.

Down, down, down the stolid eyes look; but the battle still goes on—a deadly game of “French and English,” with the Æsthetic of Aceldama at one extremity of the rope, the Philistine of Billingsgate at the other, and the

men of mind in the centre. Induction and deduction have travelled "through the looking-glass;" and, in full armour, are belabouring one another in good earnest with echoing blows of age-wrought steel. And yet it is a terrible jest. For Ormuzd fought it out long ago with Ahriman, and Adam had his skirmish with Satan; and while the former won his spurs, the latter lost his Paradise:—

"—eternal tale
Repeated in the lives of all his sons."

It is the everlasting gladiatorial show in the arena of the soul of man; all the principalities and powers of the material and the brutish and the things which are seen, in undying conflict with the senses of power and aspiration and the evidence of things not seen. It is the hand-to-hand death-tussle of the Beast with the Angel. Down, down, down the stolid eyes look: surely the Beast is winning the day.

Then must the divine idealists—the poet, the painter, the tone-maker, the artist of all sorts and conditions of work—cease to be the children of their age?

Not yet: not yet hath the Beast chanted his pæan, nor ever will he. Not yet are we on our knees: the saints of old have not yet heard our passing cry, "Save us, or we perish," Israel must ere long leave Pharaoh in the Red Sea, and Miriam sing her pæan in safety on the shore. "The vain curling of the watery maze" forsooth gives no calm surface for an ideal reflection; but it must not escape attention that a circle in the water

"Never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought!"

Then after storm cometh great calm. Petty princes of a day may keep the little nationalities of the East in a perpetual imbroglio for a time; but some day a mutual federation may prove a stern barrier to the interference of meddlesome powers. Glory, as of old, mounts by a ladder of

wretchedness. The pride of Venice, and her freedom of thirteen hundred years, rose "from dirt and seaweed." Propertius was justly proud of the humble origin of mightiest Rome, "a mere grassy hillock before the coming of Phrygian Æneas."

Even for eighteen centuries did the world of science lie eclipsed, from the days of Archimedes, who was disturbed as he was calculating in the dust of his own back garden, to the days of Galileo, who stung the angel of his ideal by a democratic recantation; yet for all that the protoplasm of growth was there. It needed but the peculiar environment, it needed but the application of art to the inquiries of science, and the eclipse was to die away, has died away, and left such a blaze of light as almost to overwhelm the ideal scientists of the present by the fulness of the realisation of their wishes in the past.

Therefore, all Job's comforters, and any pessimists akin thereto, may go to the wall. "All healthy things are sweet-tempered." Gay castles in the air are more enervating than the dungeons conjured up by despair. After all, the rain may come down, but it shall not damp our resolution. We believe there is a divinity to shape the end of all that is divine. The tabernacle of the godlike is with men. Nature uses her crucible as well as her building mortar, and she is faithful even in destruction. She keeps a rag-shop of the torn shreds of human possibilities, as well as a wardrobe of the silks and satins of human accomplishments. The playwright of one age will dress his *Macbeth* in the distant grandeur of an *Æschylus*; another will grace his heroine with the poetry of a *Sophocles*; and yet another will put his *Electra* into everyday attire, and marry her to a farm-labourer. "*Eyes down*" may be the word of command from a sergeant-major, but for all that he is not a commissioned officer; his company may take his orders, not so the whole battalion. So the creed of a *Voltaire*,

or rather want of a creed, being an utter want of light, may by its very darkness lead "in the direction of the day."

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil ;"

and "Whoso can look on death will start at no shadows," saith the wisdom of the Greek, long before Shakespeare's name was spelt.

The idealist may still be the child of his age, and may take into his horoscope all that is necessary. But let him not forget all that is possible. Let him look upwards. Let him forget his own wants, ay, and his own happiness. Let him despise the littleness of passing corruptions. Like an æolian

harp, he may take the impression of the accidental breeze ; but he must not give it back, save in the harmony of a nobler age. Let him remember he must ever be in the van, in the front rank, and even in front of that ; let him not shrink to lead the forlorn hope, even though he bear the standard alone.

Then will he teach men to know, to endure, to act, by his own knowledge, his own endurance, his own action. Then will he teach men to strive, to suffer, to be content, by his own toil, his own failure, his own success. Then will labour and duty bring a newer light and a newer freedom. The eyes of the people will look up, and their voice will call him blessed.

GENERAL READERS; BY ONE OF THEM.

I HAVE written in my time a good deal for the magazines: perhaps it would be more truthful to say I have written a good deal to them. *Litera scripta manet*: much of my writing has remained with me, or vanished in the form of pipe-lights—no doubt a more illuminating form than that originally designed for it. My vanity—the patron saint of Grub Street—will not suffer me to suppose there are no others who have known the same mischance. Their experiences may very possibly march with mine. Different editors have different modes of gilding the nauseous pill of rejection: some I have known to thrust it on you undisguised; and doubtless there are acute stages of the scribbling malady which require such drastic treatment, though the instant cruelty which is to bear the fruit of kindness is perhaps rarely appreciated by the patient. But by far the most common form the bitter message takes—and for all its politeness the most irritating, as the most impossible to gainsay—is that which assumes the poor offering, though, like Rose Aylmer, adorned with every virtue and every grace, to lack the one essential quality of being “likely to interest the general reader.”

Who is a General Reader? What is he? Does he disburse shillings and half-crowns at the Right Honourable Mr. Smith's book-stalls, and other places where the magazines are gathered together? Or is he, perchance, some nebulous monster, a phantom (not of delight) born of the weary patience of an editor, still striving in his utmost need to be courteous—

“... an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery”!

“Some read to think—these are rare; some to write—these are com-

mon; and some read to talk—and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices for all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said that they treat books as some do lords, they inform themselves of their *titles* and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.” So says the author of ‘Lacon.’ Is any one of these a General Reader? Are they all General Readers? I have heard of a man who every morning of his life reads carefully through the ‘Times,’ the ‘Standard,’ the ‘Daily News,’ the ‘Morning Post,’ and the ‘Daily Telegraph,’ supplementing this generous diet in the afternoon with the ‘Globe’ and the two ‘Gazettes,’ and then making a light supper off the ‘Evening Standard.’ What is he, or, what was he? For it is three or four years since I first heard of him, and can hardly imagine him to be alive now.

In a most agreeable and instructive little book just lately published¹ this voracious bibliophagist rears his unblushing front again, naked and not a whit ashamed. “Your ‘general reader,’ like the gravedigger in ‘Hamlet,’ is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses ‘imperious Cæsar’ to teach boys the Latin declensions.” Mr. Harrison does not, as might be thought from this passage, intend the term for a reproach. On the contrary, he says elsewhere that, “whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general.” And again, “If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may

¹ ‘The Choice of Books and other Literary Pieces.’ By Frederic Harrison. London, 1886.

t should remind us of the vast use of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature."

yet again:—"Our reading will sadly one-sided, however voluminous it be, if it entirely close to us of the great types and ideals which the creative instinct of man has produced, if it shut out from us the ancient world, or other classic poetry, as important almost as its own. When our reading, however deep, runs wholly into 'pockets,' exhausts itself in the literature of a single age, one country, one type, then may we be sure that it is tending to narrow or deform our minds." Yet he talks also of the "systematic reader," the "student of literature," and so forth. It is a little perplexing. In the essay, or series of essays, which he gives its title to the volume, with which I am for the present mainly concerned, for the rest contenting myself with a humble sincere welcome to one book which, amid all this busy garnering of barren sheaves, was really worth making—in that leading essay Mr. Harrison suggests a course of reading for one whom he himself likes to call a General Reader. It is large and generous enough to be satisfied both Gibbon and Macaulay, those great pre-eminent readers who have recorded that they would exchange their love of books for the kingdoms of this world and the riches thereof. In brief it may be said to comprise, to use the old familiar phrase, the best of all that has been thought and said in the world, the best in poetry, philosophy, history, fiction—and the best only.

To put out of the question that which is positively bad, are we not amidst the multiplicity of books of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by having no intelligible thing to recommend it except that it is new? or, to stuff our minds with what is

simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desultory 'information'—a thing as fruitless as whistling. Of the two evils, I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish much less enlarge and beautify our nature."

Now if the General Reader be one habitually trained on such nourishing diet, so stimulating surely as well as solid, an editor would certainly be right to reject my chapter from the lives of the washerwomen of England, or my essay on Milton's three mothers-in-law, deduced from his behaviour to his three wives (Mr. Harrison has suggested these subjects to me), as unlikely to interest an intelligence so formed. But how about my thoughtful and scholarly article (one of the editors who rejected it gave it this praise) on the literature of the Ojibbeways, or that other one on the lost Decades of Livy?

We may take Macaulay, I suppose, as a pretty good type of a general reader. Byron, to be sure, must have been no bad one, if the list of books he had read when he was nineteen (including, to his regret, so he says, four thousand novels!—one would hardly have thought so many had been written in the year 1807) be a true one—which, as it rests only on his own word, it possibly was not. For.

though Mr. Ruskin has praised him for the "measured and living truth" of his poetry, it is pretty certain that he had a knack of economising that valuable gift in his more personal moments. I do not know that any one has yet included this economy in the enormous catalogue of crimes the present age has discovered in Macaulay. He may (or he may not) have strayed beyond the strict bounds of fact in his public writings; but in the outpourings of his private pen it must be clear, even to the most jaundiced eye, that he did not. "I am always glad to make my little girl happy," he writes to his niece Margaret, "and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books. For when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts, and cakes, and toys, and plays, and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces, and gardens, and fine dinners, and wine, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading." Who can doubt him?

Now, Mr. Harrison's theory is that every time one reads a bad book—a book, that is to say, not truly instructive, not formative—so much is taken from our power of recognizing and appreciating a good one. His list is, let me say again, sufficiently catholic, and should one fancies be found not altogether wanting even by those steadily inclined not to be serious. Shakespeare and Molière, 'Don Quixote' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Arabian Nights' (not the new Revalenta Arabica of Captain Burton), 'Tom Jones' and 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pickwick,' and all Sir Walter Scott—for which last Mr. Harrison may be forgiven for suggesting immortality to 'The Last Days of Pompeii' and 'Middlemarch'—in

such a list some comfort may surely be found by those who shake their heads at Homer and Virgil, Dante and Milton, or, like Mr. James Smiley's friend, can see no point in the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes.

Macaulay read these books, not once but many times. An insatiable reader he was, if man ever was, but he was not one of those justly banned by Mr. Harrison who "have read all these household books many years ago, read them, and judged them, and put them away for ever." He had soaked himself in them; their happy thoughts and golden phrases came flowing in unfailling streams to his lips as he talked, to his pen as he wrote. His memory, some have said who heard him talk, was prodigious, but a prodigious nuisance. How that may have been we, who never heard him talk, cannot tell; but Charles Greville, who spoke well of few men, at least did not think so. His memory, to us who can only read him, is certainly no nuisance. What General Reader does not remember that 'Roundabout Paper' in which Thackeray did ample and gracious penance for what was after all but a jest of his frolic time? Who knows not his picture of Macaulay pacing up and down the library of the Athenæum, glorifying with his splashes of imperial purple the milk-white virtues of 'Clarissa'? "I daresay," writes his amused admiring hearer, "he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others!"

Countless, indeed!—and of others Mr. Harrison certainly would not suffer in his list. "His intimate acquaintance with a work," writes Mr. Trevelyan, "was no proof of its merit." And then he goes on to tell us, on his mother's authority, some of the works his uncle was intimately acquainted with; the romances of Mrs. Meeke and of Mrs. Kitty Cuthbertson, 'Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector,' 'Adelaide, or the Countercharm,' 'The Romance of the Pyrenees,' and so forth. The first of these

ary treasures was once sold at auction, and Macaulay, bidding against Eden, became its happy possessor at a fabulous price. How carefully he had studied it is proved by an accurate computation on the last page of the number of fainting-fits that he had in the course of the five volumes : those were the days when men were not so little long. Of these sensations of the soul there were twenty-seven in all, no less than twenty well-defined and separate swoons owing to the share of the heroine. The day on which he detected, in the most recesses of a Holborn bookshop, some trumpery romance that had been in the Cambridge circulating library of the year 1820, was a date marked with a white stone in his diary. He exults in his diary over the discovery of a wretched novel called *Science*, which he himself confesses to be 'execrable trash,' as emphatically as if it had been a first edition of Shakespeare with an inch and a half of margin." He spent the summer of 1853 at Tunbridge Wells, a place familiar and loved in his youth, and he notes with delight how he discovered in a corner of Nash's reading-room, "*Sally's* novel, unseen since 1816." It was a debauch on the '*Republic*' in the same summer, he could turn to the *téres de Paris*, and vow that Sue had quite put poor Plato's nose out of the window." In 1851 he wrote to Ellis of Malvern that he missed him, but consoled himself as well as he could with Demosthenes, Goethe, Campbell, and Miss Ferrier. But this omnivorous appetite did not destroy Macaulay's appreciation of finer and more nourishing kinds of intellectual food. He got no pleasure from books, he confesses, equal to that of "reading over for the twentieth time great productions which I know almost by heart." And at Malvern he tells Ellis that he had at one stretch fourteen books of '*Odyssey*,' walking to Worcester for each. And again, in his diary :—

"I walked far into Herefordshire, and read, while walking, the last five books of the '*Iliad*,' with deep interest and many tears. I was afraid to be seen crying by the parties of walkers that met me as I came back, crying for Achilles cutting off his hair, crying for Priam rolling on the ground in the courtyard of his house; mere imaginary beings, creatures of an old ballad-maker who died near three thousand years ago." He had Herodotus's account of the battle of Marathon by heart, and Thucydides's account of the siege of Syracuse: Cicero, we are told, was as real to him as Peel, and Curio as Stanley: he could not read the '*De Coronâ*' even for the twentieth time "without striking his clenched fist at least once a minute on the arm of his easy-chair." With the literature of modern languages, too, he was no less familiar; and lest those who may hold with Ensign Northerton concerning the masters of the old world should turn in disgust from the specimens here given of Macaulay's reading, let it be added that he was as familiar with his '*Pickwick*' as with his '*Clarissa*.'

But this, some one will say, was an exceptional man: what was sport to him, would have been death to the brain of any other man. Well, certainly the brains of Macaulay are not found in every skull. But, one cannot but ask, must not Mr. Harrison's General Reader be something also of an exception? will not he, too, have a strain of the black swan in him?

To read the best in literature; to read it always, and to read it only. Wise counsel; but who shall fulfil it? Does not such an education presuppose a condition of mind and fortune—one might almost say, too, of body—rare indeed in this much-harassed age, if possible at all? A monk of the Thebaid, Saint Simeon on his pillar, that sage, "hoar-headed, wrinkled, clad in white," who for ever, in Mr. Arnold's beautiful lines, ponders God's mysteries amid the eternal snows of the Himalayas—for such happy

beings conditions such as Mr. Harrison presupposes for his ideal reader might have been possible ; or possible in nearer, but yet as vanished times they might have been, when our universities were truly homes of learning, cities of refuge, unvexed by the storms that raged outside their happy grounds, before they set themselves to catch and reproduce some feeble echoes of those empty tempests. But where, for whom, is such a life possible now ? We must all be up and doing : with heavy hearts or light we must all

“into the world and wave of men depart.”

Even the most futile can get seats in Parliament—and do. The scanty moments most of us can spare to literature must be given to the newspaper, or to the last popular novel or treatise on irreligion, taken as an anodyne before bed-time. With our nerves always at high pressure, and our brains distraught with the multiplicity of trifles which make up the sum of most lives how can we set ourselves in order to listen to the great voices echoing from

“the mountain-tops where is the home of truth” ?

Mr. Harrison admits that to seek the company of these immortals as one would chat with a pleasant friend over a cigar is a vain thing. “When,” he asks, “when will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life ?” They need a certain freedom of mind, a clearness of brain, and perhaps a certain austerity of mood, to be properly read. The palate must be clean to taste them truly, as they were wines of some rare vintage. Charles Lamb declared that Milton almost required “a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring ocile thoughts and purged ears.” He also vowed that he had once

soothed a melancholy night with a pipe of tobacco, a bottle of port, and ‘King Lear’ ; at least, he told Coleridge he had done so : but one cannot help speculating on the share each of these anodynes contributed to the net result. In any frame of mind I doubt whether port-wine and tobacco could be the most convenient adornments for ‘King Lear,’ though they might serve as a pretty relish for the humours of Falstaff. Even those who can, and do, give more time to literature—especially those who must, as the author of ‘Lacon’ says, read a little to write—cannot be always in trim for the best, and the best only. To force oneself to read this great solid best when one really craves something a little less good, a little lighter, more easy of digestion, as it were, is a far worse thing than to keep always from it. The brain, I take it, is much as the stomach. When a man has come to the years of discretion—the phrase is perhaps more current than certain, but let it pass—if he does not know what to eat, drink, and avoid according to his condition and habit, not all the doctors in the world will help him. There is not one universal stomach ; nay, has not one man many stomachs ? What is good for him to-day may not be good for him to-morrow. That is why these rules for diet so much in vogue just at present are really such supreme nonsense, as none, let us fervently hope for the credit of the Faculty, know better than the doctors themselves. And it is much the same, I take it, with books and reading. The real secret is to know what fare the intellectual stomach needs at the moment. “A man,” said Samuel Johnson, “ought to read just as inclination leads him ; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.” “I read,” wrote Macaulay in his journal, “Henderson’s ‘Iceland’ at breakfast ; a favourite breakfast book with me. Why ? How oddly we are made ! Some books which I never should dream of opening at

dinner please me at breakfast, and *vice versa*." "Much," said Lamb, "depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the 'Fairy Queen' for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes's sermons?" Why put all your poor intellects out of joint striving to keep pace with Plato through the realms of thought, when what would really soothe your tired brain, and send you to bed at peace with yourself and the world, would be—and you know it—Mr. Burnand's 'Happy Thoughts'? Why break your brains over 'Paradise Lost,' when you are yearning, more fervently than ever Mrs. Blimber yearned to see Cicero in the flesh, for the 'Ingoldsby Legends'? Neither Milton nor Plato will do you any good in those conditions, any more than cold water will do you good if you are sick of a fever, or the pantomime at the Lyceum give you any idea of Goethe's 'Faust.'

In a little book, most useful to all readers, whether they read to think, to write, or to talk, in the 'Book-lover's Enchiridion,' is a passage so much to the purpose that I cannot but quote it, at the risk of incurring De Quincey's malison on those who "benefit too much by quotations;" and I do so with the more confidence as it is from a writer unfamiliar, I suspect, to most of us: the most general reader has not impossibly excluded Dr. Channing from his course of "chewing"—so Mr. Harrison calls it; but you must chew to digest. He says—Dr. Channing, I mean:—

"The best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend, but oftener those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind, and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought. And here it may be well to observe, not only in regard to books, but in other respects, that self-culture must vary with the individual. All means do not equally

suit us all. A man must unfold himself freely, and should respect the peculiar gifts or biasses by which nature has distinguished him from others. Self-culture does not demand the sacrifice of individuality, it does not regularly apply an established machinery, for the sake of torturing every man into one rigid shape, called perfection. As the human countenance, with the same features in us all, is diversified without end in the race, and is never the same in any two individuals, so the human soul, with the same grand powers and law, expands into an infinite variety of forms, and would be woefully stinted by modes of culture requiring all men to learn the same lesson, or to bend to the same rules."

I confess I think Mr. Harrison is a little too austere. Certainly a man who habitually passes his leisure in reading the police reports in the newspapers, or the speeches in the House of Commons, or dirty French novels, will not be likely to have much stomach for Homer, or Dante, or Milton, or Walter Scott. But I do think that there is a deal of literature—of reading, at any rate—beyond Mr. Harrison's circle that could do a man no harm, and as soothing, lightening, gilding the dark and heavy hours may even be said to do good. Mr. Ruskin said many years ago that he admitted no poetry but the very best, and then tells us that we had better read Cary's translation from Dante than 'Paradise Lost.' Mr. Harrison, at any rate, writes no nonsense; and on one side he warns us against expecting too much from his system of education.

"In the first place," he says, "when we speak about books, let us avoid the extravagance of expecting too much from books, the pedant's habit of extolling books as synonymous with education. Books are no more education than laws are virtue; and just as profligacy is easy within the strict limits of law, a boundless knowledge of books may be found with a narrow education. A man may be, as the

poet says, 'deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.' We need to know in order that we may feel rightly and act wisely. The thirst after truth itself may be pushed to a degree where indulgence enfeebles our sympathies and unnerves us in action. Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing."

No one, I think, has ever written more wisely or more temperately on this subject than Mr. Harrison; and it is a subject on which so much intemperate foolishness has been written. To that foolishness I have no desire voluntarily to contribute. What shall be taken, and what left, I make no pretence to decide. Whether a man, or a woman, prefer Sir Arthur Helps to Marcus Aurelius, or Buddha to both, matters nothing to me. Let this man, if he chooses, place George Eliot by the side of Shakespeare; I am sure Shakespeare, in his infinite courtesy, will gladly go up higher to make room for her. The "windy inspirations of forced breath" Mr. Swinburne delights to blow against Byron do not irritate me as they seem to irritate so many pious souls. One supposes them to please Mr. Swinburne, and certainly they do no manner of harm to Byron. But I cannot see why we should not read everything that is good after its kind, and enjoy them all, each according to its kind. Lord Steyne was famous among epicures for his French cook and his cellar; yet he could dine off a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, and find that it was good. That, I submit, is the proper spirit for your true reader.

And so, it seems to me, I say again, that Mr. Harrison has written a little too austere. He has, I think, fenced and bounded his subject round a little too rigidly; he has made the way more perilous still to those

"dragon-warded fountains
Where the springs of knowledge are."

Must a man enjoy his Homer and his Virgil one whit the less because he can read with pleasure for the hundredth time his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' or his 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers'? Can he not love Keats without loathing Pope? Must he be incapable of appreciating the fun of Socrates discoursing philosophy from his basket, or Bacchus tugging at Charon's oar, because he can laugh consumedly at Lord Scamperdale or Mr. Verdant Green? I have read 'Don Quixote' and 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' many times and hope to read them many times again: whether I truly appreciate them I cannot say, but I can honestly say that I like to read them. But I also read again the other day, after some lapse of time, Mr. Wilkie Collins's 'Woman in White' and 'Moonstone,' and I must honestly say I enjoyed them both immensely. There are hours when I would sooner read certain chapters of 'Westward Ho!' than any other book that ever came from a printing-press. The other day I read a list of books drawn up by a lady for the edification of Sir John Lubbock's ideal working man; this list included Epictetus and Boethius and St. François de Sales's 'Traité de l'Amour de Dieu,' and Rousseau's 'Confessions'—the last perhaps a rather queer sort of book for a gentlewoman to recommend to a working man. But surely no one will say that this erudite lady is less able to appreciate her Boethius because she has thumbed her Rousseau?

So long as our whims be not dangerous, do not lead us to the books which promote "filthiness and foolish talking," we may be content to read, I do think, as the whim seizes us; browsing at will, snatching a mouthful here and a mouthful there of such food as we have a mind for, and then, when the spirit is on us, sitting down to a real banquet with the immortals. There have been men, wise men, full men, who have learned much by this intermittent grazing, these half-hours

not always with the best authors, and have counselled others to go and do so likewise. Come what come may, at least these odd half-hours will be better spent dipping into the books themselves than in taking the edge off such little appetites as nature may have granted us by cramming ourselves with a thousand different opinions about them. Against that vile practice, indeed, the face of Mr. Harrison is set most sternly. "We read a perfect library about the 'Paradise Lost,' but the 'Paradise Lost' itself we do not read. . . A perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world." It is, to be sure, no new practice, not particular to this age. More than a century ago the author of 'The Library' had something to say on it.

"Our nicer palates higher labours seek,
Cloy'd with a folio-*Number* once a week;
Bibles, with cuts and comments, thus go
down:
E'en light Voltaire is *number'd* through the
town:
Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,
From men of study and from men of straw;
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle
times,
Pamphlets and plays, and politics and
rhymes."

And Pope, as one or two may still remember, shot an arrow at the same mark before Crabbe.

Mr. Harrison says:—"The true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to

cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind." Surely not: surely a wholesome and cleanly entertainment is in certain moods, and to certain spirits, itself a teaching, an elevation; surely information, even of a chance kind, if it be good information, is no bad thing. Even if not fruit-bearing, to use Bacon's phrase, it may be light-bringing. I own I rather hold with another bit of counsel from Crabbe than with such stern prescriptions.

"Go on! and, while the sons of care complain,
Be wisely gay and innocently vain;
While serious souls are by their fears undone,
Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun."

We cannot all, at all hours, breathe the finer air of the highest heaven: happy he who can, but he who cannot need surely not despair. The lower earth has its seasons of fruitfulness, which are not always seasons of mist. A change of diet is wholesome for us who are compact of commoner clay. "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

A COSSACK POET.

I PROPOSE in the following pages to introduce to the notice of my readers a poet whose name has hardly been heard in the western parts of Europe. This is the Cossack Taras Shevchenko, whose funeral in 1861 was followed by so many thousands of his countrymen, and whose grave—a tumulus surmounted by a large iron cross, near Kaniov on the Dnieper—has been called the Mecca of the South Russian revolutionists. Schevchenko has become the national poet of the Malo-Russians, a large division of the Slavonic family amounting to ten millions, and speaking what has been called a Russian dialect, but is more justly styled by Micklosich and other eminent Slavists an independent language. The object of my little sketch is not philological, so that I shall only dwell upon such points so far as to enable my readers to form a correct idea what the Malo-Russian language is, and where it is spoken. I shall give a notion of its area if I say that drawing a straight line from Sandech, near Cracow, to the Asiatic frontier of Russia, we shall find this language the dominant tongue of Galicia and all the southern parts of Russia, till we come to the Caucasus. It is even spoken in a thin strip of territory in the north of Hungary. It has a rich collection of legendary poems, tales and folk-songs, but its written and artificial literature only dates from the end of last century. When we look at the part of Europe where the language is spoken, we might reasonably expect to find in the surroundings a great deal to stimulate a national poet. These broad steppes form one of the cockpits of Europe. Here Turk, Russian, Pole, Tartar, and Rouman have met in many a deadly contest. On the islands of the Dnieper were the settlements

of the strange Cossack Republic, the *Setch*, which cost Peter the Great and Catherine the Second so much trouble to break up; here were the battle-grounds of the celebrated Bogdan Khmelnitzki in his long struggles against the Polish *pans*. Over these steppes the Tartars used to drive their numerous herds of prisoners of all ages and both sexes to the slave-markets. Such a country is sure not to want its *vates sacer*; but if he will sing of it as a real son of his country, he will not tell of delicate-handed dealings; he will talk more of the shedding of blood than the sprinkling of rose-water. Schevchenko has left us an autobiography, though but a meagre one; and it is from this, which is included in the editions of his works published at Lemberg and Prague, that I shall chiefly take my sketch. To the two handsome volumes which appeared at Prague in 1876 is prefixed the portrait of the poet, with his Cossack cap. It is a manly, expressive face, though somewhat rough, and with care deeply stamped upon it; but we shall not be surprised at this when we make a closer acquaintance with his fortunes. Tourgueniev tells us that he had a heavy look till he became animated; and one of his friends humorously styled him “a wild boar with a lark in his throat.”

Shevchenko was born on the ninth of March, 1814, in the village of Mornitza, near Kerelivka, in the government of Kiev. His parents were serfs on the estate of a Russian nobleman of German extraction named Engelhardt. His troubles began in earliest childhood. In 1823 he lost his mother, and on his father's marrying again he was doomed to experience the cruelties of a stepmother. Tarras wandered about the village, a neglected bare-

footed urchin, with his little sister Irene for his sole companion. The elder Shevchenko only survived his second marriage two years, and then the orphan was sent to be instructed by a drunken priest named Buhorski, who treated him with great brutality. "This was the first despot I ever had to deal with," says Taras in his autobiography, "and he instilled in me for the rest of my life a loathing for every act of oppression which one man can commit against another." He has tales to tell us about two other preceptors of the same sort, from whom he also learned something of the art of painting; for, in addition to the instruction of children both of his masters were engaged in the trade of preparing sacred *icons*, or representations of saints for churches. Thus an inclination for art was produced in him besides his in-born propensity for poetry.

In this way Shevchenko spent a considerable part of his early youth; but in 1829 his master Engelhardt died, and his son-and-heir took the youngster as a page. This new post, although it seemed at first to abridge his liberty, was in the end advantageous to him. His duty was to remain in his master's ante-chamber and answer his call. He began to amuse himself by copying the pictures hanging on the walls, a practice, however, which on one occasion led to very unpleasant results. He had accompanied his master to Vilna, on the occasion of a festival in honour of the Tzar. A grand ball was given at which most of the Engelhardt family were present. While the rest of the household slept, the young artist rose secretly, lit a candle, and began copying a portrait of Platov, the well-known hetman of the Cossacks, who visited England with the Allied Sovereigns in 1814. Shevchenko became so engrossed in this occupation that he did not perceive the return of his master, till he was rudely awakened from his artistic studies by having his ears pulled by the angry nobleman, who reminded his careless serf that by sitting with a candle among the

papers he had almost set the house on fire. He received a beating at the time, and on the following day a severer castigation by his masters' orders.

Better days, however, were in store for him. M. Engelhardt, seeing in what direction his talents lay, resolved to send him to a house-painter and decorator, with a view to employing him in those capacities on his own estate. To a painter of this sort he was accordingly sent, and luckily found a kind-hearted man, who, seeing how superior his apprentice was to such work, recommended his master to put him under a certain Lampi, at that time a portrait-painter of some reputation at Warsaw. Consent was given to this step, but the youth remained unhappy and restless, and, according to one of his biographers, was on the point of committing suicide. In the year 1832 the Engelhardts removed permanently to St. Petersburg, and the poet followed with the rest of the servants. He was now eighteen years of age, and at his earnest request was put under the care of another painter, who was, however, little better than a house-decorator. But his mind developed in the capital. On holidays he used to visit the picture galleries, and a longing seized him to imitate the great masters whose works he saw exhibited there. By good luck he made the acquaintance of the artist Soshenko, who felt especial sympathy with him, as being a native of the same part of Russia. By the advice of his new friend he began to work in water-colours. His success in this branch of art was so great that his master used to employ him to paint the portraits of his friends, and rewarded him for so doing. Soshenko assisted him in his work, and laboured also for his moral and intellectual progress, introducing him to the Malo-Russian novelist Grebenka. These worthy men between them succeeded in purchasing the freedom of the poor artist. The celebrated Broulov painted a portrait of the poet

Zhoukovski, then one of the most popular men in Russia. The picture was sold for twenty-five hundred roubles at a lottery and for this sum his master Engelhardt gave him his freedom.

This was in April, 1838, and Shevchenko at once became a member of the Academy of Arts. A successful career seemed now to lie open before him. A fondness for poetry had developed itself in him as early as his love of art. His surviving friends still speak of his enthusiasm for the songs of his country, and the tenderness and pathos with which he was in the habit of singing them. In 1840 appeared his '*Kobzar*,'¹ containing a collection of lyrical pieces in the Little or Malo-Russian language. In the following year were published the '*Haidamaks*' and '*Hamalia*.' These poems were received with great enthusiasm by the South Russians, and made the name of the poet deservedly celebrated among his countrymen. The Ukraine and the surrounding lands have always been the most poetic region of Russia, and have been celebrated not only by the authors who have used the national language, but also by the so-called Ukraine school of Polish poets, including Zaleski, Malczewski, Goszcynski, Padura, Slowacki, and others. Soon after the poet visited his native province, and there made the acquaintance of Koulish and Kostomarov. The former of these writers was well known throughout Russia for his sympathies with the language and literature of the Ukraine. He is the author of some excellent works on the subject, but from a recent publication his opinions seem to have undergone a great change. Kostomarov died in the earlier part of the present year, having left a considerable reputation as a worker in the field of history and the author of many valuable monographs

¹ The *kobzar* is a wandering minstrel among the Malo-Russians, who accompanies his song with a kind of guitar, called *kobza*.

on Russian celebrities. But these friendships led to some serious troubles. The three men were of advanced political opinions, and were so indiscreet as to give utterance to them. At some meetings in the house of Artemovski Goulak, a Malo-Russian author, their unguarded utterances were heard by a student of the University of Kiev, who undertook the degrading office of an informer.² This, we must remember, occurred under the iron rule of the Emperor Nicholas; but there is also a story that the poet composed some biting epigrams on members of the Imperial family.

The companions of his indiscretion were hurried off to imprisonment and exile in separate places. Shevchenko was sentenced to serve as a common soldier, at Orenburg on the Asiatic frontier of the empire. This banishment he endured for ten years, from 1847 to 1857. He has told us of his sufferings in many of his lyrical pieces. From Orenburg he was removed to Siberia, and afterwards to the Fort of Novopetrovsk on the Asiatic coast of the Caspian Sea. His punishment was rendered more severe because he was forbidden to draw or paint. He continued, however, to secrete materials for the exercise of his favourite art, even carrying a pencil in his shoe; and the good-natured officer in command winked at these breaches of discipline. The following story is told by Tourgueniev in the interesting recollections which he has furnished to the Prague edition of the poet's works:—

"One general, an out-and-out martinet, having heard that Shevchenko, in spite of the prohibition, had made two or three sketches, thought it his duty to report the matter to Perovski (the commander-in-chief of the district) on one of his days of reception; but the latter, looking sternly on the overzealous informer, said in a marked

² So Professor Partitzki, of Lemberg, tells us in his suggestive little work in the Malo-Russian language, '*The Leading Ideas in the Writings of Taras Shevchenko*,' p. 18.

tone, 'General, I am deaf in this ear ; be so good as to repeat to me on the other side what you have said.' The general took the hint, and going to the other ear told him something which in no way concerned Shevchenko."

The poor poet lamented his captivity in many pathetic poems. In one, addressed to his friend Kozachovski, he speaks of "often bedewing his couch with tears of blood." But a day of deliverance was at hand. In 1855 the Emperor Nicholas died. Up to that time the only alleviation of Shevchenko's treatment had been when he was allowed to accompany as draftsman through part of Siberia the expedition under Lieutenant Boutakov. A year or so before the end of his captivity his treatment became more gentle ; and at last came his release, owing to the efforts of Count Feodore Tolstoi and his wife, whom Shevchenko ever afterwards reckoned among his greatest benefactors. There was some delay, however, before he received his freedom. He was detained several months at Nizhni-Novgorod, and sold a few drawings there for his maintenance. He did not return to St. Petersburg till April, 1858. In the summer of 1859 he paid a visit to the Ukraine, and saw his sister Irene in his native village ; but he was so poor that he was only able to give her a rouble. At that time all the surviving members of his family were serfs ; but in 1860 they received their freedom to the number of eleven souls, owing to the efforts of a society established to assist poor authors and their families. The emancipation of the serfs throughout Russia by the *oukaze* of Alexander the Second was to follow in the next year. The poverty of Shevchenko, indeed, continued till the end of his days, but in truth he was, as is popularly supposed to be the way of poets, remarkably careless of his money. We are told that when he had taken lodgings with a friend he would frequently hand

over his purse to him, leaving him to make all arrangements for their common wants. Taras had now a fixed plan of settling in the Ukraine. He wished to purchase a cottage and a little piece of land within sight of the Dnieper, but he was not destined to have his wishes fulfilled. Towards the middle of July he again made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and a new edition of his 'Kobzar' was published, which was very favourably received. At this time he had chambers in the Academy buildings, and occupied himself with engraving. He now resolved to marry, and his choice fell upon a peasant girl, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, who reminded him that he was a man of talent and culture. His answer was characteristic : "In body and in soul I am a son and brother of our despised common people. How, then, can I unite myself to one of aristocratic blood ? And what would a proud, luxurious lady do in my humble cottage ?" In pursuance of this plan he successively endeavoured to gain the affections of two women in humble life, named Charita and Glukeria, but in neither case was he successful : preparations were indeed made for his marriage with the latter, but the girl herself broke off the engagement. According to the testimony of his friends, Shevchenko rarely visited the houses of those who were in a social station superior to his own. He had a natural dread of being patronised, and conducted himself in a reserved and haughty manner. In the appreciative circles of a few private friends he appeared in his native strength, told amusing anecdotes, and sang some of the songs of the Ukraine in a pathetic and impressive manner.

After the failure of his second attempt at marriage, he became more than ever anxious to get away from his lonely life in St. Petersburg, and purchased a piece of land on the right bank of the Dnieper near Kaniov. His health, once so vigorous, now began to show signs of breaking up,

owing to his long sufferings both in early youth and in his Siberian exile, and, it must also be added, to an unfortunate habit of drinking. But even in the last days of his life he was labouring for his country, being busy in writing books to assist popular education in the Little-Russian language; of these, one, a grammar, was published during his life; the others, works on arithmetic, geography, and history, were never finished. In January, 1861, Shevchenko wrote to his brother Bartholomew: "I have begun this year very badly; for two weeks I have not stirred out of the house. I feel debilitated and cough continually." A fortnight afterwards he said: "I feel so ill that I can hardly hold the pen in my hand." On his birthday, although very weak, he was cheered by telegrams from his countrymen in the Ukraine, who regarded him with enthusiastic affection. He received their messages on the ninth of March, and encouraged by their warm expressions of sympathy he talked cheerfully with his companions, and expressed a hope that he might get to the south, where he felt sure that his health would be restored. On the following day, March the tenth, he rose at five o'clock in the morning and went to his studio, but suddenly fell down and in about an hour breathed his last. Two days afterwards he was buried in the Smolensk cemetery at St. Petersburg, where every Sunday his grave was visited by the Southern Russians residing in that city. But this was only to be the temporary resting-place of the poet. In one of his poems he had expressed a wish to be buried in the Ukraine—

"When I am dead
Bury me in a grave,
Amidst the broad steppe
In my beloved Ukraine!
That I may see the wide-extending meadows
And the Dnieper and its bank,
And hear the roaring river
As it eddies onward."

This wish was to be granted. His body was disinterred and conveyed

south. It was received everywhere with all possible honour and, carried through the city of Kiev by the students of the university, was laid at last in a picturesque spot on the banks of the Dnieper in the presence of a great concourse of people. A vast mound of earth was piled on the grave, surmounted by an iron cross. In a recent number of the Russian magazine, 'Historical Messenger,' an account is given of the present condition of the "Hill of Taras" (*Tarasova Gora*) as it is called. The grave has been inclosed with iron railings; at the basement of the cross is a medallion of the poet, with his name and the date of his birth and death.

Shevchenko is pre-eminently the national poet of the Southern Russians, a title he has well earned by his intense national feeling. I can only hope in a short sketch like the present to give a general idea of the characteristics of his genius. His verse loses much of its native simplicity in translation, and if a version be attempted it ought to be made in Lowland Scotch. He loves to describe the wild lives of the Cossacks in their old independent days, before the *setch* had been gradually reduced to insignificance by Peter the Great and Catherine; and in the stirring poem known as 'The Haidamaks,'¹ their revolt in 1768 under Gonta and Zelezniak against their Polish masters is described at length.

Another fine poem, too, is that devoted to the celebrated hetman² Ivan Podkova, or in the Malo-Russian form *podkova*, lit., a horseshoe—a name which this redoubtable chief

¹ This word is explained by Miklosich, 'Die Türkischen Elemente in den Südost-und Osteuropäischen Sprachen,' as, originally a cattle-driver, but it has come to mean little more than a wandering Cossack; sometimes, however, it is used with a bad signification, as a robber, or the Scotch land-louper.

² The word *hetman* is none other than the German *hauptmann*, which has got through Polish into Little-Russian. It has become in Russian *ataman*.

is said to have gained from his skill in crumpling up a horseshoe by a mere twist of the hand. Having broken out into rebellion he was executed by order of Stephen Batory. But it is not only in these longer pieces, devoted to deeds of the Cossack heroes, that Shevchenko shines. He has many short lyrical pieces of great pathos and elegance which almost defy translation. It would be merely *du clair du lune empaillé*, as, quoting the words of Gérard de Nerval, M. Durand says in his valuable article on the poet contributed to the 'Revue des deux Mondes' (1876, vol. iii. p. 919). This, by the way, and a longer sketch in German published by Obrist at Czernowitz, are the only attempts which have been hitherto made to introduce this interesting poet to Western readers.

Shevchenko has, in a clever way, interwoven with his poems the popular superstitions and customs of his countrymen; and this probably explains the great charm which they have for all Southern Russians, by whom his memory is regarded with idolatry. Moreover no poet was ever more autobiographical; he is always giving us details of his sad but interesting life. He writes for the most part in short unrhymed metres; the well-marked accent of the Little-Russian language amply supplying the place of rhyme, which, however, he sometimes employs, though more frequently contenting himself with a mere assonance. There is a wonderful spontaneity in his verse; and despite his careless, unfettered style, there is always the truest agreement between the language and meaning, while in the most graphic passages the lines seem to rush on headlong. Sometimes we have the strangest and most powerful onomatopœia, as in the poem 'Outoplēna' (the drowned woman), where we seem to hear the wind howling among the reeds, and asking, as it were, what melancholy figure sits upon the bank. In the 'Night of Taras' (*Tarasova*

Nich) the poet sings a fine elegy on the past glories of his country.

He has perfectly caught the spirit of the little Russian folk-songs, and reproduces them as faithfully as Burns did the Scottish. Their superstitions about birds, water-nymphs, magic herbs, and other weird beliefs, are freely introduced. Thus ravens, as in Serbian poetry, bring intelligence of a disaster; the falcon is the favourite bird with which a young man is compared; and the cuckoo is a prophet. It is not a little curious to find tales of magic handkerchiefs, such as that which Othello gave to Desdemona—

" there's magic in the web of it;
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work."

It has sometimes occurred to me that the superstition might have got into the Italian story upon which Shakespeare based his noble play from Slavonic sources. Close to Venice is the Dalmatian littoral, with its Slavonic population and traditions of Ragusa and the Ragusan school, which produced some of the most celebrated poets of the South Slavonic peoples.

The belief also is widely spread that human beings are changed into trees. In one lay the poet tells us a tale of two poplars, which were once sisters and enchantresses (*sestri-charivnitzi*), who both fell in love with the same person, a certain Ivan. There is also a belief in the existence of the evil eyes and of love potions. The favourite plant of the Little-Russians is the elder tree, which has a thousand magic virtues. The following little poem is so pathetic that, even in a prose version, it may perhaps give some idea of Shevchenko's manner in the minor pieces:—

"Here three broad ways cross, and here three brothers of the Ukraine parted on their several journeys. They left their aged mother. This one quitted a wife, the other a sister, and the third, the youngest, a sweetheart. The aged mother planted three ashes in a field, and the wife planted a tall poplar; the sister three maples in the dell, and the betrothed maiden a red elder tree. The three ashes throve not,

the poplar withered ; withered also the maples, and the elder faded. Never more came the brothers. The old mother is weeping, and the wife, with the children, wails in the cheerless cottage. The sister mourns and goes to seek her brothers in the far-away lands ; the young maiden is laid in her grave. The brothers come not back : they are wandering over the world ; and the three pathways, they are overgrown with thorns."

Or let us take this pretty little idyl, which loses, perhaps, even more by translation :—

"There is a garden of cherry-trees round the cottage, and the insects are humming near them. It is the time when the labourers are coming in with their ploughs, the maidens sing as they enter, and the mothers await them all for supper. The family take their meal about the cottage, the evening glow arises in the sky, the daughter gives the meal to each, and the mother would fain be advising her, but the nightingale hinders it by her singing. The mother has laid her little children to sleep in the cottage, and herself rests by them. All is hushed—only the maiden and the nightingale do not sleep."

And these opening stanzas of the lament of a lonely girl have not a little of the manner of Burns in them:—

"Alas I am solitary, solitary like a patch of weeds in a field : God has given me neither happiness nor good fortune. He has only given me beauty and brown eyes, and these I have nearly wept out in my desolate maidenhood."

National poetry, such as proceeds from the hearts of the people and lives in their mouths, is now, thanks to the spread of civilisation and cosmopolitanism, fast disappearing. The conditions of its existence are every day becoming more impossible. Had Shevchenko lived a hundred years ago his lyrics would not have been committed to the printer, but would have been handed on from singer to singer, as was the case with the Scottish ballads 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'Lord Randal,' and many others, which are now read with astonishment and delight, but whose authors are unknown. In these days of excessive curiosity the popular minstrel is dragged from his rural solitudes, where he sang only to an audience of the surrounding villages, is brought to the great capitals and becomes an object of wonderment. The people of the Ukraine, like the modern Serbs, are not sufficiently near the great centres of Western culture to have exchanged their folk-songs for operatic airs and the conventional lyrics of the music-hall. One of the last genuine minstrels of that interesting part of Russia was Taras Shevchenko.

W. R. MORFILL

FYVIE CASTLE, AND ITS LAIRDS.

SITUATED in the lowlands of Aberdeenshire, which can hardly be called pretty even by the most enthusiastic Scotchman, the noble old castle of Fyvie has yet some beautiful and picturesque surroundings. Standing on a broad natural esplanade or plateau, its towers and turrets, many of which are crowned with quaint figures and busts carved in the red sandstone of the district, rise above the fine trees of the park; and the whole mass fully deserves Billing's enthusiastic praise in his 'Baronial Antiquities,' where he calls Fyvie "one of the noblest and most beautiful specimens of the rich architecture which the Scottish barons in the days of James the Sixth obtained from France." The small river Ythan flowing round two sides of the castle, its steep hanging banks fringed with wide-spreading trees, must have added considerably to the strength of the place in the fierce old fighting days, when the low-lying meadows all round could be flooded at short notice.

"The jealous trout, that low do lie,"

abound in the Ythan, which is famed also for its pearl fisheries; the Scotch pearl in the royal crown came out of its clear waters.

Intimately associated with Scottish history, Fyvie in ancient times was a royal hunting seat. It has had many illustrious inmates, and stood several sieges. It has its "murder-room," like the palace of Holyrood; its secret chamber, like Glamis; and a weird Green Ladye who haunts the great staircase, trailing her satin dress and jingling her pearl necklace, when she appears to announce death or disaster to the laird of Fyvie. The mysterious "weeping stone" is still without its two companions, which must be found ere the curse which rests on Fyvie will be broken.

No. 318—VOL. LIII.

At an early period of Scotch history Fermartyn was a thanage¹ lying on the eastern seaboard between the rivers Ythan and Don, and formerly part of the demesne lands of the Crown, of which the castle of Fyvie was the chief messuage. It is now, under the name of Formartine, one of the districts of the county of Aberdeen. Alexander the Second of Scotland dates a charter, confirming the church of Buthelny (Meldrum) to the monks of St. Thomas of Arbroath, from Fyvyn on the twenty-second of February, 1221. The annual value of the estate in the reign of his successor Alexander the Third (1249—1286) was one hundred and twenty marks, and the eels taken in the stanks and waters of Fyvie were evidently matter of account in the king's exchequer.

King Edward the First of England made the "chastel of Fyuin" a halting-place in his hasty ride through Aberdeenshire in 1296, as Reginald le Cheyne, Great Chamberlain of Scotland from 1267 to 1269, whose name we find in the Ragman Roll, was then in possession, and had vowed allegiance to him. The room in which tradition says the king slept is still shown in the basement of the oldest part of the castle, the Preston Tower.

King Robert the Bruce, in a breve dated 1325, fixes the marches between "the king's park of Fyvyne and our burghs of Fyvyne and the lands and peat moss of Ardlogy, belonging to the abbey of Arbroath." In the park, on the crest of a hill, is the spot still

¹ A thanage consisted of two parts, demesne, and that given off as freeholds or tenandries. The demesne was held by the thane of the king in feu-farm, and cultivated by the servile class, the bondmen and native men; and the tenandries were either held of him in fee and heritage by the sub-vassals, called freeholders, or occupied by the kindlie tenants of free farmers.

called "the king's seat," where King Robert and his successors held "beds of justice" under the thick shade of the old beech trees. It is a stiff climb up through fern and underwood, but the view thence is beautiful, looking down on the valley of the Ythan, with the ruin of Towie Castle in the distance, and the hills of Fouldan beyond.

David the Second in 1368 granted one-half of his thanage of Fermartyn to William, Earl of Sutherland, for his life, with its tenandries and services of the freeholders, with its bondmen and their bondage services, native men and their followers, to be held in free barony, and his heirs to hold it in ward and relief. The other half was held, as appears by the Chamberlain Rolls, by Thomas Isaak; but it seems to have again fallen to the Crown, as the grandson of Robert the Bruce conferred it upon his son John, then Steward of Scotland, who afterwards ascended the throne as Robert the Third, and is the King Robert of 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' He resigned the estate and castle to his cousin, Sir James de Lindesay, mentioned in history as "Dominus de Crawford et Buchan," whose mother was Egidia, sister of Robert the Second.

Sir James de Lindesay married Margaret Keith, daughter of the Earl Marischal, and in 1395 her nephew, Robert de Keith, attacked the castle; but the Lady de Lindesay defended it gallantly until her husband came to the rescue, and, pursuing the besiegers, defeated them in the parish of Bourtie.

Upon the death of Sir James in 1397, Fyvie came into the possession of his brother-in-law, Sir Henry Preston, a brave knight, who had fought under the Douglas at Otterburn, where he took Sir Ralph Percy prisoner; and from the charters in Fyvie Castle it appears that the barony of Fermartyn was granted to him by the king for the ransom of his prisoner. The old Preston tower was named after this Sir Henry, who died about 1433, leaving two daugh-

ters, co-heiresses, of whom one married a Forbes, taking into that family the property of Tolquhon. The other married a Meldrum, and her descendants held Fyvie for a century and a half, and built the south-west tower of the castle, still called by their name. The adjacent borough of Old Meldrum must have given its name, or taken it, from this family, who were insignificant compared both to their predecessors and their successors. The only man of any note appears to have been Sir George Meldrum, who is mentioned by Lesly as "ane vailyeant and wyse gentleman." He was sent in 1544 as ambassador to Henry the Fifth of England, who was then engaged in laying siege to Boulogne.

In 1596 the Meldrums sold the castle and estate to Alexander Seton, godson of Queen Mary and third son of George, sixth Lord Seton. Alexander had been sent to Rome, and studied in the Jesuits' College for the Church, having received, while still a youth, as "ane godbairne gift" from Mary, the reversion of the Priory of Pluscarden; but the dawn of the Reformation induced him to abandon his ecclesiastical studies, and turn his attention to the law. In 1583 he accompanied his father on an embassy to Henry the Third of France; and on the twenty-seventh of January, 1586, he was admitted an extraordinary lord of session by the style of Prior of Pluscarden. Two years later he was promoted to the position of an ordinary lord, under the title of Lord Urquhart, and five years after that, at the early age of thirty-eight, was elected to the president's chair. Soon afterwards he bought the estate of Fyvie, and henceforward we find him in the 'Sederunt' as "Fyvie Preses."

Exceptionally able and intelligent, Lord Fyvie was a favourite confidant of James the Sixth, who entrusted first his eldest son Prince Henry to his care, and afterwards "Duc Charlis." The latter in 1604 travelled to London with Lord Fyvie, who in that same year was made Lord High Chan-

cellor of Scotland. The following year he was created Earl of Dunfermline, and his correspondence with the king, the Cecils, and all the foremost statesmen of England was uninterrupted; everything that took place in Scotland being minutely and faithfully reported by him. He was named "keeper of the palice, park, and yairds of Halyroodhouse" in 1611, and a year later Commissioner to the famous Parliament which rescinded the Acts establishing Presbytery.

The great Chancellor found full scope for his love of building in his new possession of Fyvie, and the Seton Tower proves that his reputation for "greate skill in architecture and herauldie" was not undeserved. There can be no doubt that he engaged the services of one of the French architects who came over to Scotland with Mary of Guise, or with her unfortunate daughter. On the Loire there is the Chateau de Montsabert, which might be built by the same man, so like Fyvie is it.

Billings's description of Fyvie Castle in his '*Antiquities of Scotland*' is as follows:—

"Its princely towers, with their luxuriant coronet of coned turrets, sharp gables, tall roofs and chimneys, canopied dormer windows, and rude statuary, present a sky outline at once graceful, rich, and massive, and in these qualities exceeding even the far-famed Glamis. The form of the central tower is peculiar and striking. It consists, in appearance, of two semi-round towers, with a deep curtain between them, retired within a round-arched recess of peculiar height and depth. The minor departments of the building are profusely decorated with mouldings, crockets, canopies, and statuary. The interior is in the same fine keeping with the exterior. The great stair is an architectural triumph such as few Scottish mansions can exhibit; and it is so broad and so gently graduated as to justify a traditional boast, that the laird's horse used to ascend it."

The "two semi-round towers," which are connected by an arch above the fourth story, ending in a gable flanked by two round turrets, are bold and graceful, and built in the purest style of the time. They bear the Seton arms impaled with those of the

wives of Lord Dunfermline on various stones let into the massive walls. The arched doorway, which in former times was the grand entrance, and over which is the "murder hole," whence missiles or molten lead could be poured down upon assailants, is in a deep recess between the twin towers, and forms the centre of the south front of the castle, which now consists of only two sides of a square, each one hundred and fifty feet in length. The remainder of the quadrangle, by far the oldest part, was in a bad state of repair, and General Gordon took it down when in 1777 he erected the Gordon Tower on part of the site of the old chapel. This tower, of immense strength and solidity, forms the northern angle of the west front of the castle. The walls of Fyvie are generally from seven to eleven feet thick, and when I say that one of the towers is seven stories in height from base to battlement, my readers may imagine how imposing the castle is. Inside the doorway of the Seton Tower is one of the curiosities of the place, the ancient iron "yett," or gate, which is thus described in a publication by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland:—

"This elegant gate is arched at the top, and measures nine feet in height by five feet four and a half inches in breadth. It consists of seven perpendicular and twelve horizontal bars, besides the frame. The perpendiculars are much wasted between the lowest horizontal bar and the frame. The bars, like those of Glamis, alter their dimensions in the two divisions of their length; where pierced, they are about one and a half inches square, expanding at the eyes to two and five-eighth inches, but in the penetrating division they are one and a half inches by one inch. In the frame the bars are rather larger. The three hinges are contained in recesses in the wall. The three bolts are squared in the middle, and are the most massive I have met with. They differ in size, the upper one being twenty-five inches in length, and the two lower ones twenty-nine inches, and each has a different maker's mark upon it. The position of the iron gate is quite peculiar, being six feet eight inches behind the outer wooden door of the castle. It is the largest in Scotland save the one at Drumlanrig Castle, in Dumfriesshire."

Considering the enormous mass of the metal, it swings lightly on its hinges, and the heavy bolts that secure it can be drawn with a couple of fingers. It is an exceptional specimen of the "yett" of the old Scottish fortalice described in the 'Monastery,' when the reiving rider of the Clint-hill extricated the imprisoned inmates of Glendearg.

The present entrance faces the east, and is a modern addition; out of it opens the magnificent staircase built by Alexander Seton, Lord Dunfermline, as far as I know, unique in its style. It is twenty-four feet in breadth, and revolves in corkscrew fashion round a massive newel, or pillar. The turns and windings of the ribbed and vaulted roof, the arches springing out of carved capitals in the walls, the coats of arms repeated at every turn, give an impression of strength and lightness quite unrivalled. What gallant lords and ladies have trod those long, low steps since the Chancellor put up the large oaken board near the top of the staircase, to commemorate the finishing of this triumph of architectural skill!—

"Alexander Seton, Lord Fyvie—Dame Gressel Leslie, Lady of Fyvie—1603."

The first four words are alternately separated by crescents and cinquefoils (Seton and Hamilton), and the others by buckles, the bearings of the Leslie family.

At the top of the great staircase is a tiny room, panelled in dark oak, whose floor is stained with indelible traces of blood. You may scrub, scrape, or plane; those ghastly spots can never be erased. Whether they are connected with the famous Green Ladye I know not. She only shows herself to members of the family on the winding staircase. Green is considered a colour of bad omen in the Highlands—I suppose because the fairies are fond of it; and it is fatal to various families, among others to the "gallant Grahams."

The Chancellor was thrice married;

first to Liliass Drummond, whose name is carved deeply into the outer sill of a bedroom window on the second floor, looking into the courtyard of the castle. Tradition says that she met with a violent death there by order of her husband; but, as a matter of fact, Dame Liliass died at Dalgety in Fife, in May, 1601. Gressel Leslie was the second, and the Honourable Margaret Hay the third wife, by whom Lord Dunfermline had a son, Charles, the second earl.

The great Chancellor died after an illness of fourteen days at Pinkie, on the sixteenth of June, 1622, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, "with the regret of all that knew him and the love of his country." He was buried at Dalgety, between his first two wives.

Charles, Lord Dunfermline, took an active part in public affairs during the reigns of Charles the First and Second. After the execution of the former he went to Holland, to wait on Charles the Second, with whom he returned to Scotland. He was sworn a privy councillor in 1660, and nine years later was appointed an extraordinary lord of session. By his wife, Lady Mary Douglas, he had three sons; the eldest, Lord Fyvie, was killed in a sea fight against Holland, just before the death of his father in 1672, when Alexander, the second son, became Earl of Dunfermline, but died two years afterwards at Edinburgh.

There exists at Fyvie Castle a charter granting to this, the third earl, the privilege of keeping a weekly market and three annual fairs on the lands of the manor place of Fyvie. Two of these are still held, on Shrove Tuesday and on the first Tuesday of July. It also grants power to nominate and choose baillies and magistrates for the government of "the burgh of barony of Fyvie," and "to possess and use ane mercat cross," and to have and make a "tolbuith," and to "call, accuse, and execute justice on all committers of murder, theft and other crimes." Alexander was suc-

ceeded by his youngest brother James, who, after having served under the Prince of Orange as a young man, commanded a troop of horse under Dundee at Killiecrankie. Outlawed, and his estates forfeited by Parliament in 1690, Lord Dunfermline died at St. Germain's four years later, aged fifty, leaving no children by his wife Lady Jean, third daughter of Lewis, Marquis of Huntly, and sister of the first Duke of Gordon.

While Fyvie was in the possession of the Setons, it was occupied for several days by Montrose, when retreating before the superior forces of Argyle in 1644. On the brow of the hill, where is the king's seat before mentioned, one can distinctly trace the entrenchments of the camp of the great marquis; and here balls and pieces of armour are frequently found. Patrick Gordon, in 'Britanes Distemper,' describes the site most graphically:—

"Haeing made a generall moustier, hee raises his campe after the sunne was set, and marches from Huntly to Auchterlesse, and from thence to Fyvie. This he did both to save the lands of Huntly, which was his surest retreat from the raweage of a destroyeing enemie, as also because the countray there was weil provided of victuall for his armie; and if his armie should intend ane surpryse, or force him to feight, the ground was more advantageous for the defendant than the assaillzeant, haeing the river Ithen on his right hand, a woode on his left, and a deepe hollow bruike that ran befor him, which serued as a ditch or trinch to brake the furre of an vnited charge of horsemen."

Montrose was so ill supplied with ammunition as to be obliged to melt down into bullets every pewter dish, flagon, and vessel in and about Fyvie, which caused one of the Royalists to exclaim, when a Covenanter fell, "There goes another traitor's face spoiled by a pewter pot."

Hardly could the good people of Fyvie have had time to make good the loss of their pewter pots and dishes, when the castle was again fortified, in 1646, by the Earl of Aboyne, who left a strong garrison in it under "Captane Jhone Gordonne," by whom the Cove-

nanters were defeated on two occasions, with the loss of all their baggage, horses, arms, "stuf and prouision."

The estate was purchased from the Crown by William, second Earl of Aberdeen, in 1726, and settled on the children of his third wife Anne, youngest daughter of the second Duke of Gordon. The "Cock of the North," as her brother, Lord Lewis, was called, and who is the hero of the well-known ballad beginning,

"Oh, send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name,"

was a frequent visitor at Fyvie, and some of his letters are dated thence. In Scotch song the Gordons are frequently mentioned, and the lith-someness, which is still a characteristic of the family, is often alluded to:—

"He turned him round sae lightly,
As do the Gordon's a'."

The "gay Gordons," the "gentle Gordons," the "stately Gordons," and, in less flattering guise, "the fause Gordons," figure in many an old ballad. Lady Jean, daughter of the Earl of Kintore, who married Forbes, laird of Monymusk, to the inquiry of—

"How dee ye like Pitfichie?"

answers:—

"Oh, I had wine an' wa'nuts,
An' servants aye at my call,
An' the bonny Laird of Fyvie
To see me at Keithhall."

When the Duke of Cumberland marched through the Den of Rothie, part of the estate of Fyvie, on his way north, just before the battle of Culloden, the Countess of Aberdeen, then a widow, took her eldest son to see the passage of the army. As one looks at her portrait in the dining-room at the castle, refined, fair and pretty, aristocratic and essentially *grande dame*, sitting in a blue silk robe, with a dainty hand on her child's shoulder, one can realise the answer she made to the duke on his asking her name: "I am the sister of Lewie Gordon," said she, drawing herself up

to her full height. The duke bowed low, and answered, "I hope your boy may become as strong and valued a supporter of the House of Hanover as your brother is of the House of Stuart."

The road followed by the duke can yet be traced through the woods of the Den, which extend from the Lewes of Fyvie southward for several miles, and is as beautiful a stretch of sylvan scenery as can be found anywhere. Roedeer are often seen, and the steep hill sides, carpeted with purple heather, ferns, and the dark glossy green leaves of the bilberry, glisten in the sun's rays which glint through, lighting up the red brown stems of the noble Scotch firs, or quivering on the silver trunks of the birch and the shimmering leaves of the aspen. The purling brook of Rothie rushes down the Den, giving itself the airs of quite a large stream, now forming miniature cascades, then dawdling under a rowan-tree, making a deep brown pool, as though to reflect the wealth of scarlet berries, and to harbour

"The silly fish, which (worldling like) still
look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook."

A solemn heron stands watching for his prey on a jutting crag, but flaps slowly up into the air with his long legs stretching behind him, as our shelties pick their way down the steep hill side, startling a hare from her form and disturbing a pair of kingfishers, who dart up stream, looking like large turquoises or topazes suddenly endowed with life.

The boy who watched the army defile past fulfilled the wish of the duke by becoming a general and an aide-de-camp and groom of the bed-chamber to George the Third. General Gordon was member for Woodstock in 1768, and for Heytesbury six years later. He, like former lairds of Fyvie, left his name indelibly connected with the castle by building the Gordon Tower; he also planted extensively on

the estate, and made the beautiful lake, reclaiming all the boggy land and turning it into fine meadows.

The Scotch shepherds have always had a reputation for "wut," and Donald, who had a large flock of sheep under his care in the park of Fyvie, proved no exception. Our conversation used to be brief, as I could not understand half he said, and he fully returned the compliment. I was fascinated by the sagacity and the lovely eyes of his colley dog, and tried hard to wile his love away from the harsh-voiced Donald, who resented my "spoiling the wee bit doggie." One day, passing through the park on a very windy day, I said to the shepherd, "How silly of your sheep to go on the top of the hill there. Why don't they keep down by the Ythan? I should, if I were a sheep." Donald looked at me with profound contempt. "Ech, leddy, if ye were a ship ye'd hae some sense," was his answer.

The fine library in the castle owes its existence to William, the only son of General the Hon. William Gordon, who died in 1816. It would have delighted the recluse of Monkbarns, with its portraits of the House of Stuart, and the two little side cabinets, crammed with rare old books, situated in the round gate towers, so suggestive of witchcraft and magic. William Gordon was an accomplished man, a great astronomer, and devoted to scientific pursuits; he died unmarried in 1847, when Fyvie went to his cousin Charles, the eldest son of Lord Aberdeen's third son, Alexander, better known as Lord Rockville, one of the lights of the Scotch bar. Singularly agreeable and well informed, and one of the handsomest men of his day, Lord Rockville won the heart of the young widow of the Earl of Dumfries and Stair, about whose beauty there was a popular rhyme—

"The girls of Ayr are all but stuff
Compared with beauteous Annie Duff."

She was the daughter of Mr. Duff, of Crombie, and of Elizabeth Dalrymple,

one of the wittiest and cleverest women of her time. Mr. Duff would not allow his daughters to learn to write, as he said it was of no use to women, save to write love-letters; Anne learnt, however, in secret, from the old butler. Dean Ramsay tells an anecdote about Lord Rockville which is eminently characteristic of the manners and habits of those days. Appearing one evening late at a convivial club with a rueful expression of countenance, and being asked what was the matter, the great lawyer exclaimed solemnly, "Gentlemen, I have met with the most extraordinary adventure that ever occurred to a human being; as I was walking along the Grassmarket, all of a sudden the street rose up and struck me on the face."

Poor man, the street was destined to be his worst enemy, for in 1792 he slipped, one frosty night, close to his own door in Queen Street, and broke his arm, which was set, and he was supposed to be doing well, when concussion of the brain came on, and in three days he was dead, leaving four sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Charles, only possessed Fyvie for four years, and on his death in 1851 his son, Colonel William Cosmo Gordon, came into the property, who, dying without children, was succeeded in 1879 by his brother, Captain Alexander Henry Gordon. He died in 1884 without issue, when Fyvie reverted to the grandson of Lord Rockville's second son, Sir William Duff Gordon, whose maternal uncle, Sir James Duff, left him the baronetcy on condition of coupling the name of Duff with that of Gordon. Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, the present laird of Fyvie, is the only son of Sir Alexander Cornwall Duff Gordon by Lucie Austin, only child of the great lawyer, John Austin, and of his wife, Sarah Taylor, a beautiful and accomplished woman. Lady Duff Gordon's 'Letters from Egypt' are well known, and her death at the early age of forty-six, at Cairo, was mourned by all who knew her.

Such an unbroken series of charters as that preserved at Fyvie Castle must be very rare; and the charter chamber, all panelled in old quaintly carved oak, showing the monogram of Chancellor Dunfermline in two places, and the arms of the Gordons on the vaulted stone ceiling, is a most attractive room. It is on the first floor of the Meldrum Tower, just above the secret chamber, and the huge fire-proof cupboard or safe, with a door like the plate of an ironclad, goes deep into the wall and opens into two large recesses; in the ceiling of the right-hand one I saw what appears to be the remains of steps broken away. This I believe to have been the ancient mode of access to the famous secret room, which superstition has hitherto shielded from inquisitive eyes. There is no doubt about the exact locality; and it probably either consists of two stories, or goes deep into the foundations and beyond the actual walls, as the sward outside is of a different colour, and the ground sounds hollow under the foot for some distance beyond the base of the tower, particularly on the south side.

Tradition says that much treasure lies buried there, but that the first person who enters forfeits his life as the price of his temerity. Another version asserts that the wife of the laird will go blind when the first ray of light penetrates the darkness that has reigned for many hundreds of years inside those massive walls. The popular belief is that the "black vomit," or plague, is shut up in the dungeon, and I do not think a Fyvie man would willingly use a crowbar or a chisel to solve the mystery. Matter-of-fact people suggest that it may have been in communication with an underground passage to the Ythan, as a means of exit from the castle in times of danger, or that it was really only a prison. The immense depth of wall in which, as before said, the fireproof safe in the charter-room is situated, exists also on the second floor, where the Gordon room and

dressing-room are; the latter is immediately above the charter chamber, and the passage between it and the bedroom is about eight or ten feet long, and sounds quite hollow behind the panelling on the western side. The same thing is repeated on the story above, where the panel-room, a most ghostly abode, and its dressing-room, have the same space between them, which would be more than sufficient for a secret staircase to the basement; in the panel-room tradition says that there exists a sliding panel which leads to a secret passage. The dressing-room to the Gordon room has a bad name for queer noises, and nervous people have ere now assured me that they felt a hand at dead of night pressing their pillow, or heard stifled shrieks and swift footsteps in the distance. I myself have never heard anything more ghostly than the vanes on a windy night, which sadly wanted oiling.

With regard to the "weeping stone," which certainly does get very damp at times and glistens as though with tears, the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer runs as follows:—

"Fyvyn's riggs and towers,
Hapless shall ye mesdames be,
When ye shall hae within your methes,¹
Frae harryit kirks lands, stanes three;
Ane in the oldest tower
Ane in my ladie's bower
And ane below the water-yett,
And it ye shall never get."

It is supposed to refer to some curse on the Fyvie estate, which originally belonged in great measure to the Church; in which case the "weeping stone," which looks like a lump of dirty rock-salt, might be a fragment of some boundary-mark off ravished Church property.

It is a curious coincidence that no heir has been born in the castle for more than five hundred years, though Fyvie has been transmitted through three families for many generations.

One of the red sandstone figures on

¹ "Methes," stones or lines, indicating a boundary.

the top of a turret of the Preston Tower represents the well-known "Andrew Lammie, the trumpeter of Fyvie," who still points his trumpet towards the Mill-o'-Tifty, where his love, "bonnie Annie," lived. The pathetic and popular ballad of "Andrew Lammie" will be found in every collection of Scotch poetry; it used, in former times, to be represented in a dramatic form at rustic meetings in Aberdeenshire. The grave of Tifty's Annie is in "the green kirkyard of Fyvie," with the date, nineteenth of January, 1673. Part of the original Mill-o'-Tifty is still standing

"in Tifty's den

Where the burn runs clear and bonnie,"

by the side of a more modern structure. The drive or ride there, through the woods of Fyvie, where Andrew Lammie

"Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie,"

is very lovely.

In Fyvie churchyard there is also the tombstone of the Gordons of Gight, the last of whom, Catherine, a descendant of Sir William Gordon, third son of the Earl of Huntly, by the daughter of James the Second, married in 1785 the Honourable John Byron, and was the mother of the great poet. Lord Byron never possessed the estate, which was sold to the Earl of Aberdeen two years after the marriage of his mother, to pay Mr. Byron's debts.

The castle and estate of Gight became the property, about 1479, of William Gordon, third son of the Earl of Huntly, who was killed at Flodden in 1513. In 1644 the castle of Gight was taken by the Covenanters, and garrisoned by them. The place was plundered, the furniture removed or destroyed, and the interior of the house, even to the wainscoting, torn to pieces. It was, however, restored and inhabited.

Thomas the Rhymer has various rhymes and prophecies about Gight, one of which was fulfilled on the

marriage of the heiress, Catherine, with Mr. Byron :—

“ When the heron leaves the tree,
The Laird o’ Gight shall landless be,”

for all the denizens of a heronry, who lived in the branches of a magnificent tree near the castle, left their abode, and migrated to the woods of Kelly (Haddo House), where a tribe of them are now domiciled.

In 1791, Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen, was killed on the “ green o’ Gight ” by a fall from his horse, when the castle was abandoned to ruin. Some years after this a servant met a similar death on the Mains, or home farm; and a few years since, part of the house being pulled down, preparatory to the home farm being turned into “ lea,” a wall fell and crushed a workman to death, thus accomplishing another saying of Thomas the Rhymer :—

“ At Gight three men a violent death shall
dee,
An’ after that the land shall lie in lea.”

The Ythan flows through the braes of Gight, and just under the ruined castle, at the bottom of a steep precipitous ravine, forms a pool, the “ Hagberry Pot,” believed to be of unfathomable depth, where tradition says still lies the huge iron chest, containing all the family plate, sunk there in 1644.

The whole of the braes of Gight are most beautiful, and within an easy drive of Fyvie, towards the east; on the way one passes over the well-named “ Windy Hills ” and through the hamlet of Woodhead, which contains a memorial of better days in its market cross, rebuilt on the site of an old one, which, with the tolbooth and gallows, marked the place as the burghs of barony of the Gordons of Gight.

The ecclesiastical history of Fyvie can be traced back for more than seven hundred years; outside the south lodge of Fyvie park, in the centre of a field, stands a cross, marking the site of the priory of St. Mary’s,

founded 1179. This priory, and the religious houses of Fyvie and Ardlogie, were connected with the Abbey of Arbroath (or Aberbrothoc), which was founded and endowed by William the Lion, King of Scotland, in 1178, and dedicated to his friend Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

In 1323 a certain Albertinus was appointed to “ the care of keeping of the house of Fyvin ; ” I cannot refrain from quoting the letter written to him by his spiritual superior, the Abbot of Arbroath :—

“ Brother Bernard, by Divine permission, Abbot of Aberbrothoc, sends greeting with paternal blessing to his brother, Lord Albertinus, keeper of the house of Fyvin. In order that the maintenance of regular discipline under you and among your fellows may not be relaxed or done away with, we enjoin and command you, in virtue of your holy obedience, that on three days of each week—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—you shall regularly hold a chapter within the chancel of your chapel, and rebuke and correct all the excesses of the fellows; that you shall see to the due performance of public worship on the Lord’s Day and on Feast Days; that you will cause regular fastings to be observed, unless where bodily weakness renders this undesirable; and if any of the young men have been drunken, clamorous, obstreperous, or disobedient and rebellious to you, you shall try first by a word of kindly admonition to influence them; if this is ineffectual, then you shall subject them to a course of silence, and a spare diet of bread and water, and in a secret place remote from the hearing of the seculars shall cause them to be thoroughly flogged; and if this fails of the desired effect then you shall send them, with a note of their offence, to our aforesaid abbey, there to be dealt with.

“ Given at Aberbrothoc on Martinmas Monday, 1325.”

In the chartulary of Arbroath there are various notices regarding successive priors of Fyvie, and in the Rolls of the Scottish Parliament there is frequent mention of them. The old Catholic names are still borne by several of the springs of water in Fyvie parish, among them St. Peter’s well, not far from the church of the same name; St. John’s well, near a cairn, called Cairnchedley (a corruption of the Gaelic *carn-che-le*, signifying a monumental cairn where the

worship of the Deity was held), now much reduced in size, as most of the cottages near have been built out of it; and St. Mary's well.

There have been found also in the parish of Fyvie three curious stones, two of which are figured in Dr. J. Stuart's fine work on 'The Sculptured Stones of Scotland.' On the one built into the wall of the schoolhouse is rudely but unmistakably traced an elephant, with the symbol of a mirror in front, and above the sceptre and crescent. The second stone, now in the garden of Rothie Brisbane, is merely a fragment, bearing apparently the mirror with three discs and a figure, in shape like an arch, called the horseshoe ornament. There is a third stone built into the wall of Fyvie Church, with the rough figure of an eagle upon it, and either a mirror above or a portion of what is called the spectacle ornament.

Dr. Stuart says:—

"In all these symbolical monuments there appears a mixture of real representation and mere ornament, generally of a grotesque character. . . . With regard to the symbols on the Scotch monuments, it will be remarked that the figure of the elephant is found both on the rude pillar-stones and the cross-slabs

in all parts of the country, from Fife to Caithness. . . . We learn from Polyænus, a writer of the second century, that Cæsar, attempting to pass a large river in Britain, was resisted by Cassolanus, King of the Britons, with many horsemen and chariots. Cæsar had in his train a very large elephant, an animal hitherto unseen by the Britons. Having armed him with scales of iron, and put a large tower upon him, and placed therein archers and slingers, he ordered them to enter the stream, on which the Britons in consternation fled with their horses and chariots. Our ignorance of the amount of intercourse between people of different countries in early times hinders us from tracing the source from which the idea of an elephant might naturally have been introduced into Pictland."

In the yard of the home farm is a relic of the old *corvées*, in the shape of a peat-gauge. The tenants were bound to deliver a certain quantity of turf, which was measured by stacking the peats against an arched wall of stone, and then checking off the cubic contents of the cartloads by measuring from the wall along the stack.

The legends and superstitions in which Fyvie is so rich do not disturb the slumber of its inmates, and the odd mixture of modern luxury and grim antiquity make it a most romantic place.

JANET ROSS.

HENRY BRADSHAW.

He who through the pitiless east
 of that grey February day, stag-
 sadly away from the shadow of
 reat chapel where they had laid all
 was mortal of their friend, must
 found it hard to believe that the
 iar figure would never again be
 pacing down that very walk. Day
 y it used to pass close along the
 front of the Fellows' buildings,
 steps short but never hurried, the
 l shoulders swaying almost im-
 pitably yet unmistakably, the
 head set back, and the kindly
 rous eye glancing over the great
 esses that fronted him, as he
 ed the well-worn note-book to his

And they felt the blank still
 , because it was just on such
 ions as that which they had been
 ding that he knew how to ren-
 sympathy and comfort as no
 else alive. They could some of
 remember how in such moments
 utterable regret he would come
 to them with no easy words of
 ng for a grief that words could
 touch, but with love and mute
 ry and sadness in his eyes, would
 nder demonstration take and re-
 a hand—and nothing more—only
 g perhaps, "I understand;" and
 ss on, knowing that by showing
 n fellowship, by suffering with
 -for he made no pretence to suffer
 had done far more than if he had
 ed you to a help of which you
 ' already, and to a strength to
 h you could not yet aspire.

id thus it was that the grey-
 ed contemporaries of his under-
 ate days wept at that vault with
 young enough to have been his
 ; all feeling that the earth was
 r, not only for all the learning
 had descended almost unrecorded
 the grave, not because of the

works unfinished that no one else could
 dare to do, but because they had lost
 so much love, and not love of an
 ordinary kind. He loved both well
 and wisely; of the words and events
 of intercourse with him you never
 wished a single thing done or said
 otherwise. He was one of those on
 whom had fallen the true priestly
 nature. It came so naturally to him
 to bear others' burdens that it at last
 became natural for others to lay them
 on him. He knew that repentant re-
 cital of failures to one whom you
 revere is in itself a potent absolution;
 and he had the true priest's tact; he
 did not want to set right, to give
 advice, but to hear what you had to
 say. How it was said was nearly as
 important to him as what was said.
 The more detailed was the difficulty
 or the struggle or the misadventure,
 the better he was pleased. "Go on,"
 he would say, if the inquirer feared he
 wearied him, "tell me everything you
 can; it is so *interesting*." In that
 word lay the secret of his influence
 over the young men who talked so
 naturally to him of all their doings—
 the young men that so many complain
 it is so hard to influence. The fact is,
 they do not want merely sympathy;
that they can get, and more than they
 want, in their home circle—where it is
 apt to be (they think) unintelligent
 sympathy, which floods but does not
 fill. No! what they want is to feel
 that their trials are *interesting*. It is
 the season of egotism; they are
 supremely interested in themselves—
 self-conscious; any one who finds them
 interesting, too, will influence them.

No one is ever widely loved who
 has not mannerisms; those little ways
 and methods that stir such smiling
 affection that are so eagerly consulted
 during life, and that wring the heart

with pathos and brim the eyes to recall when all is over. Who that knew them well will ever forget those broad high rooms? They were on the first floor, by the hall, looking into the college court in front, with all its trim stillness, broken only at times by the drip of the falling fountain. The windows that looked that way were always bright with flowers—geranium and lobelia, as I remember them.

The room behind looked across a little grassy court, on the huddled high-roofed buildings, almost Flemish in outline, of St. Catharine's on the left, with the huge glossy walnut in the inner court; straight in front it commanded Queen's Lane from end to end, and on the right there rose the battlemented brick towers and the quaint oaken *flèche* of the latter college, seen over apple-trees and orchard walls; and the whole view rounded off by the high garden-elms across the river. In the window-boxes in that room—for many years his favourite sitting-room—grew stubbly smoke-dried evergreens, cypress and *lignum vitæ*; on the left, as you entered, stood a huge serviceable deal press with innumerable drawers, on one side of which were pinned notices and invitations; to the left of the room, books, the larger at the top, passing over the door and embedding it; a family picture or two and some dusty oil-paintings; in one corner an untenanted frame, with the glass in it, showing the wall-paper through, which he would neither take down nor get refilled. A large telescope on a stand by one of the windows, and a broad table, with its rough red cloth strewn with books and papers in orderly confusion, at which his visitor would find him sitting, with his back to the fire, writing in that broad, blunt, readable hand, or handling affectionately some yellow manuscript or brown-clasped quarto. "How nice of you," he would say as you entered and stepped on to the square-bordered carpet laid on the bare-boarded floor. "I suppose you mean that I ought to get it stained,"

he would add with a smile, interpreting a hardly momentary glance that you gave as you crossed the threshold.

In the outer room, rarely used except in the summer, were many books and a few pictures—an original sketch by Thackeray, a bold pen-and-ink drawing of the view from the back window of his rooms, six postcards illustrated and sent him by some artistic friend on a tour; a grand piano, on which I never heard him or any one but Dr. Stanford presume to play. In this room used to be the delightful Sunday evening assemblies, to which friends used to drop in uninvited for tea and talk, and he used to sit caressing the hand of some more favoured intimate and dropping those wonderfully humorous sentences—sometimes caustic, had it not been for the glance with which they were accompanied; shooting through with little shafts of criticism any affectation or prejudice, any little idiosyncrasy and personal peculiarity that displayed itself in those round him, and laughing every now and then with that delightful intimate laugh that irradiated his face. "Oh, I forgot," he would say (after mentioning the name of some other undergraduate) to the young friend sitting by him, reputed to be exclusive in his social estimate, "not b.s.," (best set); or by a little gesture with his finger, he would indicate the *nasus aduncus*. Or, on the entrance of another, he would playfully hide a little gold charm which he wore on his watch chain, because the new-comer was supposed to have an aversion to it, and if the delinquent pleaded that such an aversion had never been hinted or expressed, "Oh, I like you to dislike it," he would say, "it's so characteristic."

And one special gift he had, which is so rare—he could rebuke and yet not give offence, for he was never instant out of season. He could with a little barbed speech run right to the heart of some weakness, probe some secret fault that, unconsciously to its

possessor, was betraying itself to others; stab a pretence or an arrogancethrough and through at the right moment, and yet never make you dislike him. The critic, as a rule, the censor, is obeyed and hated. You recognise that you are the better for the stroke, but you hate the hand that directed it. But with Henry Bradshaw it was never so; you could not feel personal resentment, though the little wound rankled long. Even those whom he emphatically did not like, with whom he was most unsparing of criticism and quiet derision, did not resent it; they were uneasy under it, but anxious for his good opinion, anxious to redeem themselves in his eyes.

The conversation with him, as I remember it, was never sustained or argumentative. He did not care to sift the problems of life and being, or to hear them sifted before him. That was not the way in which life presented itself to him; he was hereditarily endowed with much of the Quietist instinct. He had not (on the surface, at least) questionings of heart and searchings of spirit; he was what can be called a life-philosopher—that is to say, he was not even deducing a system from faith or experience like some restless spirits, and modifying it from day to day; he was simply acting, when it became him to act, in the way that his pure high instincts led him, and growing wiser so. And thus voluble and flashy talkers, keen disputative absorbed spirits, conversational dogmatists, found little to satisfy them in him. They were even apt to despise him in his greatness; and he, too, was uneasy in such society; he sported his door against them; he gave them no encouragement, unless, indeed, he had been their father's friend—then everything was forgiven.

In his bedroom, which latterly became his sitting-room, he kept all the Irish pamphlets which he and his father had amassed;—his father was an Irishman. It was a very characteristic room. The walls were covered to the top with bookcases, painted

white, and gradually sloping away inwards as they descended, so that he could have the larger books at the top and the smaller at the bottom. These were filled with grey and white and blue paper volumes, many unbound and dusty, tied up in masses with strings and tapes of all colours; in one corner an immense heap standing high up on the floor. "I know they oughtn't to be here; they ought to be in the library," he would say; "but of course that has never been done."

It was in this room, so he told us, that he used to be so ceaselessly annoyed by a mouse, which began to perambulate about two A.M. night after night for many weeks. Night after night he would resolve, he said, to "humour it no longer;" but night after night he would at last get up and open the door for it to go into his other room, which it instantly did, returning by some secret way to renew its wanderings the next night. "There never was such a pampered mouse," he used to say.

And the rooms all through were filled with memorials, of which he would sometimes give you the history, from the little pictures and ornaments on the ledges and chimney-pieces to the incongruous-looking tea-set that he used, and that formed so integral a part of the picture in quiet talks with him—every single piece of which was a memory of some one. In former times he had a little toy, a model of the old Eton long-chamber bedsteads, that stood on his table. One evening a fantastic, wild friend, that had been at Eton with him, coming in to sit with him—a man who had been miserable, hounded and persecuted through the whole of his school-life there—stung by a sudden thought, perhaps some barbarous association, seized this with the tongs and crushed it into the fire. The owner sat immovable till the holocaust was over, and then said gently, "Was that necessary?"

Nothing was more remarkable than the kind of men you met in his rooms.

Any one engaged in arduous literary work of a kind involving special research you were sure to see there sooner or later; many of the rising men in the university, who knew greatness when they saw it; and not only these, but scapegraces, to whom he accorded an almost fatherly protection, "outsiders," so called, whom for some venial social defect, some ungraciousness of manner or want of refining influences, society in general had rigorously excluded, these were to be found expanding in his presence. And the strangest thing about these intimacies was a point to which many will bear testimony,—that if they grew at all, they grew to include all the home circle of which you were a part;—"all my brothers and sisters," said one who was his friend, "unknown to him before—he came to realise and love them all for themselves."

He was a wonderful instance of a man, unmethodical and dreamy by nature, made businesslike by consideration for other people. His library-work was always exactly done; his own work suffered by the rigorous self-sacrifice with which he devoted his time to the details of business. Invitations and other social requirements did not come off so well. He was known frequently to neglect these. "I hardly ever go out," he used to say. It was not for want of being asked; and it so soon got to be understood that such was his habit, and he was so welcome when he did come, though he had not announced his intention of so doing, that the delinquencies were accepted in the spirit in which they had been committed. Indeed, so great was his dislike of being forced to a decision, that it is related of him that a friend who had written to ask him to dinner, on receiving no answer, sent him two post-cards, with "Yes" written on one and "No" on the other, and by return of post received them both again.

When one speaks of his "work," it is hard to make ordinary people quite understand either its extent, its im-

portance, or its perfection. He knew more about printed books than any man living; he could tell at a glance the date and country, generally the town at which a book was published. And the enormous range of this subject cannot be explained without a technical knowledge of the same. He was one of the foremost Chaucer scholars; a very efficient linguist in range (though for reading, not speaking purposes), as, for instance, in the case of the old Breton language, which he evolved from notes and glosses scribbled between the lines and on margins of mass-books; and his joy at the discovery of a word that he had suspected but never encountered was wonderful to see. He could acquire a language for practical purposes with great rapidity; Armenian, for instance, which he began on a Thursday morning at Venice, and could read so as to decipher titles for the purpose of cataloguing on Saturday night. He had a close and unrivalled knowledge of cathedral statutes and constitutions. He was an advanced student in the origin of liturgies, especially Irish, and indeed in the whole of Irish literature and printing he was supreme; and finally, he was by common consent the best paleographer, or critic of the date of manuscripts, in the world.

The story of his adventure in the Parisian Library is worth recording here. A book had been lost for nearly a century; he went over to see if he could discover it. Search was fruitless, though there was a strong presumption as to the part of the library where it would be found. He stood in one of the classes describing its probable appearance to the librarian, and to illustrate it said, "About the height, thickness, and of similar binding to this," taking a book out of the shelves as he did so. It was the missing volume.

So, too, he would refer Oxford men by memory to the case and shelf of the Bodleian where they would find the book for which they had looked in

vain. And most characteristic of him was the explanation which he once gave me of his enormous knowledge. "You know," he said, "I have never worked at anything for myself, except perhaps at Chaucer, all my life long; all the things that I do know I have stumbled across in investigating questions for other people." How much of this knowledge was merely held in solution in that amazing brain, how much was committed to paper, I do not know; of the latter I fear very little. He had a long series of miscellaneous note-books, but most of them so technical as to be unintelligible except to one as far advanced in such knowledge as himself. His published works are but a few pamphlets.

The way in which all this work was done, all this knowledge was accumulated, was, among the other peculiarities of his genius, the most amazing. No man ever seemed to have more leisure. He would talk with perfect readiness, not only on any special matters that you wished to consult him on, but trivial, leisurely gossip, and never show impatience to continue his work, or the least desire to return to it. The secret was that he never left off. Except for rare holidays, visits to relations, or foreign tours, he never left Cambridge for years. His hours were most perplexing. He would generally work very late at night, sometimes till four or five in the morning, if there was much work on hand; go to the library about eleven, return for lunch, then back to the library again, with perhaps a visit to a Board or Syndicate till tea-time, for he took no exercise except spasmodically; then he would go into hall or not as the fancy took him, on the majority of days not doing so, and eating nothing but tea and bread and butter in his rooms; and then from eight o'clock he would sit there, working if uninterrupted, but with his doors generally open to welcome all intruders — ceaselessly, patiently acquiring, amassing, disintegrating the enormous mass of

delicate and subtle information which not only did he never forget, but all of which he seemed to carry on the surface, and carry so lightly and easily too, for he did not appear to be erudite; he never played the part of the learned man, though with acquirements as ponderous, as detailed, and to the generality of people as uninteresting, as the real or the fictitious Casaubon.

Yet this knowledge was not only of things that lay inside his own subjects, but extended to all kinds of paths that could never have been suspected. I have never met a person so nearly omniscient. If you wanted to hear private and personal details about a man with whom you became connected in a business or official capacity, he could give them. He knew the man, or the family, or the place he lived in. I once travelled up to London with him, and pointed out a great house that was gradually getting absorbed into the creeping metropolis, but which still preserved its country characteristics stately and smoke-dried. "Yes," he said, "it used to be much fresher. I used often to go there when I was a boy: it belonged to the —" and there came out a little string of old-world anecdotes and tales. Presently we passed a church (near Barnet) with an ivied tower, which had been hopelessly engulfed in the town. This I also showed him. "Yes," he said, "I was christened there." The story is almost too well known to require repetition of Mommsen, who said, after half an hour's conversation with him on some particular point of history, "If I had had a short-hand writer with me, I could have got in half an hour's talk enough materials to have made an interesting volume." And this fabric had been ceaselessly growing and expanding, fitting itself into order, and connecting itself together, ever since the early days, when in the school-yard at Eton a boy who was possessed of some curious volumes, saw Henry Bradshaw issue out of college carrying two antique folios under his arm,

stealing off to some secret haunt to study them, and greeted him with "Hullo, Bradshaw, whose books have you got there?" The only answer, delivered, without a sign of confusion, in the tones which even then were more expressive in their imperturbability than most men's, was "Yours." It was the same man who received the celebrated forger of manuscripts when he paid his visit to Cambridge carrying with him, among some genuine parchments, his own forgeries, which Coxe only detected by the smell. These Henry Bradshaw turned quietly over, referring them one by one to their respective eras—"end of the thirteenth century, early fourteenth century, latter half of the nineteenth century," as he came to the interpolated false document, without a single reproachful gesture or the slightest inflexion or change of tone. And we may here add the delightful touch with which he dismissed the claims of the same forger to have been the writer of the 'Codex Sinaiticus.' "I am sure, if he had ever seen it, he could never have pretended to have written it," he said.

* * * * *

And in an instant the whole structure breaks and melts before our eyes: the knowledge gone, God knows whither; the centre of so many quiet activities, of so many dependent lives slipped from its place. The blank is there, however often we say to ourselves that nothing runs to waste; that hoarded experience, gathered painfully in life, and seemingly to be applied only in life, thus vanishing in an instant, is hidden, not gone. As he himself said to a friend after a great trial that he had told him of, which seemed to have in it no wholesome flavour, to be nothing either in prospect or in retrospect, but the very root of bitterness itself: "Everything is the result of something; whether it

is our own fault or not, it means something. What we have to do is to try and interpret it."

And we feel that when such a life, acting as it did so directly on others, and affecting them so visibly, is cut short, there is not a sheer waste of love.

The very shock causes a radiation that no serene possession can give. It seems as if it drew out the love of many natures, crushed it out from all the fibres that were intertwined with his, in a way that even his life did not call it forth. All at once there flows into the gap the love from so many a wounded soul, and we see that such influence cannot die. And though we may be called fanciful, we seem to trace a hopeful analogy in the ease with which he renewed old intimacies, silent for a long interval. He took up the friendship where he had laid it down; there was no adjustment necessary; you became part of his life again at once, because you had never ceased to be so. Such an affection, when it has passed the veil, seems to be waiting for us still; it seems emphatically to have but gone before.

It is said that for some years he had faced the strange visitant; he certainly breathed no word of it to his friends; he would not wreck their peace by any selfish fears; that presence in a life is a swift teacher. In the long night-watches, when you sit alone with your work and *that*, great truths come home, till even the very burden of the thought itself is borne peacefully, nay, even gratefully. At any rate, death seems to have beckoned him away with a strange unwonted gentleness, with wonderful adaptation to the character he called. "It was like him," wrote one who knew and loved him for nearly forty years, "to go so quietly to such great things."

ARTHUR BENSON.

